

RANDOM PD ENCYCLOPEDIA K

Der fliegende Koffer.

By Hans Christian Andersen

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Märchen für Kinder*

Translated into German by Paul Arndt

Es war einmal ein Kaufmann, der so reich war, daß er die ganze Straße und beinahe noch ein Seitengäßchen mit lauter harten Thalern pflastern konnte. Allein das that er nicht, er wußte sein Geld anders anzuwenden. Gab er einen Dreier aus, bekam er einen Thaler wieder. Aber er mußte doch sterben und sein Sohn bekam nun all dies Geld und er lebte lustig, ging jede Nacht auf Maskenbälle, machte Papierdrachen aus Thalerscheinen und so konnte das Geld schon abnehmen und that es auch.

Zuletzt besaß er nicht mehr als wenige Groschen und hatte keine andern Kleider als ein Paar Pantoffeln und einen alten Schlafrock. Nun bekümmerten sich seine Freunde nicht länger um ihn, da sie sich ja mit ihm zusammen nicht auf der Straße sehen lassen konnten; nur einer von ihnen, ein gutmüthiger Mensch, sandte ihm einen alten Koffer und ließ ihm sagen: »Pack ein!« Ja, das war nun wohl recht gut, aber er hatte nichts einzupacken und deshalb setzte er sich selbst in den Koffer.

Das war ein absonderlicher Koffer. Sobald man an das Schloß drückte, konnte er fliegen. Er that es und husch! flog er mit ihm durch den Schornstein, über die Stadt hinweg, hoch hinauf bis über die Wolken, weiter und immer weiter fort.

Endlich kam er nach dem Lande der Türken. Den Koffer verbarg er im Walde unter dürren Blättern und ging dann in die Stadt hinein. Märchen für Kinder, by Hans Christian Andersen. Das konnte er recht wohl thun, denn bei den Türken ging ja alles wie er in Schlafrock und Pantoffeln. Da begegnete er einer Frau und fragte sie: »Was ist das für ein großes Schloß hier unmittelbar bei der Stadt, dessen Fenster so hoch sitzen?«

»Dort wohnt die Tochter des Königs!« sagte sie, »es ist ihr geweissagt worden, daß sie einstmals über ihren Bräutigam sehr unglücklich werden würde und deshalb darf niemand zu ihr kommen, wenn nicht der König und die Königin zugegen sind!«

»Ich danke!« sagte der Kaufmannssohn und dann ging er in den Wald hinaus, setzte sich in seinen Koffer, flog auf das Dach des Schlosses und kroch durch das Fenster zur Prinzessin hinein.

Sie lag auf dem Sofa und schlief; sie war so lieblich, daß er sie küssen mußte. Sie erwachte und erschreckte heftig, er aber sagte, er wäre der Türkengott, der durch die Luft zu ihr gekommen wäre und das schmeichelte ihr.

Da saßen sie nun Seite an Seite und er erzählte ihr Märchen und Geschichten.

Ja, das waren herrliche Geschichten! Dann freite er um die Prinzessin und sie sagte sogleich ja.

»Aber Sie müssen den Sonnabend herkommen, da ist der König und die Königin bei mir zum Thee. Sie werden sehr stolz darauf sein, daß ich den Türkengott bekomme. Aber sorgen Sie dafür, daß Sie ein recht schönes Märchen erzählen können, denn das gewährt meinen Eltern die angenehmste Unterhaltung. Meine Mutter hört gern ernste und vornehme, und mein Vater lustige, aber die man lachen kann.«

»Ja, ich bringe keine andere Brautgabe, als ein Märchen!« und dann trennten sie sich; aber die Prinzessin gab ihm einen mit Goldstücken besetzten Sack, und die Goldstücke konnte er besonders gebrauchen.

Nun flog er fort, kaufte sich einen neuen Schlafrock, ließ seinen Koffer recht schön herrichten, setzte sich dann draußen in den Wald und dichtete ein Märchen. Das sollte bis zum Sonnabend fertig sein und das war nicht so leicht. Als es nun fertig war, siehe da war es gerade Sonnabend.

Der König, die Königin und der ganze Hof warteten bei der Prinzessin mit dem Thee. Als der Kaufmannssohn nun angeflogen kam, wurde er sehr freundlich empfangen.

»Wollen Sie nun ein Märchen erzählen!« sagte die Königin, »eins, welches tiefsinnig und belehrend ist!«

»Aber worüber man auch lachen kann!« sagte der König.

»Jawohl!« sagte er und erzählte nun folgendes:

»Es war einmal ein Bund Schwefelhölzer, die sich auf ihre hohe Abkunft was einbildeten. Ihr Stammbaum, das heißt die große Fichte, von der jedes ein kleines, kleines Stückchen war, stand als ein großer alter Baum im Walde. Die Schwefelhölzer lagen nun auf dem Gesimse zwischen einem Feuerzeuge und einem alten eisernen Topfe und diesen erzählten sie von ihrer Jugend. »Ja, als wir auf dem grünen Zweige waren,« sagten sie, »da waren wir wahrlich auf einem grünen Zweige. Jeden Abend und Morgen gab es Diamantthee, das war der Tau, den ganzen Tag hatten wir Sonnenschein, wenn nämlich die Sonne schien und alle die kleinen Vögel mußten uns Geschichten erzählen. Wir konnten recht gut merken, daß wir auch reich waren, denn die Laubbäume waren nur im Sommer bekleidet, aber unsere Familie hatte die Mittel, für Sommer und Winter grüne Kleider anzuschaffen. Nun aber kamen Holzhauer und es entstand eine große Umwälzung; unsere ganze Familie zersplitterte sich. Der Stammherr erhielt als Hauptmast Platz auf einem prächtigen Schiffe, das die Welt umsegeln konnte, wenn es wollte. Den anderen Zweigen wurden andere Stellen eingeräumt und wir haben nun die Aufgabe, der niederen Menge das Licht anzuzünden.«

»Ich weiß ein anderes Lied zu singen!« sagte der Eisentopf, an dessen Seite die Schwefelhölzer lagen. »Seit ich das Licht der Welt erblickte, bin ich viele mal gescheuert und gekocht worden. Ich Sorge für das Dauerhafte und bin, eigentlich gesprochen, der erste hier im Hause. Meine einzige Freude ist, nach Tische rein und fein auf dem Gesimse zu liegen und mit den Kameraden vernünftig zu plaudern. Nehme ich aber den Wassereimer aus, der doch bisweilen auf den Hof hinunter kommt, so leben wir hier immer hinter zugemachten Thüren. Unser einziger Neuigkeitsbote ist der Marktkorb, aber der redet zu aufrührerisch über die Regierung und das Volk.«

»Nun sprichst du zu viel!« sagte das Feuerzeug und der Stahl schlug gegen den Feuerstein, da Funken sprühten. »Wollen wir uns nicht einen lustigen Abend machen?«

»Ja, lasset uns davon sprechen, wer der Vornehmste ist!« sagten die Schwefelhölzer.

»Nein, ich spreche nicht gern von mir selber!« versetzte der Thontopf. »Ich schlage eine Abendunterhaltung vor. Ich will den Anfang machen und etwas erzählen; jeder teilt mit, was er erlebt hat. Da kann man sich so trefflich hineinfinden und es ist sehr lustig! Also hört: An der Ostsee bei den dänischen Buchten brachte ich meine Jugend bei einer stillen Familie zu; die Möbel wurden poliert, der Fußboden aufgewischt und alle vierzehn Tage wurden neue Vorhänge aufgesteckt!«

»Wie anschaulich Sie doch erzählen!« sagte der Haarbesen. »Man kann gleich hören, daß ein Frauenzimmer erzählt; es zieht sich etwas Reinliches hindurch!«

»Ja, das fühlt man!« sagte der Wassereimer und machte einen Satz, da es auf dem Boden nur so klatschte!

Der Topf fuhr fort zu erzählen und das Ende entsprach dem Anfange.

Alle Teller klirrten vor Freude und der Haarbesen zog grüne Petersilie aus dem Sandloche und bekränzte den Topf, weil er wußte, er würde die andern dadurch ärgern und »bekränze ich ihn heute,« dachte er, »so bekränzt er mich morgen!«

»Nun will ich tanzen!« sagte die Feuerzange und tanzte. »Werde ich nun auch bekränzt?« fragte die Feuerzange und sie wurde es.

»Das ist doch nur Pöbel!« dachten die Schwefelhölzer.

Nun sollte die Theemaschine singen, aber sie entschuldigte sich mit Erkältung; auch konnte sie nur in kochendem Zustande singen, aber es geschah eigentlich aus lauter Vornehmthuerie; sie wollte nur auf dem Tisch drinnen bei der Herrschaft singen.

Im Fenster saß eine alte Feder, mit der die Magd zu schreiben pflegte. Es war nichts Bemerkenswerthes an ihr, ausgenommen, daß sie zu tief in das Tintenfaß getaucht war, aber gerade darauf that sie sich etwas zu Gute. »Will die Theemaschine nicht singen,« sagte sie, »so mag sie es bleiben lassen. Draußen sitzt im Bauer eine Nachtigall, die singen kann; sie hat zwar nichts gelernt, aber gleichwohl wollen wir ihr das heute Abend nicht belauslegen!«

»Ich finde es im höchsten Grade unpassend,« urtheilte der Theekessel, der das Amt eines Kuchensängers bekleidete und ein Halbbruder der Theemaschine war, »daß ein fremder Vogel angehört werden soll. Ist das patriotisch? Ich fordere den Marktkorb auf, darüber sein Urtheil abzugeben!«

»Ich ärgere mich nur!« sagte der Marktkorb, »ich ärgere mich so sehr, wie es sich niemand vorstellen kann! Würde es nicht weit vernünftiger sein, das ganze Haus einmal auf den rechten Fleck zu setzen? Jeder sollte dann schon den ihm gebührenden Platz erhalten, und ich würde die ganzen Anordnungen

treffen!«

»Ja, laßt uns Lärm machen!« riefen sie sämtlich. Plötzlich ging die Thüre auf. Es war das Dienstmädchen, und nun standen sie still und wagten nicht Muck zu sagen. Aber da war kein Topf, der nicht ein Gefäß seiner Macht und Würde gehabt hätte. »Ja, wenn ich nur gewollt hätte,« dachte ein jeder, »dann würde es sicher einen lustigen Abend gegeben haben!«

Das Dienstmädchen nahm die Schwefelhölzer und machte Feuer mit ihnen an -- Gott bewahre uns, wie sie sprühten und aufflammten.

»Nun kann ein jeder sehen, daß wir die ersten sind!« dachten sie. »Welchen Glanz, welches Licht wir haben!« -- und nun waren sie ausgebrannt. Und nun ist auch meine Geschichte aus.«

»Das war ein herrliches Märchen!« sagte die Königin. »Ich föhlte mich im Geiste ganz zu den Schwefelhölzern in die Küche versetzt. Ja, nun sollst du unsere Tochter haben!«

»Jawohl!« sagte der König, »du sollst unsere Tochter den Montag bekommen!« denn nun sagte er zu ihm, als zu einem künftigen Familiengliede, »du«.

Die Hochzeit war also festgesetzt und den Abend vorher wurde die ganze Stadt erleuchtet; es war außerordentlich prachtvoll.

»Ich muß wohl auch daran denken, mein Scherflein zu den Feierlichkeiten beizutragen!« dachte der Kaufmannssohn, und nun kaufte er Raketen, Knallerbsen und alles erdenkliche Feuerwerk, legte es in seinen Koffer und flog damit in die Luft empor.

Rutsch! ging es in die Höhe und verpuffte unter vielem Lärm.

Alle Türken hüpften dabei in die Höhe, daß ihnen die Pantoffeln um die Ohren fuhren. Dergleichen Lufterscheinungen hatten sie niemals gesehen. Nun sahen sie ein, daß es der Türken Gott selber war, der die Prinzessin bekommen sollte.

Sobald sich der Kaufmannssohn mit seinem Koffer wieder in den Wald hinabgelassen hatte, dachte er: »Ich will doch in die Stadt gehen, um mir berichten zu lassen, wie es sich ausgenommen hat.« Man kann sich wohl zusammenreimen, daß er Lust dazu hatte.

Nein, was ihm die Leute doch alles erzählten! Ein jeder, bei dem er sich erkundigte, hatte es in seiner Weise gesehen, aber einen prächtigen Eindruck hatte es auf alle gemacht.

»Ich sah den Türken Gott selbst!« erzählte der eine, »er hatte Augen wie blitzende Sterne und einen Bart wie schäumendes Wasser!«

»Er flog in einem feurigen Mantel,« berichtete ein anderer.

Ja, das waren vortreffliche Sachen, die er zu hören bekam, und den Tag darauf sollte er Hochzeit haben.

Nun ging er nach dem Walde zur ck, um sich in seinen Koffer zu setzen -- aber wo war der? Der Koffer war verbrannt. Ein Funke war von dem Feuerwerk zur ckgeblieben, der Feuer gefangen und den Koffer in Asche gelegt hatte. Er konnte nicht mehr fliegen, nicht mehr zu seiner Braut gelangen.

Sie aber stand den ganzen Tag auf dem Dache und harrtte seiner. Sie wartet noch, er aber durchzieht die Welt und erz hlt M rchen, die jedoch nicht mehr so lustig sind, wie das von den Schwefelh lzchen.

En syn i en kopp kaffe._

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Den Underbara Spegeln*, by Otto Witt

-- H gst besynnerligt, t nkte Wolfgang och Cramer, och de uttryckte ocks denna tanke under anv ndande av flere av spr kets superlativ, medan Kuntze tryckte p en knapp och tillsade den intr dande hush llerskan om varmt kaffe.

-- Ja, det r ganska m rkvr rdigt, medgav astronomen, men jag gjorde sj lv experimentet i morse.

-- Och det lyckades!

-- Alldeles f rtr ffligt.

De b gge herrarne rent av fr so vid tanken p det heta kaffet och vad som komma skulle.

-- Det r en ganska poetisk b rjan p den h r teorin, sade astronomen. Den hoppa vi v l ver?

-- Tv rtom, tv rtom, tyckte Wolfgang, som lskade l ttare saker framf r det rent vetenskapliga. L t oss h ra det, innan kaffet kommer.

-- Gott, sade Carl Kuntze. S h r b rjar teorin, det vill s ga inledningen.

-- Gott, fram med det poetiska!

Astronomen l ste:

-- En ng i blomsterskrud -- r det ej som den m rka natthimlen, vers llad av myriader tindrande stj rnor? Se, himlapellen r ngens saftiga gr s med dess gr na ton, och stj rneh ren r blomma vid blomma av skiftande f rgnyans! ~ n stora, n sm , n lysande starkt och n svagt, s

ro b de ngens blomster och himlens ljuspunkter i natten.

S kande fladdrar en fj ril fr n blomma till blomma, surrande ilar ett bi mot ett lysande f rgst nk -- ro de ej som v ra tankar, som irra, dallra genom om tliga rymder? Visserligen lysa blommorna och gl nsa stj rnorna, men man har dock r tt att fr ga sig: r denna spr da f rg, detta milda ljus ensamt tillr ckligt att stadkomma s dana verkningar?

Svaret r enkelt och lyder s : Vad blomma och insekt betr ffar, r f rgen allena ej nog. Det beh ves ock doft -- fast m nskliga luktorgan ofta ej m rka den -- en doft, som tydligt f rnimmes av insekterna.

Men var blir det d av sammanlikningen med stj rnorna i rymdens eviga bl ? Ocks de m ste besitta en doft f r att varsnas och lskas av tankens fladdrande insekt.

Och liksom blommans doft r ett utslag av dess h gsta, inre liv l ngt finare n f rg och form, s r ock rymdens stj rnedoft dessa guldorns h gsta, hemliga liv.

Att s ka fatta sf rernas doft r att h ra deras harmoni, att h ra harmonin r att m rka, att ingen ton skorrar i deras musikaliska blandning. D blir det, att fatta sf rernas doft, detsamma som att k nna var doft f r sig, var himlakroppens innersta, hemliga liv.

S t nkte jag. Det r nu l nge, l nge sedan. Det var en stilla natt p Java. Bergslutningen hade jag samma dag beundrat; den var t tt bekl dd av de evigt gr na kaffebuskarne, vilkas vita blommor i dagsljuset verkade som utstr dda punkter av stilla ljus. Och hela luften var m ttad av blommornas egna, balsamiska doft. Nu i den tysta natten l g berget m rkt, men doften sv vade n i stillheten och mot himlens m rka dok tr dde tusentals stj rnor gl nsande fram. Det var d , jag varnade stj rnev rldens doft; ty vad voro de annat n dagens lysande blomsterkalkar, fast l ngre bort.

Kuntze tystnade; hush llerskan intr dde med kaffet. De b gge bes karne yttrade intet; de v ntade p det omtalade experimentet. Astronomen tycktes emellertid vilja s tta deras t lamod p nnu st rre prov; han bl ddrade litet i manuskriptet och stannade ett stycke l ngre fram i folianten.

-- H r komma nu en hel del utvecklingar ver doft, blommor och stj rnor, varp f rslagsst llaren, som r anonym -- --

-- Vad -- anonym?

Wolfgang hade rest sig som stucken av en orm, n r ordet uttalades.

-- Ja, svarade Kuntze, det f rekommer ju ofta. Se h r, fortsatte han och visade de b gge herrarne signaturen P. B. Z. manuskriptets sista sida.

-- Men --, utbrast Wolfgang; han hejdades dock att forts tta meningen genom en blick fr n Cramer, vilken i st llet yttrade:

-- Var s god, l s vidare; det blir ju signaturens eget fel, om han vill d lja sig, ifall han har n got att vinna.

-- Jo, d rp verg r P. B. Z. till att verf ra doft och stj rnor till direkt kaffe och s dana. Och slutligen kommer inledningen till det, som direkt tager sikte p marsdonationen. Han skriver: Jag hade nyss l st om den m rkv rdiga, stora marsdonationen, och mina tankar sysslade n stan oavbrutet med g tan. En eftermiddag vann jag fullst ndig klarhet. Jag satt vid mitt skrivbord; framf r mig stod en kopp svart, hett kaffe. Koppen stod s , att den ljusa aftonhimlen bildade fond till dryckens yta. D s g jag n got besynnerligt. Det l tta, tunna dok av imma, som bildade sig ver den varma ytan, brast och p ljusare botten -- imman -- bildade sig de vackraste »kanaler» -- det underliggande kaffet -- m rka och klart tecknade. Var det doften, som nu mot himlens bakgrund sj ng g tan om Mars hemliga sanning? S fr gade jag mig.

Astronomen gjorde ett uppeh ll.

-- Och nu, sade han, ro vi f rdiga f r experimentet, mina herrar.

Han ifyllde en kopp n stan till randen med kaffe och st llde den s , att den stod emellan betraktarens ga och den elektriska bordslampan. Ytan reflekterade s lunda ljust.

-- Var s god, herr l jtnant, yttrade han, pekande p en stol. H ll andedr kten, s att ni ej bl ser bort den l tta imman. Ser ni den?

Wolfgang nickade.

Pl tsligt s g han imman remna, och i samma gonblick framtr dde klart och tydligt den syn, som astronomen nyss beskrivit.

-- Underbart, utbrast han.

Men samtidigt f rsvann synen. Luftdraget vid det uttalade ordet hade varit nog att pusta bort den eteriska imman, och koppens inneh ll stod ter svart och klart.

-- H ll andan ett gonblick, s f r ni synliga »kanaler» igen, sade

Kuntze.

Fenomenet framträdde nyo.

Cramer och Wolfgang roade sig med att gå på gången framkalla den egenartade synen och återläsa den försvinna.

-- Nej, frågade Wolfgang till slut, hur använder han detta fenomen på Mars?

-- Hon, berättade Cramer.

-- Vilken hon?

-- P. B. Z. naturligtvis.

-- Varav sluter du att det är en kvinna?

-- Först och främst av den poetiska inledningen och så av kaffekoppen.

-- Gott, varav sluter alltså P. B. Z., att marsgåttarna är så? Och hur applicerar han eller hon det på Mars?

-- Så här skriver han eller hon; han vände några blad och läste:

-- Det förfinnes så oerhört stora likheter mellan Mars' kanaler och remnorna på den mörka kaffeytan, att det är rent utfrapperande. Den lilla olikhet, som existerar, beror antagligen endast på, att marsytan är så riskig, medan kaffets är plan. Man har härav lov att sluta sig till, att Mars' yta betäckes helt och hållet av ett mörkt, varmt och sjudande hav. Det är mörkt av uppslammad mylla, lera och liknande. Mot den kalla världsrymden bildas en beständigt öngå, ett dimtäck, som brister, bildande långa rifter och remnor. De observerade förändringarna är blott regelbundet återkommande vindilar över havet. Kanalernas fördubblingar tidvis förklaras likaså härav. De vita fläckarna i polernas närhet är blott tillfälliga kondensationer av imman, påminnande om våra tjocka, jordiska moln. Mars' nägot orange dragande färg uppstår därigenom att vissa ljusreflexer alstras; de är kombinationen av det underliggande havet och det på imdokets yttersida fallande solljuset. --

Astronomen tystnade.

-- Nej? frågade Wolfgang.

-- Ja, det jag nu läst upp, är ju endast smällplock här och där -- resten har för övrigt blott rent vetenskapligt intresse.

-- Och er mening? Tror ni, att denne P. B. Z. lyckats finna den verkliga lösningen?

-- Vad tror ni själv?

-- Vi bör nog ursäkta, att vi ej uttala oss.

-- Mitt svar avgives om lördag direkt till herr Levison, svarade Kuntze med en förbindlig bugning.

Vid dessa ord hajade de började menn till. Wolfgang blev endast förgad och gjorde inga reflektioner; han tänkte blott: Det var en förbannat öginn karl!

Cramer dermot, med sin snabba uppfattning, hade på fem sekunder följande tankekedja fix och färdig: Direkt till Levison; aha -- han misstänker antingen att vi äro spioner, som lösga ut en följande för honom, eller han anser sig bunden av sitt löfte till Simon att endast var lördag meddela sina resultat eller också vet han själv ej ännu, vad han skall svara, om han gillar eller ogillar marsteorin. Gott -- det sista äro nog det riktiga.

Derför sade han med ett förbindligt leende:

-- Utmärkt, herr Kuntze, och tack så mycket för det intressanta fördraget.

Han räckte fram sin hand till avsked, Wolfgang följde utan ett ord hans exempel, och några ögonblick senare hade de började herrarne lömnat astronomen.

Utkomna på gatan utvecklade Cramer sin övertygelse, att det här förrelge ett verkligt farligt fall, och att kanske, när allt kom till allt, lösningen av gåtan nu verkligen vore funnen.

-- Låt oss emellertid diskutera saken en smula, föreslog han. Antag, att denna teori är lösningen -- vad har så Kuntze för intresse av det? Kanske han riskerar, att hans engagement hos Levison upphöra? Vad tror du?

-- Tja, jag vet sannerligen inte. Varför skulle engagementet upphöra?

-- Levison kan ju hava överenskommit med honom, att hans tjänst ej längre behöves efter att en lösning framkommit, i så fall är det i Kuntzes intresse att helt enkelt framkomma med invändningar mot _allt_. Vi kunna ju ej kontrollera hans motbevis.

-- Sökloket har Simon nog ej varit.

-- Fan vet! De slugaste k r a ofta fast p en eller annan bagatell, som de gl mt. Emellertid; jag anser, att h r f religger en hotande fara.

-- Men kunde vi ej fr ga Levison?

-- Jo, det har du r tt i, medgav Cramer.

De unders kte f rh llandet telefonledes, och Levison svarade, att det hade ingen fara alls, Carl Kuntze vore hederligheten sj lv. F rresten hade han ej alls n mnt n got om saken, endast engagerat astronomen s l nge, intill att donationen _verkligen_ honorerades, och Simon sj lv vore mycket tillfreds att s l nge som m jligt slippa ifr n denna utbetalning.

-- Se d r ha vi gget, tyckte Cramer. Jag ger mig fanken p , att Kuntze kommer att s ga nej om l rdag -- ven om det sker mot b ttre vetande.

L rdagen kom och med den astronomens lunta. Det obligatoriska, korta brevet medf ljde.

Det var lika de f reg ende.

-- Vad var det jag sade? fr gade Cramer. Jag ger mig fortfarande fanken p , att karlen r en skurk. Och nu, min k re Wolfgang, f vi arbete.

-- Hur s ?

-- Vi m ste s ka reda p P. B. Z. och se, vad vi kunna g ra f r att hindra, att hans eller hennes teori sprides.

Wolfgang Schnitler svarade:

-- Jag vore mest b jd att antaga, att Kuntze har r tt -- att vi l ta hela P. B. Z. f rfalla och vara i fred. Tror signaturen sj lv p saken, s b r han eller hon v l uppgiva sin adress. Men intet s dant har gjorts.

-- Gott, svarade Cramer, jag r enig med dig till h lften -- l t oss intet g ra nu -- men l t oss heller ej alldeles sl ppa saken ur sikte -- med f ord, vi vilja sova p , saken.

AN ACCUSED PERSON'S STATEMENT IN ASSAMESE AND KACH' RI.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *A Collection of Kach'ri Folk-Tales and Rhymes*, by J. D. Anderson

Question.--Tumi ki kaba khujæ
Nang m bungno n maidang?

Answer.--Mangalbæ dinæ may ishkulalai gaichhilon. ' mæ parikshæ
Mangalbæ dinæ ng ishkulau th ngdangman. Zangn parikh -n

din haichhile. Mætoe ænæ ghar hibalai du bæt chuti dile.
din z dangman. M stor zangførkh n faino-l gi du b zit chuti hønai.

Gharat æi, khai-dai-kari, Nandir tæ paribalai galon.
N fain nai, z øi løngøi, Nandi-n -au sølungno l gi th ngnaise.

Nandiye mot-kai beshi pare. Tin bæt may gaichhilon. Tæ
Nandi ng-nøkhri søløng-s -no. Tini baziau ng th ngnai. Bean

derh ghanta parichhon. Sæ chæ bæt pari thakæ paræ
ghant -se-khaise søløngnai. Ghant brøi-khaise sulungbai th nai-au

mar Paramesvari bhanir mæ sunilon; "Maharæir dohai,
ngn Paramesvari gøi-n m thø khn naise; "Mah r ni-n dohai,

Kampanir dohai, mar garbbhabati baiek chulit dhariba
Kampani-n dohai, ngn modom-au th nai gøi-n kheneau homno

ne pai." E rakam buli sunæ may ulai æilon. Dekhon ji
man ." Be baid bungnai khn nai-au ng onkh t-bø-naise. Nunaise

Kuntiye Gilæye chulia-chuli-kai pariyæhe, æu
Kunti-zang Gil si-zang kheneau hom-lai-n nai goglain nai dang, rø

Paramesvariye o Ilæye. Mosai e dærul æipelai Gilæik
Paramesvari zang Il si-zang. Mosai rul gong-se l n nai Gil sikh

erwai dile, Kuntik æar mæ dharichhe. Bæn hæ Kuntir
s g -hø-naise, Khhunthikh hom-khiøp-naise. ' khs zang Khunti-n

hæt dharichhe, hon hæat rulir æhækarichhe Kunti tatkh n t
kh iau homdang, gd zang rul zang bu dang Khhunti ob no

pari gaichhe. Tæ sheshe Madhu æichhe. ' hi Kuntik chulit
gaglai-n ngnai. B n unau Madhu fainai. Fain nai Khuntikh kheneau

dhari e char m^hichhe. May galon; gay pelay kalon:
homn nai s**ə**b -se s**ə**b naise. ´ ng th ngnaise; th ngn nai khith naise:

"Apo e sab bar any^h kath^h He ke janie tom^h jiyar, e
"Braï bef**ə**r h m khor ng. Be s ne-s**ə** b**ə** nangn fis z**ə**, be

ke janie tom^h jiyar. Tom^h jiyar-hatak ji ne m^hil^h mor
s ne-s**ə** b**ə** nangn fis z**ə**. Nangn fis z**ə**-f**ə**rkh zi bu -kh**ə**ise, ngn

bhani-hatak kio m^hil^h Tom^h jiyar-hatak o m^hiba pu^h mor
g**ə**i-f**ə**r-kh m n**ə** bunai? Nangn fis z**ə**-f**ə**r-kh b**ə** bu-n ngauman, ngn

bhanihatak o m^hiba pu^h ´ ru ran bh^hgi diba pu^h E
g**ə**i-f**ə**r-kh b**ə** bu-n ngauman. ´ r**ə**n nglai-nai sefai-n ngauman." Er**ə**i

buli kaw^h mok bu**kate** B ng li-ghus [1] marile. He
khith^hai-au ng-kh zerb -i-au B ng li-ghus saunaise. Be

ghus^hkhai, may j**ijir**-mu^h kh^hon. Tenekw te mar bapair m t
sau-z -n nai ng zingri-mutd maunaise. Ereaun**ə** ngn t r m th**ə**

sunichhon. Bapay-e kaichhe: "Mor garbha-bati ch^hw^hik
khn naise. ´ f i khith dang: "´ ngn modom-au th nai hingzaus kh

ne m^hib." Kawate Mosai ahile; mor bapaik e m^h
d bu." Khith nai-au-n**ə** Mos i fainaise; ngn f kh phongse

m^hichhe. Bap^h b^hari parichhe. T^h pichhat Madhue e m^h
budang. ´ f gaglainaise. B n unau Madhu -b**ə** phongse

m^hichhe. T^h pichhat K^hmesvar bar b^hs e dal lai ^hichhe.
budang. B n unau K mesvar w gedet gongse l bodang.

Mar manat sandeha hal. Mor bap^h burha m^hu. E du
Ang g naise. ´ ngn f brai m ns**ə**i. Be phong-ne

m rate bapay k^hi ^hchhe. Tenekw^h K^hmesvare marichhe
bu-nai-au-n**ə** f i maubai th dang. Be**a**id -n**ə** Kamesvar fongse

e m^h Tenekw^h Madhu o e dal b^hs lai mariba-lai ^hichhe.
budang. Be**a**id n**ə** Madhu b**ə** w gongse l nanai bun**ə** faidang.

Pr^har bhay dekh , ji thait sangr^h haichhe, he thait e d^h b^hs
Thoinu g n nai, zerau n nglaidangman, beau n**ə** w -gon gongse

p^hon. Mor bapaik m re buli, mai o e b^h Madhuk m^hilon.

man-nai. ' ngn f kh bugan hannÆai, ngbø fongse Madhukh bunaise.

Murat parichhe, na k t parichhe, mor gÆyÆ nai.
kh r -au-sø gaglai-khø, na mau-sø gaglai-khø, ng khith nò b i .

Tetia Madhu mÆit pari gaichhe. Mor bapaik may toli laichhon.
Ob nu Madhu h -i-au gaglaineise. ' ngn f kho ng dikh ngnaise.

TenekwÆ mor kakai Æbi paichhe. Kokai-e may-e ÆnÆ bapaik
Ereaunø ngn d s fainaise. ' d zang ngzang zang-n f kh

lai Æichhon, rß Madhudale Madhuk lai gaichhe.
l b naise, rß Madhuni-fr Madhukh l ngnaise.

KERFOL

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I

"You ought to buy it," said my host; "it's just the place for a solitary-minded devil like you. And it would be rather worth while to own the most romantic house in Brittany. The present people are dead broke, and it's going for a song you ought to buy it."

It was not with the least idea of living up to the character my friend Lanrivain ascribed to me (as a matter of fact, under my unsociable exterior I have always had secret yearnings for domesticity) that I took his hint one autumn afternoon and went to Kerfol. My friend was motoring over to Quimper on business: he dropped me on the way, at a cross-road on a heath, and said: "First turn to the right and second to the left. Then straight ahead till you see an avenue. If you meet any peasants, don't ask your way. They don't understand French, and they would pretend they did and mix you up. I'll be back for you here by sunset and don't forget the tombs in the chapel."

I followed Lanrivain's directions with the hesitation occasioned by the usual difficulty of remembering whether he had said the first turn to the right and second to the left, or the contrary. If I had met a peasant I should certainly have asked, and probably been sent astray; but I had the desert landscape to myself, and so stumbled on the right turn and walked on across the heath till I came to an avenue. It was so unlike any other avenue I have ever seen that I instantly knew it must be THE avenue. The grey-trunked trees sprang up straight to a great height and then interwove their pale-grey branches in a long tunnel through which the autumn light fell faintly. I know most trees by name, but I haven't to this day been able to decide what those trees were. They had the tall curve of elms, the tenuity of poplars, the ashen colour of olives under a rainy sky; and they stretched ahead of me for half a mile or more without a break in their arch. If ever I saw an avenue that unmistakably led to something, it was

the avenue at Kerfol. My heart beat a little as I began to walk down it.

Presently the trees ended and I came to a fortified gate in a long wall. Between me and the wall was an open space of grass, with other grey avenues radiating from it. Behind the wall were tall slate roofs mossed with silver, a chapel belfry, the top of a keep. A moat filled with wild shrubs and brambles surrounded the place; the drawbridge had been replaced by a stone arch, and the portcullis by an iron gate. I stood for a long time on the hither side of the moat, gazing about me, and letting the influence of the place sink in. I said to myself: "If I wait long enough, the guardian will turn up and show me the tombs " and I rather hoped he wouldn't turn up too soon.

I sat down on a stone and lit a cigarette. As soon as I had done it, it struck me as a puerile and portentous thing to do, with that great blind house looking down at me, and all the empty avenues converging on me. It may have been the depth of the silence that made me so conscious of my gesture. The squeak of my match sounded as loud as the scraping of a brake, and I almost fancied I heard it fall when I tossed it onto the grass. But there was more than that: a sense of irrelevance, of littleness, of childish bravado, in sitting there puffing my cigarette-smoke into the face of such a past.

I knew nothing of the history of Kerfol I was new to Brittany, and Lanrivain had never mentioned the name to me till the day before but one couldn't as much as glance at that pile without feeling in it a long accumulation of history. What kind of history I was not prepared to guess: perhaps only the sheer weight of many associated lives and deaths which gives a kind of majesty to all old houses. But the aspect of Kerfol suggested something more a perspective of stern and cruel memories stretching away, like its own grey avenues, into a blur of darkness.

Certainly no house had ever more completely and finally broken with the present. As it stood there, lifting its proud roofs and gables to the sky, it might have been its own funeral monument. "Tombs in the chapel? The whole place is a tomb!" I reflected. I hoped more and more that the guardian would not come. The details of the place, however striking, would seem trivial compared with its collective impressiveness; and I wanted only to sit there and be penetrated by the weight of its silence.

"It's the very place for you!" Lanrivain had said; and I was overcome by the almost blasphemous frivolity of suggesting to any living being that Kerfol was the place for him. "Is it possible that any one could NOT see ?" I wondered. I did not finish the thought: what I meant was undefinable. I stood up and wandered toward the gate. I was beginning to want to know more; not to SEE more I was by now so sure it was not a question of seeing but to feel more: feel all the place had to communicate. "But to get in one will have to rout out the keeper," I thought reluctantly, and hesitated. Finally I crossed the bridge and tried the iron gate. It yielded, and I walked under the tunnel formed by the thickness of the chemin de ronde. At the farther end, a wooden barricade had been laid across the entrance, and beyond it I saw a court enclosed in noble architecture. The main building faced me; and I now discovered that one half was a mere ruined front, with gaping windows through which the wild growths of the moat and the trees of the park were visible. The rest of the house was still in its robust beauty. One end abutted on the round tower, the other on the small traceried chapel, and in an angle of the building stood a graceful well-head adorned with mossy urns. A few roses grew against the walls, and on an upper window-sill I remember noticing a pot of fuchsias.

My sense of the pressure of the invisible began to yield to my architectural interest. The building was so fine that I felt a desire to explore it for its own sake. I looked about the court, wondering in which

corner the guardian lodged. Then I pushed open the barrier and went in. As I did so, a little dog barred my way. He was such a remarkably beautiful little dog that for a moment he made me forget the splendid place he was defending. I was not sure of his breed at the time, but have since learned that it was Chinese, and that he was of a rare variety called the "Sleeve-dog." He was very small and golden brown, with large brown eyes and a ruffled throat: he looked rather like a large tawny chrysanthemum. I said to myself: "These little beasts always snap and scream, and somebody will be out in a minute."

The little animal stood before me, forbidding, almost menacing: there was anger in his large brown eyes. But he made no sound, he came no nearer. Instead, as I advanced, he gradually fell back, and I noticed that another dog, a vague rough brindled thing, had limped up. "There'll be a hubbub now," I thought; for at the same moment a third dog, a long-haired white mongrel, slipped out of a doorway and joined the others. All three stood looking at me with grave eyes; but not a sound came from them. As I advanced they continued to fall back on muffled paws, still watching me. "At a given point, they'll all charge at my ankles: it's one of the dodges that dogs who live together put up on one," I thought. I was not much alarmed, for they were neither large nor formidable. But they let me wander about the court as I pleased, following me at a little distance — always the same distance — and always keeping their eyes on me. Presently I looked across at the ruined facade, and saw that in one of its window-frames another dog stood: a large white pointer with one brown ear. He was an old grave dog, much more experienced than the others; and he seemed to be observing me with a deeper intentness.

"I'll hear from HIM," I said to myself; but he stood in the empty window-frame, against the trees of the park, and continued to watch me without moving. I looked back at him for a time, to see if the sense that he was being watched would not rouse him. Half the width of the court lay between us, and we stared at each other silently across it. But he did not stir, and at last I turned away. Behind me I found the rest of the pack, with a newcomer added: a small black greyhound with pale agate-coloured eyes. He was shivering a little, and his expression was more timid than that of the others. I noticed that he kept a little behind them. And still there was not a sound.

I stood there for fully five minutes, the circle about me — waiting, as they seemed to be waiting. At last I went up to the little golden-brown dog and stooped to pat him. As I did so, I heard myself laugh. The little dog did not start, or growl, or take his eyes from me — he simply slipped back about a yard, and then paused and continued to look at me. "Oh, hang it!" I exclaimed aloud, and walked across the court toward the well.

As I advanced, the dogs separated and slid away into different corners of the court. I examined the urns on the well, tried a locked door or two, and up and down the dumb facade; then I faced about toward the chapel. When I turned I perceived that all the dogs had disappeared except the old pointer, who still watched me from the empty window-frame. It was rather a relief to be rid of that cloud of witnesses; and I began to look about me for a way to the back of the house. "Perhaps there'll be somebody in the garden," I thought. I found a way across the moat, scrambled over a wall smothered in brambles, and got into the garden. A few lean hydrangeas and geraniums pined in the flower-beds, and the ancient house looked down on them indifferently. Its garden side was plainer and severer than the other: the long granite front, with its few windows and steep roof, looked like a fortress-prison. I walked around the farther wing, went up some disjointed steps, and entered the deep twilight of a narrow and incredibly old box-walk. The walk was just wide enough for one person to slip through, and its branches met overhead. It was like the ghost of a box-walk, its lustrous green all turning to the shadowy greyness of the avenues. I walked on and on, the branches hitting me in the face and springing

back with a dry rattle; and at length I came out on the grassy top of the *chemin de ronde*. I walked along it to the gate-tower, looking down into the court, which was just below me. Not a human being was in sight; and neither were the dogs. I found a flight of steps in the thickness of the wall and went down them; and when I emerged again into the court, there stood the circle of dogs, the golden-brown one a little ahead of the others, the black greyhound shivering in the rear.

"Oh, hang it you uncomfortable beasts, you!" I exclaimed, my voice startling me with a sudden echo. The dogs stood motionless, watching me. I knew by this time that they would not try to prevent my approaching the house, and the knowledge left me free to examine them. I had a feeling that they must be horribly cowed to be so silent and inert. Yet they did not look hungry or ill-treated. Their coats were smooth and they were not thin, except the shivering greyhound. It was more as if they had lived a long time with people who never spoke to them or looked at them: as though the silence of the place had gradually benumbed their busy inquisitive natures. And this strange passivity, this almost human lassitude, seemed to me sadder than the misery of starved and beaten animals. I should have liked to rouse them for a minute, to coax them into a game or a scamper; but the longer I looked into their fixed and weary eyes the more preposterous the idea became. With the windows of that house looking down on us, how could I have imagined such a thing? The dogs knew better: THEY knew what the house would tolerate and what it would not. I even fancied that they knew what was passing through my mind, and pitied me for my frivolity. But even that feeling probably reached them through a thick fog of listlessness. I had an idea that their distance from me was as nothing to my remoteness from them. In the last analysis, the impression they produced was that of having in common one memory so deep and dark that nothing that had happened since was worth either a growl or a wag.

"I say," I broke out abruptly, addressing myself to the dumb circle, "do you know what you look like, the whole lot of you? You look as if you'd seen a ghost that's how you look! I wonder if there IS a ghost here, and nobody but you left for it to appear to?" The dogs continued to gaze at me without moving...

It was dark when I saw Lanrivain's motor lamps at the cross-roads and I wasn't exactly sorry to see them. I had the sense of having escaped from the loneliest place in the whole world, and of not liking loneliness to that degree as much as I had imagined I should. My friend had brought his solicitor back from Quimper for the night, and seated beside a fat and affable stranger I felt no inclination to talk of Kerfol...

But that evening, when Lanrivain and the solicitor were closeted in the study, Madame de Lanrivain began to question me in the drawing-room.

"Well are you going to buy Kerfol?" she asked, tilting up her gay chin from her embroidery.

"I haven't decided yet. The fact is, I couldn't get into the house," I said, as if I had simply postponed my decision, and meant to go back for another look.

"You couldn't get in? Why, what happened? The family are mad to sell the place, and the old guardian has orders "

"Very likely. But the old guardian wasn't there."

"What a pity! He must have gone to market. But his daughter?"

"There was nobody about. At least I saw no one."

"How extraordinary! Literally nobody?"

"Nobody but a lot of dogs—a whole pack of them—who seemed to have the place to themselves."

Madame de Lanrivain let the embroidery slip to her knee and folded her hands on it. For several minutes she looked at me thoughtfully.

"A pack of dogs—you SAW them?"

"Saw them? I saw nothing else!"

"How many?" She dropped her voice a little. "I've always wondered—"

I looked at her with surprise: I had supposed the place to be familiar to her. "Have you never been to Kerfol?" I asked.

"Oh, yes: often. But never on that day."

"What day?"

"I'd quite forgotten—and so had Herve, I'm sure. If we'd remembered, we never should have sent you today—but then, after all, one doesn't half believe that sort of thing, does one?"

"What sort of thing?" I asked, involuntarily sinking my voice to the level of hers. Inwardly I was thinking: "I KNEW there was something..."

Madame de Lanrivain cleared her throat and produced a reassuring smile. "Didn't Herve tell you the story of Kerfol? An ancestor of his was mixed up in it. You know every Breton house has its ghost-story; and some of them are rather unpleasant."

"Yes—but those dogs?" I insisted.

"Well, those dogs are the ghosts of Kerfol. At least, the peasants say there's one day in the year when a lot of dogs appear there; and that day the keeper and his daughter go off to Morlaix and get drunk. The women in Brittany drink dreadfully." She stooped to match a silk; then she lifted her charming inquisitive Parisian face: "Did you REALLY see a lot of dogs? There isn't one at Kerfol," she said.

Lanrivain, the next day, hunted out a shabby calf volume from the back of an upper shelf of his library.

"Yes here it is. What does it call itself? A History of the Assizes of the Duchy of Brittany. Quimper, 1702. The book was written about a hundred years later than the Kerfol affair; but I believe the account is transcribed pretty literally from the judicial records. Anyhow, it's queer reading. And there's a Herve de Lanrivain mixed up in it not exactly MY style, as you'll see. But then he's only a collateral. Here, take the book up to bed with you. I don't exactly remember the details; but after you've read it I'll bet anything you'll leave your light burning all night!"

I left my light burning all night, as he had predicted; but it was chiefly because, till near dawn, I was absorbed in my reading. The account of the trial of Anne de Cornault, wife of the lord of Kerfol, was long and closely printed. It was, as my friend had said, probably an almost literal transcription of what took place in the court-room; and the trial lasted nearly a month. Besides, the type of the book was detestable...

At first I thought of translating the old record literally. But it is full of wearisome repetitions, and the main lines of the story are forever straying off into side issues. So I have tried to disentangle it, and give it here in a simpler form. At times, however, I have reverted to the text because no other words could have conveyed so exactly the sense of what I felt at Kerfol; and nowhere have I added anything of my own.

III

It was in the year 16 that Yves de Cornault, lord of the domain of Kerfol, went to the pardon of Locronan to perform his religious duties. He was a rich and powerful noble, then in his sixty-second year, but hale and sturdy, a great horseman and hunter and a pious man. So all his neighbours attested. In appearance he seems to have been short and broad, with a swarthy face, legs slightly bowed from the saddle, a hanging nose and broad hands with black hairs on them. He had married young and lost his wife and son soon after, and since then had lived alone at Kerfol. Twice a year he went to Morlaix, where he had a handsome house by the river, and spent a week or ten days there; and occasionally he rode to Rennes on business. Witnesses were found to declare that during these absences he led a life different from the one he was known to lead at Kerfol, where he busied himself with his estate, attended mass daily, and found his only amusement in hunting the wild boar and water-fowl. But these rumours are not particularly relevant, and it is certain that among people of his own class in the neighbourhood he passed for a stern and even austere man, observant of his religious obligations, and keeping strictly to himself. There was no talk of any familiarity with the women on his estate, though at that time the nobility were very free with their peasants. Some people said he had never looked at a woman since his wife's death; but such things are hard to prove, and the evidence on this point was not worth much.

Well, in his sixty-second year, Yves de Cornault went to the pardon at Locronan, and saw there a young lady of Douarnenez, who had ridden over pillion behind her father to do her duty to the saint. Her name was Anne de Barrigan, and she came of good old Breton stock, but much less great and

powerful than that of Yves de Cornault; and her father had squandered his fortune at cards, and lived almost like a peasant in his little granite manor on the moors... I have said I would add nothing of my own to this bald statement of a strange case; but I must interrupt myself here to describe the young lady who rode up to the lych-gate of Locronan at the very moment when the Baron de Cornault was also dismounting there. I take my description from a rather rare thing: a faded drawing in red crayon, sober and truthful enough to be by a late pupil of the Clouets, which hangs in Lanrivain's study, and is said to be a portrait of Anne de Barrigan. It is unsigned and has no mark of identity but the initials A. B., and the date 16 , the year after her marriage. It represents a young woman with a small oval face, almost pointed, yet wide enough for a full mouth with a tender depression at the corners. The nose is small, and the eyebrows are set rather high, far apart, and as lightly pencilled as the eyebrows in a Chinese painting. The forehead is high and serious, and the hair, which one feels to be fine and thick and fair, drawn off it and lying close like a cap. The eyes are neither large nor small, hazel probably, with a look at once shy and steady. A pair of beautiful long hands are crossed below the lady's breast...

The chaplain of Kerfol, and other witnesses, averred that when the Baron came back from Locronan he jumped from his horse, ordered another to be instantly saddled, called to a young page come with him, and rode away that same evening to the south. His steward followed the next morning with coffers laden on a pair of pack mules. The following week Yves de Cornault rode back to Kerfol, sent for his vassals and tenants, and told them he was to be married at All Saints to Anne de Barrigan of Douarnenez. And on All Saints' Day the marriage took place.

As to the next few years, the evidence on both sides seems to show that they passed happily for the couple. No one was found to say that Yves de Cornault had been unkind to his wife, and it was plain to all that he was content with his bargain. Indeed, it was admitted by the chaplain and other witnesses for the prosecution that the young lady had a softening influence on her husband, and that he became less exacting with his tenants, less harsh to peasants and dependents, and less subject to the fits of gloomy silence which had darkened his widow-hood. As to his wife, the only grievance her champions could call up in her behalf was that Kerfol was a lonely place, and that when her husband was away on business at Rennes or Morlaix whither she was never taken she was not allowed so much as to walk in the park unaccompanied. But no one asserted that she was unhappy, though one servant-woman said she had surprised her crying, and had heard her say that she was a woman accursed to have no child, and nothing in life to call her own. But that was a natural enough feeling in a wife attached to her husband; and certainly it must have been a great grief to Yves de Cornault that she gave him no son. Yet he never made her feel her childlessness as a reproach she herself admits this in her evidence

but seemed to try to make her forget it by showering gifts and favours on her. Rich though he was, he had never been open-handed; but nothing was too fine for his wife, in the way of silks or gems or linen, or whatever else she fancied. Every wandering merchant was welcome at Kerfol, and when the master was called away he never came back without bringing his wife a handsome present something curious and particular from Morlaix or Rennes or Quimper. One of the waiting-women gave, in cross-examination, an interesting list of one year's gifts, which I copy. From Morlaix, a carved ivory junk, with Chinamen at the oars, that a strange sailor had brought back as a votive offering for Notre Dame de la Clarte, above Ploumanac'h; from Quimper, an embroidered gown, worked by the nuns of the Assumption; from Rennes, a silver rose that opened and showed an amber Virgin with a crown of garnets; from Morlaix, again, a length of Damascus velvet shot with gold, bought of a Jew from Syria; and for Michaelmas that same year, from Rennes, a necklet or bracelet of round stones emeralds and pearls and rubies strung like beads on a gold wire. This was the present that pleased the lady best, the woman said. Later on, as it happened, it was produced at the trial, and appears to have struck the

Judges and the public as a curious and valuable jewel.

The very same winter, the Baron absented himself again, this time as far as Bordeaux, and on his return he brought his wife something even odder and prettier than the bracelet. It was a winter evening when he rode up to Kerfol and, walking into the hall, found her sitting listlessly by the fire, her chin on her hand, looking into the fire. He carried a velvet box in his hand and, setting it down on the hearth, lifted the lid and let out a little golden-brown dog.

Anne de Cornault exclaimed with pleasure as the little creature bounded toward her. "Oh, it looks like a bird or a butterfly!" she cried as she picked it up; and the dog put its paws on her shoulders and looked at her with eyes "like a Christian's." After that she would never have it out of her sight, and petted and talked to it as if it had been a child—as indeed it was the nearest thing to a child she was to know. Yves de Cornault was much pleased with his purchase. The dog had been brought to him by a sailor from an East India merchantman, and the sailor had bought it of a pilgrim in a bazaar at Jaffa, who had stolen it from a nobleman's wife in China: a perfectly permissible thing to do, since the pilgrim was a Christian and the nobleman a heathen doomed to hellfire. Yves de Cornault had paid a long price for the dog, for they were beginning to be in demand at the French court, and the sailor knew he had got hold of a good thing; but Anne's pleasure was so great that, to see her laugh and play with the little animal, her husband would doubtless have given twice the sum.

So far, all the evidence is at one, and the narrative plain sailing; but now the steering becomes difficult. I will try to keep as nearly as possible to Anne's own statements; though toward the end, poor thing...

Well, to go back. The very year after the little brown dog was brought to Kerfol, Yves de Cornault, one winter night, was found dead at the head of a narrow flight of stairs leading down from his wife's rooms to a door opening on the court. It was his wife who found him and gave the alarm, so distracted, poor wretch, with fear and horror—for his blood was all over her—that at first the roused household could not make out what she was saying, and thought she had gone suddenly mad. But there, sure enough, at the top of the stairs lay her husband, stone dead, and head foremost, the blood from his wounds dripping down to the steps below him. He had been dreadfully scratched and gashed about the face and throat, as if with a dull weapon; and one of his legs had a deep tear in it which had cut an artery, and probably caused his death. But how did he come there, and who had murdered him?

His wife declared that she had been asleep in her bed, and hearing his cry had rushed out to find him lying on the stairs; but this was immediately questioned. In the first place, it was proved that from her room she could not have heard the struggle on the stairs, owing to the thickness of the walls and the length of the intervening passage; then it was evident that she had not been in bed and asleep, since she was dressed when she roused the house, and her bed had not been slept in. Moreover, the door at the bottom of the stairs was ajar, and the key in the lock; and it was noticed by the chaplain (an observant man) that the dress she wore was stained with blood about the knees, and that there were traces of small blood-stained hands low down on the staircase walls, so that it was conjectured that she had really been at the postern-door when her husband fell and, feeling her way up to him in the darkness on her hands and knees, had been stained by his blood dripping down on her. Of course it was argued on the other side that the blood-marks on her dress might have been caused by her kneeling down by her husband when she rushed out of her room; but there was the open door below, and the fact that the fingermarks in the staircase all pointed upward.

The accused held to her statement for the first two days, in spite of its improbability; but on the third day word was brought to her that Herve de Lanrivain, a young nobleman of the neighbourhood, had been arrested for complicity in the crime. Two or three witnesses thereupon came forward to say that it was known throughout the country that Lanrivain had formerly been on good terms with the lady of Cornault; but that he had been absent from Brittany for over a year, and people had ceased to associate their names. The witnesses who made this statement were not of a very reputable sort. One was an old herb-gatherer suspected of witch-craft, another a drunken clerk from a neighbouring parish, the third a half-witted shepherd who could be made to say anything; and it was clear that the prosecution was not satisfied with its case, and would have liked to find more definite proof of Lanrivain's complicity than the statement of the herb-gatherer, who swore to having seen him climbing the wall of the park on the night of the murder. One way of patching out incomplete proofs in those days was to put some sort of pressure, moral or physical, on the accused person. It is not clear what pressure was put on Anne de Cornault; but on the third day, when she was brought into court, she "appeared weak and wandering," and after being encouraged to collect herself and speak the truth, on her honour and the wounds of her Blessed Redeemer, she confessed that she had in fact gone down the stairs to speak with Herve de Lanrivain (who denied everything), and had been surprised there by the sound of her husband's fall. That was better; and the prosecution rubbed its hands with satisfaction. The satisfaction increased when various dependents living at Kerfol were induced to say with apparent sincerity that during the year or two preceding his death their master had once more grown uncertain and irascible, and subject to the fits of brooding silence which his household had learned to dread before his second marriage. This seemed to show that things had not been going well at Kerfol; though no one could be found to say that there had been any signs of open disagreement between husband and wife.

Anne de Cornault, when questioned as to her reason for going down at night to open the door to Herve de Lanrivain, made an answer which must have sent a smile around the court. She said it was because she was lonely and wanted to talk with the young man. Was this the only reason? she was asked; and replied: "Yes, by the Cross over your Lordships' heads." "But why at midnight?" the court asked. "Because I could see him in no other way." I can see the exchange of glances across the ermine collars under the Crucifix.

Anne de Cornault, further questioned, said that her married life had been extremely lonely: "desolate" was the word she used. It was true that her husband seldom spoke harshly to her; but there were days when he did not speak at all. It was true that he had never struck or threatened her; but he kept her like a prisoner at Kerfol, and when he rode away to Morlaix or Quimper or Rennes he set so close a watch on her that she could not pick a flower in the garden without having a waiting-woman at her heels. "I am no Queen, to need such honours," she once said to him; and he had answered that a man who has a treasure does not leave the key in the lock when he goes out. "Then take me with you," she urged; but to this he said that towns were pernicious places, and young wives better off at their own firesides.

"But what did you want to say to Herve de Lanrivain?" the court asked; and she answered: "To ask him to take me away."

"Ah you confess that you went down to him with adulterous thoughts?"

"No."

"Then why did you want him to take you away?"

"Because I was afraid for my life."

"Of whom were you afraid?"

"Of my husband."

"Why were you afraid of your husband?"

"Because he had strangled my little dog."

Another smile must have passed around the court-room: in days when any nobleman had a right to hang his peasants and most of them exercised it pinching a pet animal's wind-pipe was nothing to make a fuss about.

At this point one of the Judges, who appears to have had a certain sympathy for the accused, suggested that she should be allowed to explain herself in her own way; and she thereupon made the following statement.

The first years of her marriage had been lonely; but her husband had not been unkind to her. If she had had a child she would not have been unhappy; but the days were long, and it rained too much.

It was true that her husband, whenever he went away and left her, brought her a handsome present on his return; but this did not make up for the loneliness. At least nothing had, till he brought her the little brown dog from the East: after that she was much less unhappy. Her husband seemed pleased that she was so fond of the dog; he gave her leave to put her jewelled bracelet around its neck, and to keep it always with her.

One day she had fallen asleep in her room, with the dog at her feet, as his habit was. Her feet were bare and resting on his back. Suddenly she was waked by her husband: he stood beside her, smiling not unkindly.

"You look like my great-grandmother, Juliane de Cornault, lying in the chapel with her feet on a little dog," he said.

The analogy sent a chill through her, but she laughed and answered: "Well, when I am dead you must put me beside her, carved in marble, with my dog at my feet."

"Oho we'll wait and see," he said, laughing also, but with his black brows close together. "The dog is the emblem of fidelity."

"And do you doubt my right to lie with mine at my feet?"

"When I'm in doubt I find out," he answered. "I am an old man," he added, "and people say I make you lead a lonely life. But I swear you shall have your monument if you earn it."

"And I swear to be faithful," she returned, "if only for the sake of having my little dog at my feet."

Not long afterward he went on business to the Quimper Assizes; and while he was away his aunt, the widow of a great nobleman of the duchy, came to spend a night at Kerfol on her way to the pardon of Ste. Barbe. She was a woman of great piety and consequence, and much respected by Yves de Cornault, and when she proposed to Anne to go with her to Ste. Barbe no one could object, and even the chaplain declared himself in favour of the pilgrimage. So Anne set out for Ste. Barbe, and there for the first time she talked with Herve de Lanrivain. He had come once or twice to Kerfol with his father, but she had never before exchanged a dozen words with him. They did not talk for more than five minutes now: it was under the chestnuts, as the procession was coming out of the chapel. He said: "I pity you," and she was surprised, for she had not supposed that any one thought her an object of pity. He added: "Call for me when you need me," and she smiled a little, but was glad afterward, and thought often of the meeting.

She confessed to having seen him three times afterward: not more. How or where she would not say one had the impression that she feared to implicate some one. Their meetings had been rare and brief; and at the last he had told her that he was starting the next day for a foreign country, on a mission which was not without peril and might keep him for many months absent. He asked her for a remembrance, and she had none to give him but the collar about the little dog's neck. She was sorry afterward that she had given it, but he was so unhappy at going that she had not had the courage to refuse.

Her husband was away at the time. When he returned a few days later he picked up the little dog to pet it, and noticed that its collar was missing. His wife told him that the dog had lost it in the undergrowth of the park, and that she and her maids had hunted a whole day for it. It was true, she explained to the court, that she had made the maids search for the necklet — they all believed the dog had lost it in the park...

Her husband made no comment, and that evening at supper he was in his usual mood, between good and bad: you could never tell which. He talked a good deal, describing what he had seen and done at Rennes; but now and then he stopped and looked hard at her; and when she went to bed she found her little dog strangled on her pillow. The little thing was dead, but still warm; she stooped to lift it, and her distress turned to horror when she discovered that it had been strangled by twisting twice round its throat the necklet she had given to Lanrivain.

The next morning at dawn she buried the dog in the garden, and hid the necklet in her breast. She said nothing to her husband, then or later, and he said nothing to her; but that day he had a peasant hanged for stealing a faggot in the park, and the next day he nearly beat to death a young horse he was breaking.

Winter set in, and the short days passed, and the long nights, one by one; and she heard nothing of Herve de Lanrivain. It might be that her husband had killed him; or merely that he had been robbed of the necklet. Day after day by the hearth among the spinning maids, night after night alone on her bed, she wondered and trembled. Sometimes at table her husband looked across at her and smiled; and then she felt sure that Lanrivain was dead. She dared not try to get news of him, for she was sure her husband would find out if she did: she had an idea that he could find out anything. Even when a witch-woman who was a noted seer, and could show you the whole world in her crystal, came to the castle for a night's shelter, and the maids flocked to her, Anne held back. The winter was long and

black and rainy. One day, in Yves de Cornault's absence, some gypsies came to Kerfol with a troop of performing dogs. Anne bought the smallest and cleverest, a white dog with a feathery coat and one blue and one brown eye. It seemed to have been ill-treated by the gypsies, and clung to her plaintively when she took it from them. That evening her husband came back, and when she went to bed she found the dog strangled on her pillow.

After that she said to herself that she would never have another dog; but one bitter cold evening a poor lean greyhound was found whining at the castle-gate, and she took him in and forbade the maids to speak of him to her husband. She hid him in a room that no one went to, smuggled food to him from her own plate, made him a warm bed to lie on and petted him like a child.

Yves de Cornault came home, and the next day she found the greyhound strangled on her pillow. She wept in secret, but said nothing, and resolved that even if she met a dog dying of hunger she would never bring him into the castle; but one day she found a young sheep-dog, a brindled puppy with good blue eyes, lying with a broken leg in the snow of the park. Yves de Cornault was at Rennes, and she brought the dog in, warmed and fed it, tied up its leg and hid it in the castle till her husband's return. The day before, she gave it to a peasant woman who lived a long way off, and paid her handsomely to care for it and say nothing; but that night she heard a whining and scratching at her door, and when she opened it the lame puppy, drenched and shivering, jumped up on her with little sobbing barks. She hid him in her bed, and the next morning was about to have him taken back to the peasant woman when she heard her husband ride into the court. She shut the dog in a chest and went down to receive him. An hour or two later, when she returned to her room, the puppy lay strangled on her pillow...

After that she dared not make a pet of any other dog; and her loneliness became almost unendurable. Sometimes, when she crossed the court of the castle, and thought no one was looking, she stopped to pat the old pointer at the gate. But one day as she was caressing him her husband came out of the chapel; and the next day the old dog was gone...

This curious narrative was not told in one sitting of the court, or received without impatience and incredulous comment. It was plain that the Judges were surprised by its puerility, and that it did not help the accused in the eyes of the public. It was an odd tale, certainly; but what did it prove? That Yves de Cornault disliked dogs, and that his wife, to gratify her own fancy, persistently ignored this dislike. As for pleading this trivial disagreement as an excuse for her relations whatever their nature with her supposed accomplice, the argument was so absurd that her own lawyer manifestly regretted having let her make use of it, and tried several times to cut short her story. But she went on to the end, with a kind of hypnotized insistence, as though the scenes she evoked were so real to her that she had forgotten where she was and imagined herself to be re-living them.

At length the Judge who had previously shown a certain kindness to her said (leaning forward a little, one may suppose, from his row of dozing colleagues): "Then you would have us believe that you murdered your husband because he would not let you keep a pet dog?"

"I did not murder my husband."

"Who did, then? Herve de Lanrivain?"

"No."

"Who then? Can you tell us?"

"Yes, I can tell you. The dogs " At that point she was carried out of the court in a swoon.

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It was evident that her lawyer tried to get her to abandon this line of defense. Possibly her explanation, whatever it was, had seemed convincing when she poured it out to him in the heat of their first private colloquy; but now that it was exposed to the cold daylight of judicial scrutiny, and the banter of the town, he was thoroughly ashamed of it, and would have sacrificed her without a scruple to save his professional reputation. But the obstinate Judge who perhaps, after all, was more inquisitive than kindly evidently wanted to hear the story out, and she was ordered, the next day, to continue her deposition.

She said that after the disappearance of the old watch-dog nothing particular happened for a month or two. Her husband was much as usual: she did not remember any special incident. But one evening a pedlar woman came to the castle and was selling trinkets to the maids. She had no heart for trinkets, but she stood looking on while the women made their choice. And then, she did not know how, but the pedlar coaxed her into buying for herself an odd pear-shaped pomander with a strong scent in it she had once seen something of the kind on a gypsy woman. She had no desire for the pomander, and did not know why she had bought it. The pedlar said that whoever wore it had the power to read the future; but she did not really believe that, or care much either. However, she bought the thing and took it up to her room, where she sat turning it about in her hand. Then the strange scent attracted her and she began to wonder what kind of spice was in the box. She opened it and found a grey bean rolled in a strip of paper; and on the paper she saw a sign she knew, and a message from Herve de Lanrivain, saying that he was at home again and would be at the door in the court that night after the moon had set...

She burned the paper and then sat down to think. It was nightfall, and her husband was at home... She had no way of warning Lanrivain, and there was nothing to do but to wait...

At this point I fancy the drowsy courtroom beginning to wake up. Even to the oldest hand on the bench there must have been a certain aesthetic relish in picturing the feelings of a woman on receiving such a message at night-fall from a man living twenty miles away, to whom she had no means of sending a warning...

She was not a clever woman, I imagine; and as the first result of her cogitation she appears to have made the mistake of being, that evening, too kind to her husband. She could not ply him with wine, according to the traditional expedient, for though he drank heavily at times he had a strong head; and when he drank beyond its strength it was because he chose to, and not because a woman coaxed him. Not his wife, at any rate she was an old story by now. As I read the case, I fancy there was no feeling for her left in him but the hatred occasioned by his supposed dishonour.

At any rate, she tried to call up her old graces; but early in the evening he complained of pains and fever, and left the hall to go up to his room. His servant carried him a cup of hot wine, and brought back word that he was sleeping and not to be disturbed; and an hour later, when Anne lifted the

tapestry and listened at his door, she heard his loud regular breathing. She thought it might be a feint, and stayed a long time barefooted in the cold passage, her ear to the crack; but the breathing went on too steadily and naturally to be other than that of a man in a sound sleep. She crept back to her room reassured, and stood in the window watching the moon set through the trees of the park. The sky was misty and starless, and after the moon went down the night was pitch black. She knew the time had come, and stole along the passage, past her husband's door where she stopped again to listen to his breathing to the top of the stairs. There she paused a moment, and assured herself that no one was following her; then she began to go down the stairs in the darkness. They were so steep and winding that she had to go very slowly, for fear of stumbling. Her one thought was to get the door unbolted, tell Lanrivain to make his escape, and hasten back to her room. She had tried the bolt earlier in the evening, and managed to put a little grease on it; but nevertheless, when she drew it, it gave a squeak... not loud, but it made her heart stop; and the next minute, overhead, she heard a noise...

"What noise?" the prosecution interposed.

"My husband's voice calling out my name and cursing me."

"What did you hear after that?"

"A terrible scream and a fall."

"Where was Herve de Lanrivain at this time?"

"He was standing outside in the court. I just made him out in the darkness. I told him for God's sake to go, and then I pushed the door shut."

"What did you do next?"

"I stood at the foot of the stairs and listened."

"What did you hear?"

"I heard dogs snarling and panting." (Visible discouragement of the bench, boredom of the public, and exasperation of the lawyer for the defense. Dogs again ! But the inquisitive Judge insisted.)

"What dogs?"

She bent her head and spoke so low that she had to be told to repeat her answer: "I don't know."

"How do you mean you don't know?"

"I don't know what dogs..."

The Judge again intervened: "Try to tell us exactly what happened. How long did you remain at the foot of the stairs?"

"Only a few minutes."

"And what was going on meanwhile overhead?"

"The dogs kept on snarling and panting. Once or twice he cried out. I think he moaned once. Then he was quiet."

"Then what happened?"

"Then I heard a sound like the noise of a pack when the wolf is thrown to them gulping and lapping."

(There was a groan of disgust and repulsion through the court, and another attempted intervention by the distracted lawyer. But the inquisitive Judge was still inquisitive.)

"And all the while you did not go up?"

"Yes I went up then to drive them off."

"The dogs?"

"Yes."

"Well ?"

"When I got there it was quite dark. I found my husband's flint and steel and struck a spark. I saw him lying there. He was dead."

"And the dogs?"

"The dogs were gone."

"Gone where to?"

"I don't know. There was no way out and there were no dogs at Kerfol."

She straightened herself to her full height, threw her arms above her head, and fell down on the stone floor with a long scream. There was a moment of confusion in the court-room. Some one on the bench was heard to say: "This is clearly a case for the ecclesiastical authorities" and the prisoner's lawyer doubtless jumped at the suggestion.

After this, the trial loses itself in a maze of cross-questioning and squabbling. Every witness who was called corroborated Anne de Cornault's statement that there were no dogs at Kerfol: had been none for several months. The master of the house had taken a dislike to dogs, there was no denying it. But, on the other hand, at the inquest, there had been long and bitter discussion as to the nature of the dead man's wounds. One of the surgeons called in had spoken of marks that looked like bites. The suggestion of witchcraft was revived, and the opposing lawyers hurled tomes of necromancy at each other.

At last Anne de Cornault was brought back into court at the instance of the same Judge and asked if she knew where the dogs she spoke of could have come from. On the body of her Redeemer she swore that she did not. Then the Judge put his final question: "If the dogs you think you heard had been known to you, do you think you would have recognized them by their barking?"

"Yes."

"Did you recognize them?"

"Yes."

"What dogs do you take them to have been?"

"My dead dogs," she said in a whisper... She was taken out of court, not to reappear there again. There was some kind of ecclesiastical investigation, and the end of the business was that the Judges disagreed with each other, and with the ecclesiastical committee, and that Anne de Cornault was finally handed over to the keeping of her husband's family, who shut her up in the keep of Kerfol, where she is said to have died many years later, a harmless madwoman.

So ends her story. As for that of Herve de Lanrivain, I had only to apply to his collateral descendant for its subsequent details. The evidence against the young man being insufficient, and his family influence in the duchy considerable, he was set free, and left soon afterward for Paris. He was probably in no mood for a worldly life, and he appears to have come almost immediately under the influence of the famous M. Arnauld d'Andilly and the gentlemen of Port Royal. A year or two later he was received into their Order, and without achieving any particular distinction he followed its good and evil fortunes till his death some twenty years later. Lanrivain showed me a portrait of him by a pupil of Philippe de Champaigne: sad eyes, an impulsive mouth and a narrow brow. Poor Herve de Lanrivain: it was a grey ending. Yet as I looked at his stiff and sallow effigy, in the dark dress of the Jansenists, I almost found myself envying his fate. After all, in the course of his life two great things had happened to him: he had loved romantically, and he must have talked with Pascal...

CHAPTER III. [THE KITCHEN...]

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *A Japanese Boy*, by Shigemi Shiukichi

When just from school our faces and hands were as black as demons' with ink. On my reaching home my mother would take care of the copy-books, and send me straight to the kitchen to wash before I sat down to the table. The vessel corresponding to the basin is made of brass. We have not learned to use soap; old folks believe that it would turn our black hair red like that of the foreigners. There is no convenience of faucet or pump; each house has its own well in the back yard, even in the city;--hence no water-works, no gas-works, and no fuss about plumbing;

the housewife must proceed to the well for water, rain or shine, and struggle back to the kitchen with a pailful of it every time she needs it.

The kitchen itself is not often floored; the range (of clay and of different appearance from that, which is used here) and the sink stand directly on mother earth under a shed-like roof which has been darkened by smoke. The range has no chimney; not coal but wood is burned in it, and all the smoke escapes from the front opening or mouth and fills the entire kitchen, causing the dear black eyes of the amiable housewife to suffuse with tears.

She has the small Japanese towel wrapped round her head to protect the elaborate coiffure from the soot of years, that has accumulated everywhere and falls in gentle flakes, snow-fashion, on things universally. She works her pair of lungs at the "fire-blowing tube," a large bamboo two or three feet long, opened at one end for a mouth-piece and punched at the other for a narrow orifice. The imprisoned volumes of smoke in the kitchen must crowd out through a square aperture in the roof; if it be closed on a rainy day, they must escape through windows or crevices the best they may.

The water when brought in from the well is emptied into a deep heavy earthen reservoir of reddish hue standing near the sink. With a wooden ladle I would dip out the water into the brass basin (sheet brass, not solid), and wash myself without soap in the most rapid manner possible, yearning eagerly for dinner. The towel is a piece of cotton dyed blue with designs left undyed or dyed black. I grumbled, I confess, when my mother sent me back for a more thorough washing; but with the utmost alacrity I always saluted the very sight of viands.

Oftentimes I was late and was obliged to eat a late dinner alone; but when all of our family sat down together, enough of life was manifested. At one end my witty young brother provoked laughter in us with stuff and nonsense; next him sat my younger sister, quiet and good. I assumed my position between my sister and my father and mother, who sat together at the head of the row. I forget to mention that my elder brother, whose place must be next above me, had been ordered to keep peace in the region of my merry little brother. My sister-in-law or my elder brother's wife took her stand opposite us, surrounded by a rice-bucket, a cast-iron cooking-pot, a teapot, a basket of rice-bowls, saucers, etc. She it was who had to cook and serve dinner and wash dishes and take care of her babies. It is this that renders a young married woman's lot in life very hard in Japan, the principal weight of daily work devolving upon her. After all this, if parents-in-law are not pleased with her she is in imminent danger of being turned off like a hired servant, however affectionate she may be toward her husband; and the husband feels it his

duty to part with her despite his deep attachment; so sacred is regarded the manifestation of filial piety! Fortunately for my sister-in-law, my mother, who has four daughters living with their husbands' relatives, made every household task as light and easy as she could for her and expressed sympathy when needed, knowing that her own daughters were laboring in the like circumstances.

We do not eat at one large dining table with chairs round it; we sit on our heels on the matted floor with a separate small table in front of each of us. I remember my table was in the form of a box about a foot square, the lid of which I lifted and laid on the body of the box with the inner surface up. The inner surface was japanned red, the outer surface and the sides of the box green. The convenience of this form of table is, that you can store away your own rice-bowl, vegetable-dish and chop-stick case in the box. Some tables stand on two flat and broad legs, others have drawers in their sides. We do not ring the bell in announcing dinner; in large families they clap two oblong blocks of hard wood. Grace before meat was a thing unknown to us; my brother, however, had a queer habit of bowing to his chopsticks at the close of meals. He did it from simple heart-felt gratitude and not for show. In his ignorance of Him who provideth our daily bread, he concluded to return thanks to the tools of immediate usefulness. Chopsticks are of various materials--bamboo, mahogany, ivory, etc.,--and in different shapes--round, angular, slender at one end and stout at the other, etc. In a great public feast where there is no knowing the number present, or a religious fete where reverential cleanliness is formally insisted upon, fork-shaped splints of soft wood are distributed among the guests who rend them asunder into pairs of impromptu chopsticks. On the morning of New Year's Day tradition requires us to use chopsticks prepared hastily of mulberry twigs in handling rice-paste cakes called mochi, which the people cook with various edibles and eat, as a sort of religious ceremony.

Rice is the staple food. Vegetables and fishes are also consumed, yet no meat is eaten. Partridge and game, however, were sanctioned from early times as food or rather as luxuries. To cook rice just right--not too soft nor too hard--is not an easy matter; it is considered an art every Japanese maiden of marriageable age must needs acquire. The rice is first washed in a wooden tub, and then transferred to a deep iron cooking-pot with some water. The point lies in the question, how much water is needed? Neither too much nor too little; there is a golden mean. If the rice be cooked either the very least little bit soft or hard the young servant-wife, for really that she is, is blamed for it. The right amount of water is only ascertained by trial. No less puzzling is the degree of heat to be applied to the pot, and the point at which to withdraw the fuel and leave the cooking to be completed without any further application of heat. These things I speak of not merely from

observation but from personal experience. When I was off at a boarding school, which I may have occasion to speak of, I experimented in boarding myself for a while; I learned there how to cook as at a young ladies' seminary, as well as how to write and read.

Hot boiled rice we always have at dinner; at supper and breakfast we pour boiling tea over cold rice in the bowl and are content. Tea is boiling in the kitchen from morning till night. It is drunk with no sugar or milk; indeed, the scrupulous inhabitants of the "land of the gods" never dreamt of tasting the milk of a brute. If a babe is nourished with cow's milk, it is believed that the horns will grow on his forehead. When no palatable dishes are to be had we eat our rice with pickled plums and preserved radishes, turnips, egg-plants and cabbage. The preserves are not done up in glass jars; they are kept in a huge tub of salt and rice-bran. During the summer months when vegetables are plenty and cheap we buy a great quantity of them from a farmer of our acquaintance. He brings them on the back of a horse. The poor animal is usually loaded so heavily that only his head and tail are visible amidst the mountain of cabbage leaves. Days are spent in washing and scrubbing the roots and bulbs of the garden, many more in drying them in the sun. House-tops, weather-beaten walls, fences and all available windy corners are utilized in hanging up the vegetables. When partly dried they are packed in salt and rice-bran and subjected to pressure in bamboo-hooped wooden tubs, commonly by laying old millstones on them. Being but partially dry, the vegetables deliver the remaining moisture to the powder in which they are packed, and in course of time the whole contents become soaked in a yellowish, muddy, pungent liquid. K?k?, as the vegetables are then called, can be preserved in this way throughout the whole year. They are taken out from time to time, washed and sliced and relished with great satisfaction. They are something that is sure to be obtained in any house at any time; with cold rice and hot tea they make up our simplest fare.

When I was late from school I made out my dinner with the rice and k?k?. Frequently, however, my provident mother set aside for me something nice.

UNITED STATES CONTINUED.

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1823

Narrative of a Journey from Pittsburgh to Lexington in Kentucky. From Travels in North America, by F. A. MICHAUX.

This gentleman, in company with a Mr. Craft, set out from Pittsburgh, on the 14th of July, 1802; and, two days afterwards, arrived at Wheeling, a small town on the bank of the Ohio, and about eighty miles distant from Pittsburgh. _Wheeling_ had not been more than twelve years in existence, yet it contained, at this time, about seventy houses, built of wood. It is bounded by a long hill, nearly two hundred fathoms high, and the base of which is not more than four hundred yards from the river. In this space the houses are built: they form but one street, along which runs the main road. From fifteen to twenty large shops supply the inhabitants, twenty miles, round, with provisions. This little town shares largely in the export trade that is carried on with the western country at Pittsburgh.

At Wheeling the travellers purchased a canoe, twenty-four feet long, eighteen inches wide, and about as many in depth. Canoes of this description are made from the single trunk of a tree: they are too narrow for the use of oars, and, in shallow water, they are generally forced along either with a paddle or a staff. As a shelter from the sun, M. Michaux and his friend covered their canoe, a quarter of its length, with a piece of cloth thrown upon two hoops; and, having placed on board of it a sufficient stock of provisions, they embarked about five o'clock in the afternoon of the ensuing day. They floated twelve miles down the stream that evening, and slept on the right bank of the Ohio. Both M. Michaux and his friend were excessively fatigued with their first day's voyage; but not so much by paddling their canoe along, as by remaining constantly seated in one position. For, the canoe being very narrow at the bottom, they were obliged to keep their legs extended; as the least motion of the vessel would have exposed them to the danger of being upset. In the course, however, of a few days, they became accustomed to these inconveniences, and attained the art of travelling comfortably.

They were three days and a half in proceeding to _Marietta_, about a hundred miles from Wheeling. This town is situated on the right bank of the _Great Muskingum_, and near the place of its junction with the Ohio. Although fifteen years before M. Michaux was here, it was not in existence, Marietta now contained more than two hundred houses, some of which were built of brick; but the greatest number were of wood. Several of them were from two to three stories high, and somewhat elegantly

constructed. The mountains which, from Pittsburgh, extend along the side of the river, are, at Marietta, distant from its banks, and leave a considerable space of level ground, which will facilitate, in every respect, the enlarging of the town.

The inhabitants of Marietta were the first, in the interior of America, who entertained an idea of exporting, directly to the Caribbee Islands, the produce of their country. This they did in a vessel, built in their own town. The vessel was sent to Jamaica, and the success which crowned this first attempt, excited great emulation among the inhabitants of the western country. The ship-yard at Marietta is near the town, on the great Muskingum. When M. Michaux was there, the inhabitants were building three brigs, one of which was of two hundred and twenty tons burden.

On the 21st of July the voyagers set out from Marietta, for Gallipoli, distant about a hundred miles. On the 23rd, at ten in the morning, they discovered Point Pleasant, situated a little above the mouth of the Great Kenaway, and on a promontory which is formed by the right bank of that river. Its situation is peculiarly beautiful. The Ohio, into which the Kenaway falls, is here four hundred fathoms wide, and continues of the same width for four or five miles. Its borders, sloping and elevated from twenty-five to forty feet, are, in the whole of its windings, overgrown, at their base, with willow, from fifteen to eighteen feet in height, the drooping branches and foliage of which form a pleasing contrast to the sugar-maples, red-maples, and ash-trees, which are seen immediately above. The latter are overhung by palms, poplars, beeches, and magnolias, of the highest elevation; the enormous branches of which, attracted by a more splendid light and an easier expansion, extend towards the borders, overshadowing the river, at the same time that they completely cover the trees that are beneath them. This natural display, which reigns upon the two banks, forms, from each side, a regular arch, the shadow of which, reflected by the stream, embellishes, in an extraordinary degree, the magnificent coup d'oeil.

Gallipoli is on the right bank of the Ohio, four miles below Point Pleasant. It was, at this time, composed of about sixty log-houses, most of which, being uninhabited, were falling into ruins; the rest were occupied by Frenchmen, two only of whom appeared to enjoy the smallest comfort.

On the 25th of July, M. Michaux and his friend set out, in their canoe, for Alexandria, about a hundred and four miles distant; and they arrived there in three days and a half. The ground designed for this town is at the mouth of the Great Scioto, and in the angle which the right bank of this river forms with the north-west border of the Ohio.

Although the plan of Alexandria had long been laid out, few people had settled there: the number of its edifices was not, at this time, more than twenty, and the major part of these were constructed of wood. The inhabitants are subject, every autumn, to intermittent fevers, which seldom abate till the approach of winter.

On the 1st of April the voyagers arrived at Limestone in Kentucky, fifty miles lower than Alexandria; and, at this place, their voyage on the Ohio terminated. They had floated, in their canoe, three hundred and forty miles from Wheeling; and, during the ten days which their voyage had occupied, they had been obliged, almost incessantly, to paddle their vessel along. This labour, although in itself painful to persons who are unaccustomed to it, was, in the present instance, still more so, on account of the intense heat which prevailed. They also suffered much inconvenience from thirst, not being able to procure any thing to drink, but by stopping at the plantations on the banks of the river; for, during summer, the water of the Ohio acquires such a degree of heat, that it is not fit to be drunk till it has been kept twenty-four hours. At Limestone M. Michaux relinquished an intention which he had formed of proceeding further down the Ohio; and here he took leave of Mr. Craft, who prosecuted the remaining part of the voyage alone.

The banks of the Ohio, though elevated from twenty to sixty feet, scarcely afford any hard substances, betwixt Pittsburgh and Limestone; except large detached stones, of a greyish colour, which M. Michaux observed, in an extent of ten or twelve miles, below Wheeling: the remainder of the country seems wholly covered with vegetable earth. A few miles before this gentleman reached Limestone, he observed a chalky bank, the thickness of which, being very considerable, left no room to doubt that it must be of great extent. The Ohio abounds in fish, some of which are of great size and weight.

Till the years 1796 and 1797, the banks of the Ohio were so little populated, that there were scarcely thirty families in the space of four hundred miles; but, since that time, a great number of emigrants had settled here, from the mountainous parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia; consequently the plantations had, at this time, so much increased, that they were not further than two or three miles asunder; and, when M. Michaux was on the river, he always had some of them in view.

The inhabitants of the banks of the Ohio employ the greatest part of their time in stag and bear-hunting, for the sake of the skins, which are important articles of traffic. The dwellings of this people are, for the most part, in pleasant situations; but they are only log-houses, without windows, and so small that they hold no more than two beds each. A couple of men, in less than ten days, could erect and finish one of them. No attention is here paid to any other culture than that of Indian

corn.

The favourable situation of the Ohio entitles this river to be considered as the centre of commercial activity, between the eastern and western states; and it is the only open communication with the ocean, for the exportation of provisions, from that part of the United States, which is comprised between the Alleghany Mountains, the lakes, and the left bank of the Mississippi.

All these advantages, blended with the salubrity of the climate and the general beauty of the country, induced M. Michaux to imagine that, in the course of twenty years, the banks of the Ohio, from Pittsburgh to Louisville, would become the most populous and the most commercial part of the United States. Limestone consisted only of thirty or forty houses, constructed with wood. This little town had been built upwards of fifteen years. It was for some time the place where such emigrants landed as came from the northern states, by way of Pittsburgh: it was also the mart for merchandise, sent from Philadelphia and Baltimore to Kentucky.

M. Michaux resolved to travel on foot, from this place to Lexington. The distance is sixty-five miles, and he performed the journey in two days and a half. In his journey he passed through Mays Lick, where there is a salt-work. The wells that supply the salt-water are about twenty feet in depth, and not more than fifty or sixty fathoms from the River Salt Lick; the waters of which, during the summer, are somewhat brackish. In this part of the country salt-springs are usually found in places which are described by the name of Licks; and where, before the arrival of Europeans, the bisons, elks, and stags, that existed in Kentucky, went, by hundreds, to lick the saline particles; with which the soil is impregnated.

In the country around Mays Lick the soil is dry and sandy; and the road is covered with large, flat, chalky stones, of a bluish colour within, and the edges of which are round. The only trees that M. Michaux observed here, were white oaks and hickory; and the stunted growth and wretched appearance of these, clearly indicated the sterility of the soil.

In the year 1796, Lexington consisted of only eighteen houses; but it now contained more than a hundred and fifty, half of which were of brick. This town is situated on a delightful plain, and is watered by a small river, near which were several corn-mills. Every thing seemed to announce the comfort of its inhabitants. It is built on a regular plan. The streets are broad, and cross each other at right angles. The want of pavement, however, renders it very muddy in winter. There were, at this time, in Lexington, two printing-offices, at each of which a newspaper

was published twice a week. Two extensive rope-walks, constantly in employ, supplied, with rigging, the ships that were built upon the Ohio. Independently of other manufactories which had been established in this town, there were several common potteries, and one or two gunpowder-mills. The sulphur for the latter was obtained from Philadelphia, and the saltpetre was manufactured from substances dug out of grottos, or caverns, that are found on the declivity of lofty hills, in the mountainous parts of the state. The soil of these is extremely rich in nitrous particles.

[About fifty miles west of Lexington, on the bank of the Ohio, and near the falls of that river, is the town of _Louisville_. This place forms a connecting link between New Orleans and the whole western parts of the United States. Mechanics can here obtain full employment, and they are able to earn from forty to fifty-four shillings a week. Every article of clothing is excessively expensive; and the rents of houses are very high. This place was formerly very unhealthy, the inhabitants being subject to fevers, agues, and other complaints; but it is said to be improving in healthiness. Mr. Fearon, who visited this place in the year 1817, does not speak favourably of the character of the Kentuckians. He says they drink a great deal, swear a great deal, and gamble a great deal; and that even their amusements are sometimes conducted with excessive barbarity. The expence of sending goods, by water, from New Orleans to Louisville, is about twenty shillings per hundred weight; and down the stream, to New Orleans, about four shillings. The boats usually make the voyage upward in about ninety days; and downward in twenty-eight days. Steam-vessels accomplish the former voyage in thirty-six, and the latter in twenty-eight days.

There are in Louisville, two great hotels, one of which has, on an average, one hundred and forty, and the other eighty boarders. A person, on going to either of them, applies to the bar-keeper for admittance: and the accommodations are very different from those in an English hotel. The place for washing is not, as with us, in the bed-rooms; but in the court-yard, where there are a large cistern, several towels and a negro in attendance. The sleeping-room usually contains from four to eight bedsteads, having mattresses and not feather-beds; sheets of calico, two blankets, and a quilt: the bedsteads have no curtains. The public rooms are, a news-room, a boot-room, (in which the bar is situated,) and a dining-room. The fires are generally surrounded by parties of about six persons. The usual custom with Americans is to pace up and down the news-room, in a manner similar to walking the deck of a ship at sea. Smoking segars is practised by all, and at every hour of the day. Argument or discussion, in this part of the world, is of very rare occurrence; social intercourse seems still more unusual; conversation on general topics, or taking enlarged and enlightened views of things, rarely occurs: each man is in pursuit of his own individual

interest. At half past seven, the first bell rings for the purpose of collecting all the boarders, and, at eight, the second bell rings; breakfast is then set, the dining-room is unlocked, a general rush commences, and some activity, as well as dexterity, is necessary to obtain a seat at the table. The breakfast consists of a profuse supply of fish, flesh, and fowl, which is consumed with a rapidity truly extraordinary. At half-past one, the first bell rings, announcing the approach of dinner; the avenues to the dining-room become thronged. At two o'clock the second bell rings, the doors are thrown open, and a repetition of the breakfast-scene succeeds. At six, tea, or what is here called supper, is announced, and partaken of in the same manner. This is the last meal, and it usually affords the same fare as breakfast. At table there is neither conversation nor drinking: the latter is effected by individuals taking their liquor at the bar, the keeper of which is in full employ from sunrise to bed-time. A large tub of water, with a ladle, is placed at the bar; and to this the customers go and help themselves. When spirits are called for, the decanter is handed; the person calling for them takes what quantity he pleases, and the charge is sixpence-halfpenny. The life of boarders at an American tavern, presents a senseless and comfortless mode of killing time. Most houses of this description are thronged to excess; and few of the persons who frequent them, appear to have any other object in view than spitting and smoking.

In the state of Kentucky there are several subterraneous _caverns_, which have attracted much attention, and which are described as among the most extraordinary natural curiosities in the world. They are also of considerable importance in a commercial view, from the quantity of nitre they afford. The great cave, near Crooked Creek, is supposed to contain a million pounds of nitre. This cave has two mouths or entrances, about six hundred and fifty yards from each other, and one hundred and fifty yards from the creek.]

Tenth Day's Instruction.

UNITED STATES CONTINUED.

Narrative of the Journey of M. Michaux, from Lexington to Charleston in South Carolina.

On the tenth of August, M. Michaux set out from Lexington to Nashville, in the state of Tennessee; and, as an establishment for the purpose of naturalizing the vine in Kentucky, was not very far out of his road, he

resolved to visit it. Consequently, about fourteen miles from Lexington, he quitted the road, turned to the left, strolled through some woods, and reached the vineyard in the evening. It was, at this time, under the superintendence of a M. Dufoux, the principal person of a small Swiss colony, which had settled in Kentucky some years before. The vines had been selected chiefly from the vicinity of New York and Philadelphia. Many of them had failed; but those of the kinds which produce the Madeira wines, appeared to give considerable hopes of success. The whole of the vines occupied a space of about six acres; and they were planted and fixed with props similar to those in the environs of Paris.

From this place M. Michaux was conducted, through the woods, to a ferry over the _Kentucky River_. The borders of the river at this ferry are formed by an enormous mass of chalky stones, remarkably peaked, and about a hundred and fifty feet high.

Near _Harrodsburgh_ M. Michaux visited the plantation and residence of General Adair. A spacious and commodious house, a great number of black servants, equipages: every thing announced the opulence of the general. Magnificent peach-orchards, and immense fields of Indian wheat, surrounded the house. The soil was extremely fertile, as was evident from the largeness of the blades of corn, their extraordinary height, and the abundance of the crops.

About forty miles beyond the general's plantation, M. Michaux passed over _Mulder Hill_, a steep and lofty mountain, that forms a kind of amphitheatre. From its summit the neighbouring country presents the aspect of an immense valley, covered with forests of imperceptible extent. As far as the eye can reach, nothing but a gloomy verdant space is seen, formed by the tops of the close-connected trees, and, through which, not even the vestige of a plantation can be discerned. The profound silence that reigns in these woods, uninhabited by savage beasts, and the security of the place, forms an _ensemble_ rarely to be seen in other countries.

About ten miles beyond _Green River_ commence what are called the _Barrens_, or _Kentucky Meadows_. On the first day of his journey over them, M. Michaux travelled fifteen miles; and, on the ensuing morning, having wandered to some distance out of the road, in search of a spring, at which to water his horse, he discovered a plantation in a low and narrow valley. The mistress of the house told him that she had resided there upwards of three years, and that, for eighteen months, she had not seen any individual except of her own family: that, weary of living thus isolated, her husband had been more than two months from home in quest of another spot, towards the mouth of the Ohio. A daughter, about fourteen years of age, and two children, considerably younger, were all the company she had: her house was abundantly stocked with vegetables

and corn.

This part of the Barrens was precisely similar to that which M. Michaux had traversed the day before; and the same kind of country extends as far as the line which separates the state of Tennessee from that of Kentucky. Here, to the great satisfaction of M. Michaux, he once more entered the woods. Nothing, he says, can be more tiresome than the doleful uniformity of these immense meadows, where there is no human creature to be met with; and where, except a great number of partridges, no species of living beings are to be seen.

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Recipes from The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Allied Cookery*, by Grace Glergue Harrison and Gertrude Clergue

KEDGAREE

Put 1 oz. of butter in a stew-pan; when melted, add 4 oz. of boiled rice (cold), stir for a minute, then add 8 or 10 oz. of cooked white fish which should be flaked and free from bones, then add any kind of fish sauce with the cut-up whites of 2 eggs hard boiled, and when quite hot, pile on a hot dish and sprinkle over it the 2 yolks of the eggs which have been passed through a sieve.

This is a good breakfast dish.

RUSSIAN PIROG KULBAK

Dissolve in a pint of tepid salted water, 1 yeast-cake mixed with enough flour to make rather a stiff dough and let it rise until double its size. Add to this 2 eggs and 1/2 lb. of butter. Knead thoroughly. Put the paste in a warm place and let it rise again to double its size. Roll it out about 1/2 inch thick and put in a buttered pie dish; cover with cold boiled rice, then thin slices of smoked roe or smoked fish; sprinkle over some pepper and nutmeg. The other half of the dough is to be lapped over the filling and in giving to the Pirog the form of a loaf close the edges with the white of an egg. When closed, spread it over with beaten egg and bread-crumbs. Bake it a light brown.

STEWED KIDNEYS

(English)

Take away the skin from three lamb kidneys; split them lengthwise in halves; take out the white nerve from the centre, and cut each half into small slices. Put 3 ozs. of oil in a pan, colour in it a small chopped onion, add the sliced kidneys, salt, pepper. Stir with a spoon briskly over a good fire until all the pieces are equally coloured; sprinkle with a tablespoonful of flour; mix and stir well. Add a cupful of wine and one of gravy, stir until boiling. Cook two minutes longer; taste if well seasoned; at the last add the juice of half a lemon and chopped parsley.

NOTE.--Mushrooms stewed with the kidneys are an improvement.

KISEL

(Russian)

Mix three cups of any kind of fruit syrup, add a little water if the syrup is very thick, sugar and vanilla according to taste, and 1/2 cup of potato flour. Cook them in a double boiler until a very thick cream. Served hot or cold with cream and powdered sugar.

16.--TOMATO KETCHUP

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Better Meals for Less Money*, by Mary Green

1 peck ripe tomatoes	1/2 cup whole mixed spices
3 onions	1 clove of garlic
1/2 cup salt	1/3 cup dry mustard
2 teaspoons cayenne	1 quart vinegar
2 tablespoons paprika	1 cup brown sugar

Wipe tomatoes, cut in halves, and put in a smooth, clean preserving kettle; add onions sliced, cook slowly for one hour, and press through a sieve; add salt, cayenne, and paprika; tie mixed spices, garlic, and mustard in double cheesecloth, add to tomatoes, and cook rapidly until mixture begins to thicken; boil vinegar and sugar together while tomatoes are cooking; add them to strained tomato; cook until ketchup is thick, or until water will not separate from it when tried on a plate. Remove spice bag, seal in sterilized jars or bottles, and when cool dip tops in melted paraffin.

Recipes from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Florida Salads*, by Frances Barber Harris

KIPPERED HERRING SALAD.

Flake kippered herring and take out bones. Boil small new Irish potatoes, in jackets, peel and slice. Slice pickled pearl onions. Gently mix all together. Dress with French dressing and garnish with sliced pimolas.

KUMQUAT SALAD.

Split kumquats lengthways in half and mix with equal quantities of red salad cherries. Put a little lemon jelly in cups, fill nearly full with fruit and cover with jelly just before it begins to harden. Set on ice over night. Turn out on lettuce leaves and dress with mayonnaise mixed with ground, white pecan meats.

Recipes from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Cassell's Vegetarian Cookery*, by A. G. Payne

SCOTCH KALE.--Scotch kale, or curly greens, as it is sometimes called in some parts of the country, is cooked like ordinary greens. It should be washed very carefully, and thrown into fast-boiling salted water. The saucepan should remain uncovered, as we wish to preserve the dark green colour. Young Scotch kale will take about twenty minutes to boil before it is tender. When boiled, if served as a course by itself, it should be strained off very thoroughly and warmed in a stew-pan with a little butter, pepper, and salt.

SEA KALE.--Sea kale possesses a very delicate flavour, and in cooking it the endeavour should be to preserve this flavour. Throw the sea kale when washed into boiling water; in about twenty minutes, if it is young, it will be tender. Serve it on plain dry toast, and keep all the heads one way. Butter sauce, white sauce, Dutch sauce, or sauce Allemande can be served with sea kale, but should be sent to table separate in a boat, as the majority of good judges prefer the sea kale quite plain.

SEA-KALE SOUP.--This makes a very delicious soup, but it is somewhat rare. Take a bundle of sea-kale, the whiter the better. Threw it into boiling water, and let it boil for a few minutes, then take it out and drain it; cut it up into small pieces and place it in a stew-pan with about two ounces of butter, add a little pepper and salt and grated nutmeg; stir it up until the butter is thoroughly melted, but do not let it turn colour in the slightest degree. Add some milk, and let it simmer very gently for about half an hour. Rub the whole through a wire sieve, and add a small quantity of cream. Serve with toasted or fried bread.

NOTES ON THE KIOWA SUN DANCE.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Notes on the Kiowa Sun Dance*, by Leslie Spier

The following notes were obtained from Andres Martinez (Andele, a Mexican captive of the Kiowa whose history[1] is well known) in August, 1919. Attention was directed in the first instance to the organization of the dance, but a brief description of the whole ceremony was also obtained, chiefly by way of comments on Scott's account.[2] The last Kiowa sun dance was held in 1887.[3]

The Kiowa sun dance is the prerogative of the individual who owns the sacred image, the _tai·me_. He deposes the ancillary offices where he sees fit, although there is a well-defined tendency for them to be hereditary. The predominant idea of this image is that of a war medicine. Thus the dance is fundamentally like that of the Crow, but it differs from it in two important respects. First, the Kiowa rites cluster about only one particular medicine, whereas among the Crow, any one of a number of medicine dolls may be used in the ceremony. The question arises whether the dozen minor Kiowa images, which are sometimes brought into the dance, were more recently acquired or constructed in order to reproduce the functions of the _tai·me_, or whether one medicine doll has completely overshadowed all the others, as seemed about to happen among the Crow. The evidence favors the first view, since no rites, other than those attendant on any personal medicine, are described, or even intimated, for the minor images. The second difference is, that while the Crow shaman invokes his medicine for any one who appeals to him for aid, acting only in a directive capacity, the Kiowa _tai·me_ owner is himself the principal suppliant. Were it not for the hereditary bias in the distribution of ceremonial functions, the Kiowa sun dance would be the prerogative of one man as completely as that of the Crow is, when the latter is once under way. The hereditary principle does not appear in the military societies

except in the ownership of the medicine lance or arrow (_z°·bo_).[4]

The Kiowa sun dance (_k'o?dun_ specifically the name for the lodge) was an annual tribal affair, in which the associated Kiowa Apache freely joined.[5] It was danced in an effort to obtain material benefits from, or through, the medicine doll in the possession of the medicineman, who is at the same time director and principal performer.

This is a small image, less than 2 feet in length, representing a human figure dressed in a robe of white feathers, with a headdress consisting of a single upright feather and pendants of ermine skin, with numerous strands of blue beads around its neck, and painted upon the face, breast, and back with designs symbolic of the sun and moon. [Martinez says the face is entirely obscured by hanging beads.] The image itself is of dark-green stone, in form rudely resembling a human head and bust, probably shaped by art like the stone fetishes of the Pueblo tribes. It is preserved in a rawhide box in charge of the hereditary keeper, and is never under any circumstances exposed to view except at the annual sun dance, when it is fastened to a short upright stick planted within the medicine lodge, near the western side.... The ancient _tai·me_ image was of buckskin, with a stalk of Indian tobacco for a headdress. This buckskin image was left in the medicine lodge, with all the other adornments and sacrificial offerings, at the close of each ceremony. The present _tai·me_ is one of three, two of which came originally from the Crows, through an Arapaho who married into the Kiowa tribe, while the third came by capture from the Blackfeet.[6]

The bundle containing the image is usually hung outside of its keeper's tipi. It is not customary to expose the image except at the sun dance, but tobacco is placed with it from time to time. Its function outside of the dance is identical with its use there: those who need its aid make vows to it, which they fulfil by sacrificing horses, etc., and making sweatlodges. The image is the property of one man, or more properly of his family, since it may be inherited by his blood relatives. If the transfer is made before the father's death, payment and a sweatlodge must be given by the son.[7] After Long Foot died about 1870, as he had no son, it passed into the possession of three of his nephews in succession, and reverted in 1894 to his daughter who still has it.[8] While she may handle the image, she would not be permitted to enter the dance with it.[9] There the functions which would normally devolve on her would be performed in their entirety by a captive. This captive has been trained to the position in order to take the place of the image keeper should he be sick. A captive is chosen for the substitute so that a calamity incurred by a mischance in the proceedings may fall on him alone and not on the Kiowa. The erstwhile substitute, a Mexican, is still living. The image keeper, like his four associates, must not look

in a mirror, nor touch a skunk or jackrabbit. One who touches these animals cannot enter the tipi where the doll is housed until four days have elapsed. No dog is allowed in this tipi, nor is one permitted to jump over the keeper or his four associates, the _g.uo?g.u?t' _.

There are ten or twelve minor images (_tailyok?) which strongly resemble the _tai'me_ in function, as they are essentially war medicines. Most of them were in the keeping of men other than the sacred doll owner, but two were kept by him for a time.[10] They have little or no part in the sun dance.

The _Gad mb tsoæhi_, "Old-woman-under-the-ground," belonged to the Kiæp band of the Kiowa. It was a small image, less than a foot high, representing a woman with flowing hair. It was exposed in front of the _tai'me_ at the great sun-dance ceremony, and by some unexplained jugglery the priest in charge of it caused it to rise out of the ground, dance in the sight of the people, and then again sink into the earth.[11]

The sun dance was normally an annual ceremony, but sometimes a year passed without one. The dance was theoretically dependent on someone going to the keeper and saying, "I dreamed of it (_i.e., the sun dance)," or on the keeper himself dreaming of it. On two occasions a second dance was held in the dance lodge after the keeper had removed the sacred doll at the close of the first dance, because a second man had also dreamed of it.[12] After the dream is announced the keeper hangs the image on his back and rides out to all the camps, announcing, as he circles them, that he will conduct the ceremony the following spring (May or June). This announcement was sometimes made immediately after the close of the preceding dance, but usually it came just before they intended to hold the dance.[13] The keeper fasts while he is making the announcement, even if it takes three days, as may happen when the camps were scattered. When they know the dance is to be held, others vow to dance for a specified number of days, and all gather near the dance ground. No one may absent himself: they are all afraid of his medicine. When the tribe is assembled, the keeper circles the camp, again bearing the sacred doll on his back.

Two young men are selected by the keeper from one of the military societies[14] to scout for a tree to serve as center pole for the dance lodge. While searching, they must refrain from drinking. About this time all those intending to dance are building sweatlodges to purify themselves: the keeper must enter each of these to direct the proceedings; this entails considerable work on him. Should he be sick at this time, the doll is carried into the sweatlodge by the captive in his stead. It is incumbent on the _tai'me_ shield owners to accompany this captive and help him perform the necessary ceremonies. When the tree for

the center pole has been selected, the whole camp moves after the keeper and his family to the dance ground. A dozen or more old men follow immediately after him. The main body is guarded front, rear, and both flanks by the military societies, as is customary when a camp moves.[15] The procession halts four times on its journey while the keeper smokes and prays. Next, the soldier societies charge on the dance ground, or rather on a pole erected there before the camp circle is established,[16] according to Methvin (p. 64), but on the newly established camp itself according to Scott's informants (p. 357).

The next morning the man who has that privilege sets out with his wife to get the hide of a young buffalo bull. When such a person dies, the keeper appoints one of his kin to take his place.[17] The couple must fast while on this hunt. If the buffalo is killed with a single arrow, it is a favorable omen, if many are needed, the opposite is indicated. The buffalo must be killed so that he falls on his belly with his head toward the east. A broad strip of back skin, with the tail and head skin attached is carried to the keeper's tipi, where feathers are tied to its head.[18]

The next morning they set out to fetch the center pole. Scott describes a parade around the camp circle by the military societies which then proceed to charge the tree selected for the center pole, which is defended in sham combat by one of the men's societies[19] (*_akiaik'* to_, war with the trees). After the chiefs have recited their coups, and prayers have been said by the sacred doll keeper and his wife, who have brought the doll there, the tree is chopped down by a captive Mexican woman. A captive is always selected for this difficult task, so that any harm due to an error on her part may not fall on a tribesman. This function is always performed by a Mexican woman: when she dies, the keeper appoints her successor. As the tree falls, they shout and shoot in the air. The pole is carried to the dance ground by a society designated by the keeper,[20] where a hole to receive it has been dug by a men's military society.[21] The pole is set upright by a single medicineman who owns this privilege. The buffalo hide is then fastened across the forks with its head to the east and offerings of cloth, etc., brought by various individuals are tied to it. In 1873 Battey observed:--

The central post is ornamented near the ground with the robes of buffalo calves, their heads up, as if in the act of climbing it; each of the branches above the fork is ornamented in a similar manner, with the addition of shawls, calico, scarfs, &c., and covered at the top with black muslin. Attached to the fork is a bundle of cottonwood and willow limbs, firmly bound together, and covered with a buffalo robe, with head and horns, so as to form a rude image of a buffalo, to which were hung strips of new calico,

muslin, strouding, both blue and scarlet, feathers, shawls, &c., of various lengths and qualities. The longer and more showy articles were placed near the ends. This image was so placed as to face the east.[22]

The center pole is not painted.

After the center pole is in place, everyone, but especially the military societies, assists in building the enclosing structure. The lodge is like those of the Arapaho and Cheyenne: it is circular, the rafters rest on the center pole, and the covering of boughs extends a third of the way to the center of the roof. An entrance is left on the east side. A flat stone is placed here so that every dancer passing through must set his foot on it. Wet sand is spread over the ground in the dance lodge[23] and heaped around the base of the center pole. Two little round holes, walled in with mud, are dug near the rear of the lodge to hold incense smudges. A screen of cottonwood and cedar branches is constructed just north of these.

This business continued through the day, except for an hour or two in the middle of the afternoon, when the old women[24]--the grandmothers of the tribe--had a dance. The music consisted of singing and drumming, done by several old women, who were squatted on the ground in a circle. The dancers--old, gray-headed women, from sixty to eighty years of age--performed in a circle around them for some time, finally striking off upon a waddling run, one behind another; they formed a circle, came back and, doubling so as to bring two together, threw their arms around each other's necks, and trudged around for some time longer; then sat down, while a youngish man circulated the pipe, from which each in turn took two or three whiffs, and this ceremony ended.[25]

[When the dance lodge was completed] the soldiers of the tribe then had a frolic in and about it, running and jumping, striking and kicking, throwing one another down, stripping and tearing the clothes off each other.[26]... Before this frolic was over, a party of ten or twelve warriors appeared, moving a kind of shield to and fro before their bodies, making, in some manner (as I was not near enough to see how it was done), a grating sound, not unlike the filing of a mill-saw.[27]

In the afternoon, a party of a dozen or more warriors and braves proceeded to the medicine house, followed by a large proportion of the people of the encampment. They were highly painted, and wore shirts only, with head-dresses of feathers which extended down the backs to the ground, and were kept in their proper places by means of an ornamented strap clasping the waist. Some of them had long

horns attached to their head-dresses. They were armed with lances and revolvers, and carrying a couple of long poles mounted from end to end with feathers, the one white and the other black. They also bore shields highly ornamented with paint, feathers, and hair.

They took their station upon the side opposite the entrance, the musicians standing behind them.

Many old women occupied a position to the right and near the entrance, who set up a tremulous shrieking; the drums began to beat, and the dance began, the party above described only participating in it.

They at first slowly advanced towards the central post, followed by the musicians several of whom carried a side of raw hide (dried), which was beaten upon with sticks, making about as much music as to beat upon the sole of an old shoe, while the drums, the voices of the women, and the rattling of pebbles in instruments of raw hide filled out the choir.

After slowly advancing nearly to the central post, they retired backward, again advanced, a little farther than before; this was repeated several times, each time advancing a little farther, until they crowded upon the spectators, drew their revolvers, and discharged them into the air.

Soon after, the women rushed forward with a shrieking yell, threw their blankets violently upon the ground, at the feet of the retiring dancers, snatched them up with the same tremulous shriek that had been before produced, and retired; which closed this part of the entertainment. The ornamented shields used on this occasion were afterwards hung up with the medicine.[28]

These may be the shields which are associated with the _tai·me_. Later, after the sacred doll has been brought into the lodge, they are either hung with it on the cedar screen as Battey observed,[29] or on stakes set up outside the dance lodge to the west, i.e., behind the image, where Martinez saw them. No offerings are made to them there. It is incumbent on a _tai·me_ shield owner to dance with the associates (_g.uo?g.u?ʔ_) in every sun dance so long as he continues to own the shield. He is not considered one of the associates however. Shield owners always help the image keeper when he asks their aid. They must also assist his captive substitute when officiating in a sweatlodge. A shield owner cannot sell his shield, but he may give it to his son in anticipation of his death, receiving presents in return. Otherwise, on the death of its owner the shield is placed on his grave. Should a son or nephew dream of it, he has the right to make a duplicate with the

help of the doll owner in order to keep it in the family. However, if any other man dreams of it and wants to make the duplicate, he must pay the owner.[30] The shield is usually hung outside of its owner's tipi. The shield owners "must not eat buffalo hearts, or touch a bearskin, or have anything to do with a bear." Like the associates, "they must not smoke with their moccasins on,[31] or kill, or eat any kind of rabbit, or kill or touch a skunk." [32] These shields are used only in war as their owner's personal medicine: no offerings are ever made to them.

Late in the day, a number of men who have vowed to take part in the subsequent dance, together with one woman who has the privilege,[33] are garbed in buffalo robes to represent the living animals. They gather to the east of the lodge where they simulate the actions of a herd of buffalo. A man, called a scout, starts from the entrance of the lodge with a firebrand and circles about the herd until he meets a second man, mounted and carrying a shield and a straight pipe, who thereupon drives the buffalo toward the dance lodge, which they circle several times before negotiating the entrance. Once inside they lie down; the man with the pipe dismounts and enters. Picking up the hairs on the back of first one animal and another, he says, "This is the fattest animal. He is our protector in war." Then he recites a coup. This designated (or makes ?) a brave man of that buffalo.[34] Both the man with the firebrand and he with the pipe ought to be medicinemen. The present incumbent of the first office also has the privilege of erecting the center pole. When these men die, the sacred doll keeper selects successors from their families.[35]

That evening after sunset the dance proper begins, to last four nights and days, ending in the evening. The doll keeper proceeds to his own tipi, where, with the assistance of seven other medicinemen (_tai·me_ shield keepers and some others not otherwise connected with the ceremony), he unwraps the _tai·me_. Carrying it on his back, he walks to the dance lodge, and, completely circles it four times, feigning to enter each time he passes the entrance. After entering, he goes around by the south side to the northwest quadrant, where he plants the image hanging on a staff. Formerly two or more of the minor images, _tailyok?_, were placed with the _tai·me_. After the image is in place the dancers enter to perform for the night.

The keeper dances throughout the whole four-day period. He is painted yellow, with a design representing the sun, and sometimes another for the moon, drawn on his chest and back. "His face was painted, like that of the Taimay itself, with red and black zigzag lines downward from the eyes." He wears a yellow buckskin kilt, a jackrabbit skin cap with down attached, and sage wristlets. He is barefoot. He carries a bunch of cedar in his hand, and an eagle bone whistle from which an eagle feather is pendent. Battey observed that he was painted white at the

"buffalo-herding" rite, and not painted at all in the dance proper.[36]

Beside the _tai·me_ keeper there are three classes of persons who dance; the associates (_g.uoʔg.uʔt' _), the _tai·me_ shield keepers, and the common dancers. The four associates (Scott's "keeper's assistants") must dance throughout the whole four day period. They appear in four successive dances (normally four years), after which they choose successors from among those young men, eighteen to thirty years old, who have made the best records in war. These young men, with the assistance of their relatives,[37] pay horses and buffalo robes for the privilege, receiving the regalia in return.[38] One who is chosen cannot refuse: if he does, he may expect a calamity. The associate may belong to any of the military societies. His office does not impose obligations of foolhardiness in war (such as the no-flight idea), but he is obliged to act the part of an intrepid warrior, because he enjoys security in battle.[39] The associate must not look in a mirror lest he become blind,[40] nor can he touch a skunk or jackrabbit, nor remain near a fire where someone is cooking. Dogs must not be permitted to jump over an associate. He must remove his moccasins before he smokes, but others may keep theirs on when smoking in his presence. The associate dances in order to live long and to be a great warrior. His body is painted white or yellow: a round spot representing the sun is painted on the middle of his chest, with a crescent moon (the concavity upward) on both sides of the sun, and the same decoration is repeated on his back. The skin is cut away as a sacrifice and to make these designs permanent after his first dance. A scalp from a _tai·me_ shield hangs on his breast with two eagle feathers; another on his back. His face is "ornamented with a green stripe across the forehead, and around down the sides of the cheeks, to the corners of the mouth, and meeting on the chin." [41] He wears a yellow buckskin kilt, with his breechclout hung outside, like the Arapaho and Cheyenne sun dancers. Bunches of sage are stuck into his belt, others tied around his wrists and ankles, and carried in each hand. On his head is either a cap of jackrabbitskin in which is stuck an eagle feather or a sage wreath with down attached. He carries a bone whistle. Like the sacred doll keeper and all other dancers, he is barefoot.[42] Battey saw three associates purify themselves in the incense from the censers, and then dance on piles of sage.[43]

The _tai·me_ shield owners, who dance with the associates are sometimes painted yellow or green with pictures of the sun and moon on their bodies, but otherwise they wear the regalia of the common dancers.

The rank and file of the dancers are men, never women. Anyone may vow to dance a certain number of days, with the object of becoming a better warrior and living long.

They believe that it warded off sickness, caused happiness,

prosperity, many children, success in war, and plenty of buffalo for all the people. It was frequently vowed by persons in danger from sickness or the enemy.[44]

Sometimes a medicineman danced to intercede for a sick man. A sick man who had vowed to attend the dance in order to be cured would be carried into the dance lodge, but he would not dance. These dancers make offerings to the _tai·me_. They do not pay the doll keeper in order to enter the dance, and they have no rights in any subsequent performance by reason of having once participated. Like all other dancers they must fast and go without water during the period that they dance; they can however, smoke, provided the proper rites are observed.

... The pipe was filled, brought forward, and laid upon the ground; the person, carefully turning the stem towards the fire, and bedding it in the sand, so that the bowl should remain in an upright position, arose and stood with his back towards it, or facing the medicine. It was then approached by one of the musicians, who, in a squatting position, raised his hand reverently towards the sun, the medicine, the top of the central post, or buffalo; then, passing his hands slowly over the pipe, took it up with his left hand, and taking a pinch from the bowl with the thumb and fore finger of the right, held it to the sun, the medicine, the top of the central post, then the bottom, and finally covered it up in the ground. He then proceeded to light the pipe, blowing a whiff of smoke towards the several objects of adoration, and placed it carefully where he found it, in reversed order, that is, with the stem from the fire. The person who brought it had stood waiting all this time for it. He now took it up and retired to the dancers, who, wrapped in buffalo robes, were waiting, in a squatting position, to receive it. The sand where the pipe had lain was carefully smoothed by the hand, and all marks of it wholly obliterated.[45]

These dancers are painted white; they wear white buckskin kilts, with the breechclout outside, carry bone whistles, and are barefoot. They have no headdress, wrist or ankle ornaments. They paint themselves.[46] There is only one style of paint used by either the principal or the common dancers throughout the sun dance.

The dancers form a line on the east side of the lodge facing the image. Their step is that characteristic of the sun dance of other tribes: they stand in place, alternately bending their knees and rising on their toes. They dance intermittently throughout four days and nights; the common dancers leave as the periods for which they have vowed to dance have elapsed or when they can no longer stand the combined strain of fasting, thirsting, and dancing. Martinez left after three days and nights. The "four days and nights" which are specified are in reality

only three nights and days; evidently the first day of preliminary dancing is included to fill out the quota to the magic "four." In Scott's account, the dancers perform on the first day from evening to the middle of the night, and on the succeeding days from sunrise to the chorus's breakfast, nine o'clock to dinner, four in the afternoon to sundown, and from evening to midnight, ending in the evening of the fourth day. The dance Battey describes evidently began in the evening of the 18th and continued intermittently to late afternoon of the 21st. Apparently the dancers do not leave the lodge during this entire period.

19th [June, 1873.]--Music and dancing continued in the medicine house through the night. At an early hour this morning I went thither with Couguet, and witnessed one dance throughout. The ground inside the enclosure had been carefully cleared of grass, sticks, and roots, and covered, several inches deep, with a clean, white sand. A screen had been constructed on the side opposite the entrance, by sticking small cottonwoods and cedars deep into the ground, so as to preserve them fresh as long as possible. A space was left, two or three feet wide, between it and the enclosing wall, in which the dancers prepared themselves for the dance, and in front of which was the medicine. This consisted of an image, lying on the ground, but so concealed from view, in the screen, as to render its form indistinguishable; above it was a large fan, made of eagle quills, [an error, these are crow feathers], with the quill part lengthened out nearly a foot, by inserting a stick into it, and securing it there. These were held in a spread form by means of a willow rod, or wire, bent in a circular form; above this was a mass of feathers, concealing an image, on each side of which were several shields, highly decorated with feathers and paint. Various other paraphernalia of heathen worship were suspended in the screen, among these shields or over them, impossible for me to describe so as to be comprehended. A mound had also been thrown up around the central post of the building, two feet high, and perhaps five feet in diameter.

The musicians, who, if I mistake not, are the war chiefs, were squatted on the ground, in true heathen style, to the left, and near the entrance, having Indian drums and rattles. The music was sounding when we entered.

Presently the dancers came from behind the screen; their faces, arms, and the upper part of their bodies were painted white; a soft, white buckskin skirt, secured about the loins, descended nearly to the ankles, while the breech-cloth,--blue on this occasion,--hanging to the ground, outside the skirt, both in front and behind, completed the dress. They faced the medicine--shall I say idols? for it was conducted with all the solemnity of worship,--jumping up and

down in true time with the beating of the drums, while a bone whistle in their mouths, through which the breath escaped as they jumped about, and the singing of the women, completed the music. The dancers continued to face the medicine, with arms stretched upwards and towards it,--their eyes as it were riveted to it. They were apparently oblivious to all surroundings, except the music and what was before them.

After some time, a middle-aged man, painted as the others, but wearing a buffalo robe, issued from behind the screen, facing the entrance, but having his eyes fixed upon the sun, upon which he stood gazing, without winking or moving a muscle, for some time, then began slowly to incline his head from side to side, as if to avoid some obstruction in his view of it, swaying his body slightly, then, stepping slowly from side to side--forward--backward--increasing his motions, both in rapidity and extent, until in appearance nearly frantic, his robes fell off, leaving him--except his blue breechcloth--entirely naked. In this condition he jumped and ran about the enclosure,--head, arms, and legs all equally participating in the violence of his gestures,--every joint of his body apparently loosened, his eyes only fixed. I wondered how, with every joint apparently dislocated, and every muscular fibre relaxed, he could maintain the upright position.

Thus he continued to exercise without ceasing, or once removing his eyes from the sun, until the sweat ran down in great rolling drops, washing the white paint into streaks no more ornamental than the original painting, and he was at length compelled to retire, from mere exhaustion, the other dancers still continuing their exercises.

Presently another man [the _tai·me_ keeper] entered from behind the screen, wearing an Indian fur cap and a blue breechcloth reaching to the ground. He was unpainted, and had a human scalp fastened to his scalplock, the soft, flowing hair of which, spreading out upon his naked back, bore mute testimony to the tragical death of some unfortunate white woman. This man, with a kind of half running jump, still in step with the music, went around all the dancers, who did not notice him, with one arm stretched out over his heads, first in one direction, then the other, turning his course at every time, after stopping in front of the medicine, and making some indescribable motions before it. He sometimes parted the feathers concealing the small image, appearing to examine it minutely, as if searching for something, and sometimes putting his lips to it, as if in the act of kissing it. [He takes some medicine root into his mouth, chews it and blows it on the dancers.][47] At length, after repeated examinations, he, apparently for the first time, discovered

the fan, and took hold of it hesitatingly, and as if afraid.

This was loosed from its fastenings by a hand behind the screen, and he slowly raised it up, looking intently at it, while the expression of his countenance indicated a fearfulness of the result of handling an object whose hidden and mysterious powers were so far beyond his comprehension. He held it up before the medicine, waved it up and down, and from side to side, then, turning round so as to face the dancers and spectators, waved it from side to side near the ground, once around the dancers; then, raising it above his head, he waved it in the same manner, performing another circle around the dancers.

Then, with gestures of striking, and a countenance scowling as with fierce rage, he began to chase them around and around the ring, [i.e., around the center pole] from left to right. Finally, getting one of them separated from the rest, he pursued him with the most fiend-like attitude, fiercely striking at him with his fan. The pursued one fled from him with a countenance expressive of almost death-like terror, until, after several rounds, he stumbled and fell heavily to the ground. Another and another were thus separated from the dancers, pursued, and fell before the mystical power of the fan, and the act closed.[48]

The "feather-killing" (_stai?nki??_, he runs after them with feathers) occurs every day in the late forenoon.[49] The associates as well as the other dancers, are fanned into unconsciousness.[50] In such a condition they would try to get visions: they would rise, call for a pipe, and announce what they had seen.[51]

Being called to a council of the war chiefs, I went no more to the medicine house to-day, though the music and dancing continued the whole time, by day and by night, with short intervals between the different acts, to give opportunity for rest, arranging dress, painting, and such other changes as the programme of the ceremony demanded.

20th.--Saw but one dance to-day. Quite a quantity of goods, such as blankets, strouding (blue and scarlet list-cloth), calico, shawls, scarfs, and other Indian wares, had been carried into the medicine house previous to my entrance. The dancers had been painted white, three of them [the _g.uolg.u?t' _] ornamented with a green stripe across the forehead, and around down the sides of the cheeks, to the corner of the mouth, and meeting on the chin. A round green spot was painted on the back and breast, about three inches in diameter, while on either side of it, and somewhat elevated above it, was a crescent of the same size and color. Two small, hollow mounds of sand and clay had been made before the medicine, in which

fire was placed, and kept just sufficiently burning, with the partially dried cottonwood leaves, cedar twigs, and probably tobacco, to produce a smoke. A small fire was burning near the musicians, for lighting pipes, tightening drums, &c.

When all was ready, the three young men, who were painted as described, were led, each by a man clad in a buffalo robe [possibly the former _g.uolg.u?t' _ who were transferring their privileges], near to the smoking mounds in front of the medicine. An ornamented fur cap was, with some ceremony, placed upon the head of one of them; wisps of green wild wormwood were fastened to the wrists and ankles, which being done, he reverently raised his hands above his head, leaning forward over one of the mounds, brought them down nearly to it; then, straightening up, passed his hands over his face and stroked his breast. This was repeated several times; then, after holding one foot, and the other, over the mound, as if to warm them, two or three times, he went around the central post, and back to the other mound, where the same ceremony was repeated. During this whole ceremony I could perceive that his lips moved, though he uttered nothing. I afterwards learned that it was in prayer to this effect:

"May this medicine render me brave in war, proof against the weapons of my enemies, strong in the chase, wise in council; and, finally, may it preserve me to a good age, and may I at last die in peace among my own people." The others, one at a time, were similarly brought forward, and went through with the same ceremony. Three bunches of wild wormwood were then placed on the ground in a row, crossing the line of entrance, and between it and the central post, upon which the three young men were placed by their attendants, who stood behind them, with their hands upon their shoulders, the music playing all the time. Two or three men then approached the pile of goods, selected therefrom some plaid shawls, strouding, blankets, scarfs, and an umbrella, and hung them over the medicine; this being done, the six men began to dance,--the three foremost ones upon the wormwood, with their arms stretched towards the medicine, the three others with their hands still resting upon the shoulders of the former. After some time the latter retired; the other dancers came from behind the screen, and joined in the dance, which continued until they were driven off by the medicine chief, as described in yesterday's dance. All these ceremonies had a sacred significance, which I did not understand, but have been informed that they believe any article of wearing apparel, or of harness for their horses, hung up by the medicine during these ceremonies, receives a charmed power to protect their wearers from disease, or the assaults of their enemies, during the year.

21st.--At one of the dances to-day, all but one retired behind the screen, who continued to dance by himself for a long time. Various

articles were brought forward, and laid upon the ground, which he took up and hung in proximity to the medicine. After along time, the other dancers reappeared, and he retired; these continued their exercises, until driven off as before. The last dance differed from the preceding in this: the last man selected and separated from the others by the medicine chief to be driven off, though he ran from him, did not appear terrified, and would not fall down, but retired, with the medicine chief, behind the screen.

At one of the dances to-day, five human scalps were exhibited,--one attached to each of the right wrists of two men, and one to each wrist of another, besides the one worn attached to the scalp lock of the medicine chief. Two of these scalps were from the heads of Indians. They had all been tanned, and evidently belonged with the medicine fixtures.

The whole ceremony closed about four o'clock in the afternoon. The medicine was packed away by the medicine chief, and the several articles which had been hung about it--medicated, I suppose, or, in other words, sanctified by proximity to the sacred things during the ceremonies, and consequently having power to protect their possessors from evil--were restored to the proper owners. They then packed them, took them upon their backs, formed into a procession, and marched, to the music of the drums, around and out of the medicine house, whence every one took the direction of his or her own lodge, and the ceremonies of the great medicine were ended.[52]

At the end of the ceremony, the image keeper chews up some medicine root and prepares a drink, of which the dancers are permitted to imbibe a little.[53]

After the image has been removed, old clothing is hung on the center pole as a sacrifice. Once Martinez saw a horse tied to the center pole as a sacrifice to the sun. It remained there until it starved to death. Horses were also painted and placed, together with blankets and similar valuables, on high hills as sacrifices. Others beside the associates sacrificed their flesh to the sun at this time, or in fact, whenever they wanted to, as Martinez has done. The Kiowa never suspended their dancers, as in the self-torture dance of other tribes, neither in the sun dance, nor when an individual sought a vision while fasting alone in the mountains.

The night the dance closes everyone joins in a hilarious time in the dance lodge. Next morning the camp circle breaks up, and the warriors soon go off to war.[54] They do not molest the dance lodge, though other tribes passing that way may do so: the Kiowa do not care.

CHECK-LIST OF THE BIRDS OF KANSAS

Project Gutenberg's *Check-list of the Birds of Kansas*, by Harrison B Tordoff
1956

Kansas was one of the first states for which a detailed book on birds was published (N. S. Goss, "History of the Birds of Kansas," Topeka, Kansas, 1891). Ornithological progress in Kansas in recent years, however, has not kept pace with work in many other states. As a result, knowledge of the birds of Kansas today is not sufficiently detailed to make possible a modern, definitive report. One purpose of this check-list is to show gaps in our information on birds of the state. Each student of birds can contribute importantly by keeping accurate records of nesting, distribution, and migration of any species in Kansas and by making these records available through publication in appropriate journals. The Museum of Natural History at the University of Kansas solicits records and specimens which contribute to our knowledge of birds in Kansas. Files and collections at the Museum are available to any qualified person for study.

The last state-wide list of birds was prepared by W. S. Long (Trans. Kansas Acad. Sci., 43, 1940:433-456). This list and the unpublished thesis from which the list was abstracted have been of great value in preparing the present report. Many other persons have contributed and among these the names of the following must be mentioned because of the value of their contributions: Ivan L. Boyd, L. B. Carson, Arthur L. Goodrich, Jr., Richard Graber, Jean Graber, Harold C. Hedges, R. F. Miller, John M. Porter, and Marvin D. Schwilling.

Full standing in this check-list has been given only to species for which at least one specimen from Kansas has been examined by some qualified student. Exceptions to this admittedly arbitrary rule have been made in three cases, Trumpeter Swan, Turkey, and Carolina Paroquet, because there is no reason to doubt that each of these three species once occurred in Kansas and because opportunity for obtaining specimens from Kansas has been lost through disappearance of the species from the state. Other species reported from the state but not authenticated by specimens have been relegated to the Hypothetical List and their names and my remarks concerning these birds are enclosed in brackets. This procedure is intended to encourage collection of such species; it is not intended necessarily to indicate doubt of a record. In the case of a carefully identified but uncollected accidental, opportunity for

obtaining a specimen may not exist again for a long period. This is unfortunate but emphasizes the need for judicious collecting.

A total of 375 species (or 459 species and subspecies), of which four are introduced, is included in this check-list. Additionally, 15 species are discussed in the Hypothetical List. An asterisk (*) preceding an account indicates positive evidence of breeding in Kansas of the species so marked. The total of species known to have bred at least once in the state is 173. Nomenclature in this list follows the American Ornithologists' Union "Check-List of North American Birds" (1931, 4th edition) and its supplements. Species on the Hypothetical List are included in their current taxonomic position in the main list.

Gavia immer (Br n nich). Common Loon. Uncommon transient throughout state.

No subspecies recognized.

Gavia stellata (Pontoppidan). Red-throated Loon. Rare transient. One specimen: female (Univ. Michigan Mus. Zool. 65778), Marais des Cygnes River, near Ottawa, Franklin County, October 20, 1925, Captain Joe R. White. Several sight records from Shawnee and Johnson counties within past 10 years.

No subspecies recognized.

Colymbus grisegena. Red-necked Grebe. Rare transient. One specimen: female (KU 7697), Kansas River east of Lawrence, Douglas County, October 29, 1910, Logan I. Evans.

Subspecies in Kansas: *C. g. holb llii* (Reinhardt).

Colymbus auritus. Horned Grebe. Rare transient. Two authentic specimens: Manhattan, Riley County, September 30, 1878; male (KU 27465), 2-1/2 miles north of Lawrence, Douglas County, November 16, 1945, E. C. Olson and Ralph L. Montell. Several sight records, from eastern, central, and western Kansas.

Subspecies in Kansas: *C. a. cornutus* Gmelin.

Colymbus caspicus. Eared Grebe. Regular transient throughout state; more common than Horned Grebe.

Subspecies in Kansas: *C. c. californicus* (Heermann).

Aechmophorus occidentalis (Lawrence). Western Grebe. Rare transient, perhaps more common in west but status poorly known.

No subspecies recognized.

* *Podilymbus podiceps*. Pied-billed Grebe. Common transient and irregular summer resident, rare winter resident.

Subspecies in Kansas: *P. p. podiceps* (Linnaeus).

Pelecanus erythrorhynchos Gmelin. White Pelican. Common transient throughout state. Occasional individuals, probably sick or wounded, remain beyond normal migration periods in spring and fall.

No subspecies recognized.

Pelecanus occidentalis. Brown Pelican. Accidental. One specimen: adult, sex not determined (KU 10468), Parker, Linn County, June, 1916, found dead by G. G. McConnell. One seen at Wichita, Sedgwick County, by R. H. Sullivan, April 25, 1910.

Subspecies in Kansas: *P. o. carolinensis* Gmelin.

* *Phalacrocorax auritus*. Double-crested Cormorant. Regular transient, in small to moderate numbers. One nesting record: several nests, eggs, and small young seen, Cheyenne Bottoms, Barton County, August, 1951, Otto Tiemeier.

Subspecies in Kansas: *P. a. auritus* (Lesson).

Phalacrocorax olivaceus. Mexican Cormorant. Accidental. One record: specimen taken 4 miles south of Lawrence, Douglas County, April 2, 1872. Present location unknown but specimen identified by S. F. Baird and R. Ridgway.

Subspecies in Kansas: *P. o. mexicanus* (Brandt).

Anhinga anhinga. Water-turkey. Accidental. Several specimens and sight observations are on record but most are prior to 1900. Several records and one specimen at Cheyenne Bottoms, Barton County, since 1928 (Frank Robl). In recent years, some reported Water-turkeys have proved to be cormorants.

Subspecies in Kansas: *A. a. leucogaster* (Vieillot).

Fregata magnificens. Man-o'-war-bird. Accidental. One record: specimen (present location unknown) taken on the North Fork of the Solomon River, Osborne County, August 16, 1880, by Frank Lewis.

Subspecies in Kansas: *F. m. rothschildi* Mathews.

* *Ardea herodias*. Great Blue Heron. Common transient and summer resident nesting in widely scattered colonies.

Subspecies in Kansas: three reported, *A. h. herodias* Linnaeus in northeast, *A. h. wardi* Ridgway in southeast, and *A. h. treganzai* Court in west, but status of these poorly known because of lack of sufficient breeding specimens.

Casmerodius albus. American Egret. Regular postbreeding summer visitant; occasional spring and summer resident. No definite nesting record.

Subspecies in Kansas: *C. a. egretta* (Gmelin).

* *Leucophoyx thula*. Snowy Egret. Regular postbreeding summer visitant; rare and local summer resident; occasional in spring. One nesting record: two nests found, summer, 1952, 6 miles north and 4-1/2 miles west of Garden City, Finney County, Marvin D. Schwilling.

Subspecies in Kansas: *L. t. thula* (Molina).

Hydranassa tricolor. Louisiana Heron. Accidental. Two records: specimen taken at Lake Inman, McPherson County, August 9, 1934, by R. E. Mohler and Richard H. Schmidt; one seen, 1-1/2 miles south of Iatan Marsh, Atchison County (near Iatan, Missouri), September 12, 1948, first reported by R. F. Miller and Mr. and Mrs. Ivan L. Boyd, seen by several other observers.

Subspecies in Kansas: *H. t. ruficollis* (Gosse).

* *Florida caerulea*. Little Blue Heron. Regular postbreeding summer visitant; rare and local summer resident; occasional in spring. Usually more common than Snowy Egret. One nesting record: one nest found, summer, 1952, 6 miles north and 4-1/2 miles west of Garden City, Finney County, Marvin D. Schwilling.

Subspecies in Kansas: *F. c. caerulea* (Linnaeus).

* *Butorides virescens*. Green Heron. Common transient and summer resident.

Subspecies in Kansas: *B. v. virescens* (Linnaeus).

* *Nycticorax nycticorax*. Black-crowned Night Heron. Transient and summer resident, breeding in scattered colonies.

Subspecies in Kansas: *N. n. hoactli* (Gmelin).

* *Nyctanassa violacea*. Yellow-crowned Night Heron. Summer resident throughout state, rare in north; numbers perhaps augmented in late summer by postbreeding stragglers.

Subspecies in Kansas: *N. v. violacea* (Linnaeus).

* *Botaurus lentiginosus* (Rackett). American Bittern. Common transient; summer resident locally. Two definite nesting records: nest with 4 newly hatched young (male collected, KU 30468), 1/2 mile east and 2 miles south of Welda, Anderson County, June 9, 1951, Maurice F. Baker; nest with eggs, 6 miles north and 3-1/2 miles west of Kalvesta, Finney County, summer, 1952, Raymond Erkie (*fide* Marvin D. Schwilling).

No subspecies recognized.

* *Ixobrychus exilis*. Least Bittern. Transient and irregular summer resident. Two nests found at Lake Quivira, Johnson County, June 3, 1949, Harold C. Hedges; on June 28, one of the nests contained 4 eggs, on July 10 this nest was empty. No other definite nesting records.

Subspecies in Kansas: *I. e. exilis* (Gmelin).

Mycteria americana Linnaeus. Wood Ibis. Accidental. Several sight records and one specimen: male (KU 9489), 5 miles north-*east of Goodland, Sherman County, October 4, 1913, Willis Feaster.

No subspecies recognized.

* Plegadis mexicana (Gmelin). White-faced Glossy Ibis. Irregular transient and summer visitant; more common in west. One definite nesting record: photograph of downy young ("Kansas Fish and Game," vol. 9, no. 3, Jan. 1952, p. 7) taken at Cheyenne Bottoms, Barton County, presumably in summer of 1951, by L. O. Nossaman. Frank Robl has seen individuals in summer in Cheyenne Bottoms on many occasions. Reports of Eastern Glossy Ibis (Plegadis falcinellus) in Kansas probably are based on dark-faced immatures of the present species, although the eastern species has been taken in Oklahoma.

No subspecies recognized.

Ajaia ajaja (Linnaeus). Roseate Spoonbill. Accidental. One authentic specimen (present location not known): male, near Douglass, on Four-Mile Creek, Butler County, March 20, 1899, taken by Dr. R. Matthews, identification verified by Jerold Volk and Wilfred Goodman.

No subspecies recognized.

Phoenicopterus ruber Linnaeus. Flamingo. Accidental. Two birds seen in autumn, 1928, at Little Salt Marsh, Stafford County, one of which was killed on opening day of duck season and now (1955) is mounted at Kansas Forestry, Fish, and Game Commission headquarters at Pratt.

No subspecies recognized.

Olor columbianus (Ord). Whistling Swan. Transient and winter resident, formerly common, now rare. Many specimens are on record; at least four were taken in winter.

No subspecies recognized.

Olor buccinator (Richardson). Trumpeter Swan. Formerly occasional

migrant, no longer occurs in Kansas. All specimens from Kansas alleged to be of this species are actually Whistling Swans. The early sight records seem valid, however, and the species should remain on the state list.

No subspecies recognized.

* *Branta canadensis*. Canada Goose. Common transient; some winter in suitable places. This species was found nesting along the Missouri River near Atchison by early explorers. Modern breeding records probably pertain to captives or their descendants.

Subspecies in Kansas: *B. c. moffitti* Aldrich, *B. c. leucopareia* (Brandt), *B. c. minima* Ridgway, and *B. c. hutchinsi* (Richardson) have been collected in Kansas. Additionally, subspecies *interior* Todd and *parvipes* (Cassin) probably pass through the state but no specimens have been saved. Canada Geese of widely varying size are regularly seen in migration.

Branta bernicla. Brant. Accidental. Several sight records and one specimen: unsexed bird (KU 7490), Leavenworth County, November 15, 1879, A. Lange. Some hunters refer to immature Blue Geese as "brant." Orville O. Rice saw 4 brant 2 miles north of Burlington, near the Neosho River, Coffey County, March 24, 1955, that appeared to be Black Brant, *Branta nigricans* (Lawrence).

Subspecies in Kansas: *B. b. hrota* (Miller).

Anser albifrons. White-fronted Goose. Regular transient throughout state, more common in central and western parts.

Subspecies in Kansas: *A. a. frontalis* Baird.

Chen hyperborea. Snow Goose. Common transient throughout state.

Subspecies in Kansas: *C. h. hyperborea* (Pallas).

Chen caerulescens (Linnaeus). Blue Goose. Common transient in east, less common in central and western parts of state. In east, this species predominates in early spring migration whereas the Snow Goose is most numerous later. Hybrids between the two are regularly seen.

No subspecies recognized.

[*Chen rossii* (Cassin). Ross Goose. One reported at Wyandotte County Lake, November 22, 1951, by John Bishop. Placed in Hypothetical List in absence of a specimen.]

Dendrocygna bicolor. Fulvous Tree-duck. Accidental. Frank Robl carefully examined and identified three specimens killed in 1929 or 1930, in Cheyenne Bottoms, Barton County. None saved. Specimens collected also in nearby areas of Missouri.

Subspecies in Kansas: *D. b. helva* Wetmore and Peters, on geographical grounds.

* *Anas platyrhynchos*. Mallard. Abundant transient, regular winter resident, irregular and local summer resident. Modern breeding distribution poorly known but several nests found in widely scattered areas in past years. Nests regularly in Kearny, Finney, and Barton counties.

Subspecies in Kansas: *A. p. platyrhynchos* Linnaeus.

Anas rubripes Brewster. Black Duck. Regular but rare or uncommon transient and winter resident in east and central (Cheyenne Bottoms, Barton County) sections.

No subspecies recognized.

Anas fulvigula. Mottled Duck. Accidental. Four specimens allegedly of this species have been reported. Of these, two are actually Mallards, one is a Gadwall, and one, female, Neosho Falls, Woodson County, March 11, 1876, Goss, is a Mottled Duck.

Subspecies in Kansas: *A. f. maculosa* Sennett.

Anas strepera Linnaeus. Gadwall. Transient and occasional winter resident throughout state. Rare summer resident but no satisfactory nesting record reported.

No subspecies recognized.

* *Anas acuta* Linnaeus. Pintail. Abundant transient throughout state, irregular winter resident, local summer resident nesting in recent years in Barton, Finney, Meade, and Leavenworth counties, but summer distribution poorly known.

No subspecies recognized.

Anas carolinensis Gmelin. Green-winged Teal. Common transient, rare winter resident (records from Meade County and Kansas City).

No subspecies recognized.

* *Anas discors* Linnaeus. Blue-winged Teal. Common transient, locally common summer resident.

No subspecies recognized.

Anas cyanoptera. Cinnamon Teal. Rare transient in east, uncommon or fairly common transient in west.

Subspecies in Kansas: *A. c. septentrionalis* Snyder and Lumsden.

* *Spatula clypeata* (Linnaeus). Shoveller. Common transient throughout state. Frank Robl found a female with young in Cheyenne Bottoms, Barton County, in approximately 1930. Nest with eggs found 1-1/2 miles south of Friend, Finney County, in spring, 1952, Marvin D. Schwilling.

No subspecies recognized.

[*Mareca penelope* (Linnaeus). European Widgeon. Carl and David Holmes reported a pair at Lake Shawnee, Shawnee County, April 16, 1954. Placed on Hypothetical List until a specimen is taken.]

Mareca americana (Gmelin). Baldpate. Common transient throughout state, rare winter resident.

No subspecies recognized.

* *Aix sponsa* (Linnaeus). Wood Duck. Transient, rare in west to locally common in extreme east. Summer resident in eastern part of state; breeding distribution poorly known.

No subspecies recognized.

...

Two by Coleridge from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Golden Numbers*, by Various

The Knight's Tomb

Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?
Where may the grave of that good man be?--
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
Under the twigs of a young birch tree!

The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
Is gone,--and the birch in its stead is grown.--
The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;--
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Kubla Khan

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But O! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted

By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift, half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale, the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her sympathy and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! Those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE KISS OF SOULS.

Fernand S  rin.

1867--.

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Contemporary Belgian Poetry*, by Various,
Edited and Translated by Jethro Bithell

You who have died to me, you think you live!
Living, your squandered gems and lilies shed!
But since the dream you were is fugitive,
Love, calm and sad, whispers that you are dead.

She that you were survives in dreams: I press
Her virgin hands, I hear the vows she swears.
Hath not this evening that old loveliness?
I seem to breathe the blossoms that she wears.

Hearts had been beating long before they spoke,
But eyes had speech, and tender voices ringing,
Docile to love like perfect lyres, awoke
The forest's wondering echo with their singing.

A lovelier and a lonelier evening came;
The sun behind the breathless forest set.
Who was it hushed our voices? For in shame
We bent our eyes down that by chance had met.

The treasure of our hearts this one deep look
Delivered up! Our secrets were in this
One look exchanged that our two spirits took,
And wedded in their first and only kiss.

Ae Fond Kiss.

by Robert Burns

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *The Hundred Best English Poems*, by Various,
Edited by Adam L. Gowans

I.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae farewell, and then forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,

Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.

II.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy:
Naething could resist my Nancy!
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met--or never parted--
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

III.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love, and Pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae farewell, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Entries from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Encyclopaedia Britannica, 11th Edition, Volume 15, Slice 7*, by Various

KELLY, EDWARD (1854-1880), Australian bushranger, was born at Wallan Wallan, Victoria. His father was a transported Belfast convict, and his mother's family included several thieves. As boys he and his brothers were constantly in trouble for horse-stealing, and "Ned" served three years' imprisonment for this offence. In April 1878, an attempt was made to arrest his brother Daniel on a similar charge. The whole Kelly family resisted this and Ned wounded one of the constables. Mrs Kelly and some of the others were captured, but Ned and Daniel escaped to the hills, where they were joined by two other desperadoes, Byrne and Hart. For two years, despite a reward of £8000 offered jointly by the governments of Victoria and New South Wales for their arrest, the gang under the leadership of Kelly terrorized the country on the borderland of Victoria and New South Wales, "holding up" towns and plundering banks. Their

intimate knowledge of the district, full of convenient hiding-places, and their elaborate system of well-paid spies, ensured the direct pecuniary interest of many persons and contributed to their long immunity from capture. They never ill-treated a woman, nor preyed upon the poor, thus surrounding themselves with an attractive atmosphere of romance. In June 1880, however, they were at last tracked to a wooden shanty at Glenrowan, near Benalla, which the police surrounded, riddled with bullets, and finally set on fire. Kelly himself, who was outside, could, he claimed, easily have escaped had he not refused to desert his companions, all of whom were killed. He was severely wounded, captured and taken to Beechworth, where he was tried, convicted and hanged in October 1880. The total cost of the capture of the Kelly gang was reckoned at £115,000.

See F. A. Hare, *The Last of the Bushrangers* (London, 189

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE (Fanny Kemble) (1800-1893), the actress and author, was Charles Kemble's elder daughter; she was born in London on the 27th of November 1809, and educated chiefly in France. She first appeared on the stage on the 25th of October 1829 as Juliet at Covent Garden. Her attractive personality at once made her a great favourite, her popularity enabling her father to recoup his losses as a manager. She played all the principal women's parts, notably Portia, Beatrice and Lady Teazle, but Julia in Sheridan Knowles's *The Hunchback*, especially written for her, was perhaps her greatest success. In 1832 she went with her father to America, and in 1834 she married there a Southern planter, Pierce Butler. They were divorced in 1849. In 1847 she returned to the stage, from which she had retired on her marriage, and later, following her father's example, appeared with much success as a Shakespearian reader. In 1877 she returned to England, where she lived--using her maiden name--till her death in London on the 15th of January 1893. During this period Fanny Kemble was a prominent and popular figure in the social life of London. Besides her plays, *Francis the First*, unsuccessfully produced in 1832, *The Star of Seville* (1837), a volume of *Poems* (1844), and a book of Italian travel, *A Year of Consolation* (1847), she published a volume of her *Journal* in 1835, and in 1863 another (dealing with life on the Georgia plantation), and also a volume of *Plays*, including translations from Dumas and Schiller. These were followed by *Records of a Girlhood* (1878), *Records of Later Life* (1882), *Notes on some of Shakespeare's Plays* (1882), *Far Away and Long Ago* (1889), and *Further Records* (1891). Her various volumes of reminiscences contain much valuable material for the social and dramatic history of the period.

KENG TUNG, the most extensive of the Shan States in the province of

Burma. It is in the southern Shan States' charge and lies almost entirely east of the Salween river. The area of the state is rather over 12,000 sq. m. It is bounded N. by the states of Mang L n, M ng Lem and Keng Hung (Hsip Hsawng Panna), the two latter under Chinese control; E. by the Mekong river, on the farther side of which is French Lao territory; S. by the Siamese Shan States, and W. in a general way by the Salween river, though it overlaps it in some places. The state is known to the Chinese as Mōng Kōng, and was frequently called by the Burmese "the 32 cities of the G n" (Hk n). Keng Tung has expanded very considerably since the establishment of British control, by the inclusion of the districts of Hsen Yawt, Hsen Mawng, M ng Hsat, M ng Pu, and the cis-Mekong portions of Keng Cheng, which in Burmese times were separate charges. The "classical" name of the state is Khemarata or Khemarata Tungkapuri. About 63% of the area lies in the basin of the Mekong river and 37% in the Salween drainage area. The watershed is a high and generally continuous range. Some of its peaks rise to over 7000 ft., and the elevation is nowhere much below 5000 ft. Parallel to this successive hill ranges run north and south. Mountainous country so greatly predominates that the scattered valleys are but as islands in a sea of rugged hills. The chief rivers, tributaries of the Salween, are the Nam Hka, the Hwe L ng, Nam Pu, and the Nam Hsim. The first and last are very considerable rivers. The Nam Hka rises in the Wa or V states, the Nam Hsim on the watershed range in the centre of the state. Rocks and rapids make both unnavigable, but much timber goes down the Nam Hsim. The lower part of both rivers forms the boundary of Keng Tung state. The chief tributaries of the Mekong are the Nam Nga, the Nam Lwe, the Nam Yawng, Nam Lin, Nam H k and Nam K k. Of these the chief is the Nam Lwe, which is navigable in the interior of the state, but enters the Mekong by a gorge broken up by rocks. The Nam Lin and the Nam K k are also considerable streams. The lower course of the latter passes by Chieng Rai in Siamese territory. The lower Nam H k or Me Huak forms the boundary with Siam.

The existence of minerals was reported by the sawbwa, or chief, to Francis Garnier in 1867, but none is worked or located. Gold is washed in most of the streams. Teak forests exist in M ng Pu and M ng Hsat, and the sawbwa works them as government contracts. One-third of the price realized from the sale of the logs at Moulmein is retained as the government royalty. There are teak forests also in the Mekong drainage area in the south of the state, but there is only a local market for the timber. Rice, as elsewhere in the Shan States, is the chief crop. Next to it is sugar-cane, grown both as a field crop and in gardens. Earth-nuts and tobacco are the only other field crops in the valleys. On the hills, besides rice, cotton, poppy and tea are the chief crops. The tea is carelessly grown, badly prepared, and only consumed locally. A great deal of garden produce is raised in the valleys, especially near the capital. The state is rich in cattle, and

exports them to the country west of the Salween. Cotton and opium are exported in large quantities, the former entirely to China, a good deal of the latter to northern Siam, which also takes shoes and sandals. Tea is carried through westwards from Keng Hung, and silk from the Siamese Shan States. Cotton and silk weaving are dying out as industries. Large quantities of shoes and sandals are made of buffalo and bullock hide, with Chinese felt uppers and soft iron hobnails. There is a good deal of pottery work. The chief work in iron is the manufacture of guns, which has been carried on for many years in certain villages of the Sam Tao district. The gun barrels and springs are rude but effective, though not very durable. The revenue of the state is collected as the Burmese *_thathameda_*, a rude system of income-tax. From 1890, when the state made its submission, the annual tributary offerings made in Burmese times were continued to the British government, but in 1894 these offerings were converted into tribute. For the quinquennial period 1903-1908 the state paid Rs. 30,000 (£2000) annually.

The population of the state was enumerated for the first time in 1901, giving a total of 190,698. According to an estimate made by Mr G. C. Stirling, the political officer in charge of the state, in 1897-1898, of the various tribes of Shans, the Hk n and L contribute about 36,000 each, the western Shans 32,000, the Lem and Lao Shans about 7000, and the Chinese Shans about 5000. Of the hill tribes, the Kaw or Aka are the most homogeneous with 22,000, but probably the Wa (or V), disguised under various tribal names, are at least equally numerous. Nominal Buddhists make up a total of 133,400, and the remainder are classed as animists. Spirit-worship is, however, very conspicuously prevalent amongst all classes even of the Shans. The present sawbwa or chief received his patent from the British government on the 9th of February 1897. The early history of Keng Tung is very obscure, but Burmese influence seems to have been maintained since the latter half, at any rate, of the 16th century. The Chinese made several attempts to subdue the state, and appear to have taken the capital in 1765-66, but were driven out by the united Shan and Burmese troops. The same fate seems to have attended the first Siamese invasion of 1804. The second and third Siamese invasions, in 1852 and 1854, resulted in great disaster to the invaders, though the capital was invested for a time.

Keng Tung, the capital, is situated towards the southern end of a valley about 12 m. long and with an average breadth of 7 m. The town is surrounded by a brick wall and moat about 5 m. round. Only the central and northern portions are much built over. Pop. (1901), 5695. It is the most considerable town in the British Shan States. In the dry season crowds attend the market held according to Shan custom every five days, and numerous caravans come from China. The military post formerly was 7 m. west of the town, at the foot of the watershed

range. At first the headquarters of a regiment was stationed there; this was reduced to a wing, and recently to military police. The site was badly chosen and proved very unhealthy, and the headquarters both military and civil have been transferred to Loi Ngwe L ng, a ridge 6500 ft. above sea-level 12 m. south of the capital. The rainfall probably averages between 50 and 60 in. for the year. The temperature seems to rise to nearly 100 °F. during the hot weather, falling 30 ° or more during the night. In the cold weather a temperature of 40 ° or a few degrees more or less appears to be the lowest experienced. The plain in which the capital stands has an altitude of 3000 ft.

(J. G. Sc.)

KENILWORTH, a market town in the Rugby parliamentary division of Warwickshire, England; pleasantly situated on a tributary of the Avon, on a branch of the London & North-Western railway, 99 m. N.W. from London. Pop. of urban district (1901), 4544. The town is only of importance from its antiquarian interest and the magnificent ruins of its old castle. The walls originally enclosed an area of 7 acres. The principal portions of the building remaining are the gatehouse, now used as a dwelling-house; Caesar's tower, the only portion built by Geoffrey de Clinton now extant, with massive walls 16 ft. thick; the Merwyn's tower of Scott's _Kenilworth_; the great hall built by John of Gaunt with windows of very beautiful design; and the Leicester buildings, which are in a very ruinous condition. Not far from the castle are the remains of an Augustinian monastery founded in 1122, and afterwards made an abbey. Adjoining the abbey is the parish church of St Nicholas, restored in 1865, a structure of mixed architecture, containing a fine Norman doorway, which is supposed to have been the entrance of the former abbey church.

Kenilworth (_Chinewrde_, _Kenillewurda_, _Kinelingworthe_, _Kenilord_, _Killingworth_) is said to have been a member of Stoneleigh before the Norman Conquest and a possession of the Saxon kings, whose royal residence there was destroyed in the wars between Edward and Canute. The town was granted by Henry I. to Geoffrey de Clinton, a Norman who built the castle round which the whole history of Kenilworth centres. He also founded a monastery here about 1122. Geoffrey's grandson released his right to King John, and the castle remained with the crown until Henry III. granted it to Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester. The famous "Dictum de Kenilworth" was proclaimed here in 1266. After the battle of Evesham the rebel forces rallied at the castle, which, after a siege of six months, was surrendered by Henry de Hastings, the governor, on account of the scarceness of food and of the "pestilent disease" which raged there. The king then granted it to his son Edmund. Through John of

Gaunt it came to Henry IV. and was granted by Elizabeth in 1562 to Robert Dudley, afterwards earl of Leicester, but on his death in 1588 again merged in the possessions of the Crown. The earl spent large sums on restoring the castle and grounds, and here in July 1575 he entertained Queen Elizabeth at "excessive cost," as described in Scott's *Kenilworth*. On the queen's first entry "a small floating island illuminated by a great variety of torches ... made its appearance upon the lake," upon which, clad in silks, were the Lady of the Lake and two nymphs waiting on her, and for the several days of her stay "rare shews and sports were there exercised." During the civil wars the castle was dismantled by the soldiers of Cromwell and was from that time abandoned to decay. The only mention of Kenilworth as a borough occurs in a charter of Henry I. to Geoffrey de Clinton and in the charters of Henry I. and Henry II. to the church of St Mary of Kenilworth confirming the grant of lands made by Geoffrey to this church, and mentioning that he kept the land in which his castle was situated and also land for making his borough, park and fishpond. The town possesses large tanneries.

KENITES, in the Bible a tribe or clan of the south of Palestine, closely associated with the Amalekites, whose hostility towards Israel, however, it did not share. On this account Saul spared them when bidden by Yahweh to destroy Amalek; David, too, whilst living in Judah, appears to have been on friendly terms with them (1 Sam. xv. 6; xxx. 29). Moses himself married into a Kenite family (Judges i. 16), and the variant tradition would seem to show that the Kenites were only a branch of the Midianites (see JETHRO, MIDIAN). Jael, the slayer of Sisera (see DEBORAH), was the wife of Heber the Kenite, who lived near Kadesh in Naphtali; and the appearance of the clan in this locality may be explained from the nomadic habits of the tribe, or else as a result of the northward movement in which at least one other clan or tribe took part (see Dan). There is an obscure allusion to their destruction in an appendage to the oracles of Balaam (Num. xxiv. 21 seq., see G. B. Gray, *Intern. Crit. Comm.* p. 376); and with this, the only unfavourable reference to them, may perhaps be associated the curse of Cain. Although some connexion with the name of Cain is probable, it is difficult, however, to explain the curse (for one view, see LEVITES). More important is the prominent part played by the Kenite (or Midianite) father-in-law of Moses, whose help and counsel are related in Exod. xviii.; and if, as seems probable, the Rechabites (q.v.) were likewise of Kenite origin (1 Chron. ii. 55), this obscure tribe had evidently an important part in shaping the religion of Israel.

See on this question, HEBREW RELIGION, and Budde, *Religion of Israel to the Exile*, vol. i.; G. A. Barton, *Semitic Origins*, pp. 272 sqq.; L. B. Paton, *Biblical World* (1906, July and August). On the

migration of the Kenites into Palestine (cf. Num. x. 29 with Judges i. 16), see CALEB, GENESIS, JERAHMEEL, JUDAH. (S. A. C.)

KENSINGTON, a western metropolitan borough of London, England, bounded N.E. by Paddington, and the city of Westminster, S.E. by Chelsea, S.W. by Fulham, N.W. by Hammersmith, and extending N. to the boundary of the county of London. Pop. (1901), 176,628. It includes the districts of Kensal Green (partly) in the north, Notting Hill in the north-central portion, Earl's Court in the south-west, and Brompton in the south-east. A considerable but indefinite area adjoining Brompton is commonly called South Kensington; but the area known as West Kensington is within the borough of Fulham.

The name appears in early forms as *_Chenesitun_* and *_Kenesitune_*. Its origin is obscure, and has been variously connected with a Saxon royal residence (King's town), a family of the name of Chenesi, and the word *_caen_*, meaning wood, from the forest which originally covered the district and was still traceable in Tudor times. The most probable derivation, however, finds in the name a connection with the Saxon tribe or family of Kensings. The history of the manor is traceable from the time of Edward the Confessor, and after the Conquest it was held of the Bishop of Coutances by Aubrey de Vere. Soon after this it became the absolute property of the de Veres, who were subsequently created Earls of Oxford. The place of the manorial courts is preserved in the name of the modern district of Earl's Court. With a few short intervals the manor continued in the direct line until Tudor times. There were also three sub-manors, one given by the first Aubrey de Vere early in the 12th century to the Abbot of Abingdon, whence the present parish church is called St Mary Abbots; while in another, Knotting Barnes, the origin of the name Notting Hill is found.

The brilliant period of history for which Kensington is famous may be dated from the settlement of the Court here by William III. The village, as it was then, had a reputation for healthiness through its gravel soil and pure atmosphere. A mansion standing on the western flank of the present Kensington Gardens had been the seat of Heneage Finch, Lord Chancellor and afterwards Earl of Nottingham. It was known as Nottingham House, but when bought from the second earl by William, who was desirous of avoiding residence in London as he suffered from asthma, it became known as Kensington Palace. The extensive additions and alterations made by Wren according to the taste of the King resulted in a severely plain edifice of brick; the orangery, added in Queen Anne's time, is a better example of the same architect's work. In the palace died Mary, William's consort, William himself, Anne and George II., whose wife Caroline did much to beautify Kensington Gardens, and formed the beautiful lake called the Serpentine (1733). But a higher interest attaches to the palace as the birthplace of Queen Victoria in 1819; and here her

accession was announced to her. By her order, towards the close of her life, the palace became open to the public.

Modern influences, one of the most marked of which is the widespread erection of vast blocks of residential flats, have swept away much that was reminiscent of the historical connexions of the "old court suburb." Kensington Square, however, lying south of High Street in the vicinity of St Mary Abbots church, still preserves some of its picturesque houses, nearly all of which were formerly inhabited by those attached to the court; it numbered among its residents Addison, Talleyrand, John Stuart Mill, and Green the historian. In Young Street, opening from the Square, Thackeray lived for many years. His house here, still standing, is most commonly associated with his work, though he subsequently moved to Onslow Square and to Palace Green. Another link with the past is found in Holland House, hidden in its beautiful park north of Kensington Road. It was built by Sir Walter Cope, lord of the manor, in 1607, and obtained its present name on coming into the possession of Henry Rich, earl of Holland, through his marriage with Cope's daughter. He extended and beautified the mansion. General Fairfax and General Lambert are mentioned as occupants after his death, and later the property was let, William Penn of Pennsylvania being among those who leased it. Addison, marrying the widow of the 6th earl, lived here until his death in 1719. During the tenancy of Henry Fox, third Lord Holland (1773-1840), the house gained a European reputation as a meeting-place of statesmen and men of letters. The formal gardens of Holland House are finely laid out, and the rooms of the house are both beautiful in themselves and enriched with collections of pictures, china and tapestries. Famous houses no longer standing were Campden House, in the district north-west of the parish church, formerly known as the Gravel Pits; and Gore House, on the site of the present Albert Hall, the residence of William Wilberforce, and later of the countess of Blessington.

The parish church of St Mary Abbots, High Street, occupies an ancient site, but was built from the designs of Sir Gilbert Scott in 1869. It is in Decorated style, and has one of the loftiest spires in England. In the north the borough includes the cemetery of Kensal Green (with the exception of the Roman Catholic portion, which is in the borough of Hammersmith); it was opened in 1838, and great numbers of eminent persons are buried here. The Roman Catholic church of Our Lady of Victories lies close to Kensington Road, and in Brompton Road is the Oratory of St Philip Neri, a fine building with richly decorated interior, noted for the beauty of its musical services, as is the Carmelite Church in Church Street. St Charles's Roman Catholic College (for boys), near the north end of Ladbroke Grove, was founded by Cardinal Manning in 1863; the buildings are now used as a training centre for Catholic school mistresses. Of secular institutions the principal are the museums in South Kensington. The Victoria and Albert,

commonly called the South Kensington, Museum contains various exhibits divided into sections, and includes the buildings of the Royal College of Science. Close by is the Natural History Museum, in a great building by Alfred Waterhouse, opened as a branch of the British Museum in 1880. Near this stood Cromwell House, erroneously considered to have been the residence of Oliver Cromwell, the name of which survives in the adjacent Cromwell Road. In Kensington Gardens, near the upper end of Exhibition Road, which separates the two museums, was held the Great Exhibition of 1851, the hall of which is preserved as the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. The greater part of the gardens, however, with the Albert Memorial, erected by Queen Victoria in memory of Albert, prince consort, the Albert Hall, opposite to it, one of the principal concert-halls in London, and the Imperial Institute to the south, are actually within the city of Westminster, though commonly connected with Kensington. The gardens (275 acres) were laid out in the time of Queen Anne, and have always been a popular and fashionable place of recreation. Extensive grounds at Earl's Court are open from time to time for various exhibitions. Further notable buildings in Kensington are the town-hall and free library in High Street, which is also much frequented for its excellent shops, and the Brompton Consumption Hospital, Fulham Road. In Holland Park Road is the house of Lord Leighton (d. 1896), given to the nation, and open, with its art collection, to the public.

Kensington is a suffragan bishopric in the diocese of London. The parliamentary borough of Kensington has north and south divisions, each returning one member. The borough council consists of a mayor, 10 aldermen and 60 councillors. Area, 2291.1 acres.

KENYA, a great volcanic mountain in British East Africa, situated just south of the equator in 37° 20' E. It is one of the highest mountains of Africa, its highest peak reaching an altitude of 17,007 ft. (with a possible error of 30 ft. either way). The central core, which consists of several steep pyramids, is that of a very denuded old volcano, which when its crater was complete may have reached 2000 ft. above the present summit. Lavas dip in all directions from the central crystalline core, pointing to the conclusion that the main portion of the mountain represents a single volcanic mass. From the central peaks, of which the axis runs from W.N.W. to S.S.E., ridges radiate outwards, separated by broad valleys, ending upwards in vast cirques. The most important ridges centre in the peak Lenana (16,300 ft.) at the eastern end of the central group, and through it runs the chief water-parting of the mountain, in a generally north to south direction. Three main valleys, known respectively as Hinde, Gorges and Hobley valleys, run down from this to the east, and four--Mackinder, Hausberg, Teleki and H hnel--to the west. From the central peaks fifteen glaciers, all lying west of the main divide, descend to the north and south, the two largest being the Lewis

and Gregory glaciers, each about 1 m. long, which, with the smaller Kolb glacier, lie immediately west of the main divide. Most of the glaciers terminate at an altitude of 14,800-14,900 ft., but the small Cōar glacier, drained to the Hausberg valley, reaches to 14,450. Glaciation was formerly much more extensive, old moraines being observed down to 12,000 ft. In the upper parts of the valleys a number of lakes occur, occupying hollows and rock basins in the agglomerates and ashes, fed by springs, and feeding many of the streams that drain the mountain slopes. The largest of these are Lake H hnel, lying at an altitude of 14,000 ft., at the head of the valley of the same name, and measuring 600 by 400 yds.; and Lake Michaelson (12,700 ft.?) in the Gorges Valley. At a distance from the central core the radiating ridges become less abrupt and descend with a gentle gradient, finally passing somewhat abruptly, at a height of some 7000 ft., into the level plateau. These outer slopes are clothed with dense forest and jungle, composed chiefly of junipers and *Podocarpus*, and between 8000 and 9800 ft. of huge bamboos. The forest zone extends to about 10,500 ft., above which is the steeper alpine zone, in which pasturages alternate with rocks and crags. This extends to a general height of about 15,000 ft., but in damp, sheltered valleys the pasturages extend some distance higher. The only trees or shrubs in this zone are the giant *Senecio* (groundsel) and *Lobelia*, and tree-heaths, the *Senecio* forming groves in the upper valleys. Of the fauna of the lower slopes, tracks of elephant, leopard and buffalo have been seen, between 11,500 and 14,500 ft. That of the alpine zone includes two species of dassy (*Procavia*), a coney (*Hyrax*), and a rat (*Otomys*). The bird fauna is of considerable interest, the finest species of the upper zone being an eagle-owl, met with at 14,000 ft. At 11,000 ft. was found a brown chat, with a good deal of white in the tail. Both the fauna and flora of the higher levels present close affinities with those of Mount Elgon, of other mountains of East Africa and of Cameroon Mountain. The true native names of the mountain are said to be Kilinyaga, Doenyo Ebor (white mountain) and Doenyo Egeri (spotted mountain). It was first seen, from a distance, by the missionary Ludwig Krapf in 1849; approached from the west by Joseph Thomson in 1883; partially ascended by Count S. Teleki (1889), J. W. Gregory (1893) and Georg Kolb (1896); and its summit reached by H. J. Mackinder in 1899.

See J. W. Gregory, *The Great Rift-Valley* (London, 1896); H. J. Mackinder, "Journey to the Summit of Mount Kenya," *Geog. Jnl.*, May 1900. (E. He.)

KILLDEER, a common American plover, so called in imitation of its whistling cry, the *Charadrius vociferus* of Linnaeus, and the *Aegialitis vocifera* of modern ornithologists. About the size of a snipe, it is mostly sooty-brown above, but showing a bright buff on the

tail coverts, and in flight a white bar on the wings; beneath it is pure white except two pectoral bands of deep black. It is one of the finest as well as the largest of the group commonly known as ringed plovers or ring dotterels,[1] forming the genus *Aegialitis* of Boie. Mostly wintering in the south or only on the sea-shore of the more northern states, in spring it spreads widely over the interior, breeding on the newly ploughed lands or on open grass-fields. The nest is made in a slight hollow, and is often surrounded with small pebbles and fragments of shells. Here the hen lays her pear-shaped, stone-coloured eggs, four in number, and always arranged with their pointed ends touching each other, as is the custom of most Limicoline birds. The parents exhibit the greatest anxiety for their offspring on the approach of an intruder. It is the best-known bird of its family in the United States, where it is less abundant in the north-east than farther south or west. In Canada it does not range farther northward than 56° N.; it is not known in Greenland, and hardly in Labrador, though it is a passenger in Newfoundland every spring and autumn.[2] In winter it finds its way to Bermuda and to some of the Antilles, but it is not recorded from any of the islands to the windward of Porto Rico. In the other direction, however, it travels down the Isthmus of Panama and the west coast of South America to Peru. The killdeer has several other congeners in America, among which may be noticed *Ae. semipalmata*, curiously resembling the ordinary ringed plover of the Old World, *Ae. hiaticula*, except that it has its toes connected by a web at the base; and *Ae. nivosa*, a bird inhabiting the western parts of both the American continents, which in the opinion of some authors is only a local form of the widely spread *Ae. alexandrina* or *Ae. cantiana*, best known as Kentish plover, from its discovery near Sandwich towards the end of the 18th century, though it is far more abundant in many other parts of the Old World. The common ringed plover, *Ae. hiaticula*, has many of the habits of the killdeer, but is much less often found away from the sea-shore, though a few colonies may be found in dry warrens in certain parts of England many miles from the coast, and in Lapland at a still greater distance. In such localities it paves its nest with small stones (whence it is locally known as "Stone hatch"), a habit almost unaccountable unless regarded as an inherited instinct from shingle-haunting ancestors. (A. N.)

FOOTNOTES:

- [1] The word dotterel seems properly applicable to a single species only, the *Charadrius morinellus* of Linnaeus, which, from some of its osteological characters, may be fitly regarded as the type of a distinct genus, *Eudromias*. Whether any other species agree with it in the peculiarity alluded to is at present uncertain.

[2] A single example is said to have been shot near Christchurch, in Hampshire, England, in April 1857 (*Ibis*, 1862, p. 276).

KING, RUFUS (1755-1827), American political leader, was born on the 24th of March 1755 at Scarborough, Maine, then a part of Massachusetts. He graduated at Harvard in 1777, read law at Newburyport, Mass., with Theophilus Parsons, and was admitted to the bar in 1780. He served in the Massachusetts General Court in 1783-1784 and in the Confederation Congress in 1784-1787. During these critical years he adopted the "states' rights" attitude. It was largely through his efforts that the General Court in 1784 rejected the amendment to the Articles of Confederation authorizing Congress to levy a 5% impost. He was one of the three Massachusetts delegates in Congress in 1785 who refused to present the resolution of the General Court proposing a convention to amend the articles. He was also out of sympathy with the meeting at Annapolis in 1786. He did good service, however, in opposing the extension of slavery. Early in 1787 King was moved by the Shays Rebellion and by the influence of Alexander Hamilton to take a broader view of the general situation, and it was he who introduced the resolution in Congress, on the 21st of February 1787, sanctioning the call for the Philadelphia constitutional convention. In the convention he supported the large-state party, favoured a strong executive, advocated the suppression of the slave trade, and opposed the counting of slaves in determining the apportionment of representatives. In 1788 he was one of the most influential members of the Massachusetts convention which ratified the Federal Constitution. He married Mary Alsop (1769-1819) of New York in 1786 and removed to that city in 1788. He was elected a member of the New York Assembly in the spring of 1789, and at a special session of the legislature held in July of that year was chosen one of the first representatives of New York in the United States Senate. In this body he served in 1789-1796, supported Hamilton's financial measures, Washington's neutrality proclamation and the Jay Treaty, and became one of the recognized leaders of the Federalist party. He was minister to Great Britain in 1796-1803 and again in 1825-1826, and was the Federalist candidate for vice-president in 1804 and 1808, and for president in 1816, when he received 34 electoral votes to 183 cast for Monroe. He was again returned to the Senate in 1813, and was re-elected in 1819 as the result of a struggle between the Van Buren and Clinton factions of the Democratic-Republican party. In the Missouri Compromise debates he supported the anti-slavery programme in the main, but for constitutional reasons voted against the second clause of the Tallmadge Amendment providing that all slaves born in the state after its admission into the Union should be free at the age of

twenty-five years. He died at Jamaica, Long Island, on the 29th of April 1827.

The Life and Correspondence of Rufus King, begun about 1850 by his son, Charles King, was completed by his grandson, Charles R. King, and published in six volumes (New York, 1894-1900).

Rufus King's son, JOHN ALSOP KING (1788-1867), was educated at Harrow and in Paris, served in the war of 1812 as a lieutenant of a cavalry company, and was a member of the New York Assembly in 1819-1821 and of the New York Senate in 1823. When his father was sent as minister to Great Britain in 1825 he accompanied him as secretary of the American legation, and when his father returned home on account of ill health he remained as *chargé d'affaires* until August 1826. He was a member of the New York Assembly again in 1832 and in 1840, was a Whig representative in Congress in 1849-1851, and in 1857-1859 was governor of New York State. He was a prominent member of the Republican party, and in 1861 was a delegate to the Peace Conference in Washington.

Another son, CHARLES KING (1789-1867), was also educated abroad, was captain of a volunteer regiment in the early part of the war of 1812, and served in 1814 in the New York Assembly, and after working for some years as a journalist was president of Columbia College in 1849-1864.

A third son, JAMES GORE KING (1791-1853), was an assistant adjutant-general in the war of 1812, was a banker in Liverpool and afterwards in New York, and was president of the New York & Erie railroad until 1837, when by his visit to London he secured the loan to American bankers of £1,000,000 from the governors of the Bank of England. In 1849-1851 he was a representative in Congress from New Jersey.

Charles King's son, RUFUS KING (1814-1876), graduated at the U.S. Military Academy in 1833, served for three years in the engineer corps, and, after resigning from the army, became assistant engineer of the New York & Erie railroad. He was adjutant-general of New York state in 1839-1843, and became a brigadier-general of volunteers in the Union army in 1861, commanded a division in Virginia in 1862-1863, and, being compelled by ill health to resign from the army, was U.S. minister to the Papal States in 1863-1867.

His son, CHARLES KING (b. 1844), served in the artillery until 1870 and in the cavalry until 1879; he was appointed brigadier-general U.S. Volunteers in the Spanish War in 1898, and served in the Philippines. He wrote *Famous and Decisive Battles* (1884), *Campaigning with Crook* (1890), and many popular romances of military life.

KIOWAS, a tribe and stock of North American Indians. Their former range was around the Arkansas and Canadian rivers, in Indian Territory (Oklahoma), Colorado and New Mexico. A fierce people, they made raids upon the settlers in western Texas until 1868, when they were placed on a reservation in Indian Territory. In 1874 they broke out again, but in the following year were finally subdued. In number about 1200, and settled in Oklahoma, they are the sole representatives of the Kiowan linguistic stock.

See J. Mooney, "Calendar History of the Kiowa Indians," _17th Report of Bureau of American Ethnology_ (Washington, 1898).

KIPLING, RUDYARD (1865-), British author, was born in Bombay on the 30th of December 1865. His father, John Lockwood Kipling (1837-1911), an artist of considerable ability, was from 1875 to 1893 curator of the Lahore museum in India. His mother was Miss Alice Macdonald of Birmingham, two of whose sisters were married respectively to Sir E. Burne-Jones and Sir Edward Poynter. He was educated at the United Services College, Westward Ho, North Devon, of which a somewhat lurid account is given in his story _Stalky and Co._ On his return to India he became at the age of seventeen the sub-editor of the Lahore _Civil and Military Gazette_. In 1886, in his twenty-first year, he published _Departmental Ditties_, a volume of light verse chiefly satirical, only in two or three poems giving promise of his authentic poetical note. In 1887 he published _Plain Tales from the Hills_, a collection mainly of the stories contributed to his own journal. During the next two years he brought out, in six slim paper-covered volumes of Wheeler's Railway Library (Allahabad), _Soldiers Three_, _The Story of the Gadsbys_, _In Black and White_, _Under the Deodars_, _The Phantom 'Rickshaw_ and _Wee Willie Winkee_, at a rupee apiece. These were in form and substance a continuation of the _Plain Tales_. This series of tales, all written before the author was twenty-four, revealed a new master of fiction. A few, but those the best, he afterwards said that his father gave him. The rest were the harvest of his own powers of observation vitalized by imagination. In method they owed something to Bret Harte; in matter and spirit they were absolutely original. They were unequal, as his books continued to be throughout; the sketches of Anglo-Indian social life being generally inferior to the rest. The style was to some extent disfigured by jerkiness and mannered tricks. But Mr Kipling possessed the supreme spell of the story-teller to entrance and transport. The

freshness of the invention, the variety of character, the vigour of narrative, the raciness of dialogue, the magic of atmosphere, were alike remarkable. The soldier-stories, especially the exuberant vitality of the cycle which contains the immortal *Mulvaney*, established the author's fame throughout the world. The child-stories and tales of the British official were not less masterly, while the tales of native life and of adventure "beyond the pale" disclosed an even finer and deeper vein of romance. India, which had been an old story for generations of Englishmen, was revealed in these brilliant pictures as if seen for the first time in its variety, colour and passion, vivid as mirage, enchanting as the *Arabian Nights*. The new author's talent was quickly recognized in India, but it was not till the books reached England that his true rank was appreciated and proclaimed. Between 1887 and 1889 he travelled through India, China, Japan and America, finally arriving in England to find himself already famous. His travel sketches, contributed to *The Civil and Military Gazette* and *The Pioneer*, were afterwards collected (the author's hand having been forced by unauthorized publication) in the two volumes *From Sea to Sea* (1899). A further set of Indian tales, equal to the best, appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* and were republished with others in *Life's Handicap* (1891). In *The Light that Failed* (1891, after appearing with a different ending in *Lippincott's Magazine*) Mr Kipling essayed his first long story (dramatized 1905), but with comparative unsucess. In his subsequent work his delight in the display of descriptive and verbal technicalities grew on him. His polemic against "the sheltered life" and "little Englandism" became more didactic. His terseness sometimes degenerated into abruptness and obscurity. But in the meanwhile his genius became prominent in verse. Readers of the *Plain Tales* had been impressed by the snatches of poetry prefixed to them for motto, certain of them being subscribed "Barrack Room Ballad." Mr Kipling now contributed to the *National Observer*, then edited by W. E. Henley, a series of *Barrack Room Ballads*. These vigorous verses in soldier slang, when published in a book in 1892, together with the fine ballad of "East and West" and other poems, won for their author a second fame, wider than he had attained as a story-teller. In this volume the Ballads of the "Bolivar" and of the "Clampherdown," introducing Mr Kipling's poetry of the ocean and the engine-room, and "The Flag of England," finding a voice for the Imperial sentiment, which--largely under the influence of Mr Kipling's own writings--had been rapidly gaining force in England, gave the key-note of much of his later verse. In 1898 Mr Kipling paid the first of several visits to South Africa and became imbued with a type of imperialism that reacted on his literature, not altogether to its advantage. Before finally settling in England Mr Kipling lived some years in America and married in 1892 Miss Caroline Starr Balestier, sister of the Wolcott Balestier to whom he dedicated *Barrack Room Ballads*, and with whom in collaboration he wrote the *Naulahka* (1891), one of his less successful books. The next collection of stories, *Many*

Inventions_ (1893), contained the splendid Mulvaney extravaganza, "My Lord the Elephant"; a vividly realized tale of metempsychosis, "The Finest Story in the World"; and in that fascinating tale "In the Rukh," the prelude to the next new exhibition of the author's genius. This came in 1894 with _The Jungle Book_, followed in 1895 by _The Second Jungle Book_. With these inspired beast-stories Kipling conquered a new world and a new audience, and produced what many critics regard as his most flawless work. His chief subsequent publications were _The Seven Seas_ (poems), 1896; _Captains Courageous_ (a yarn of deep-sea fishery), 1897; _The Day's Work_ (collected stories), 1898; _A Fleet in Being_ (an account of a cruise in a man-of-war), 1898; _Stalky and Co._ (mentioned above), 1899; _From Sea to Sea_ (mentioned above), 1899; _Kim_, 1901; _Just So Stories_ (for children), 1902; _The Five Nations_ (poems, concluding with what proved Mr Kipling's most universally known and popular poem, "Recessional," originally published in _The Times_ on the 17th of July 1897 on the occasion of Queen Victoria's second jubilee), 1903; _Traffics and Discoveries_ (collected stories), 1904; _Puck of Pook's Hill_ (stories), 1906; _Actions and Reactions_ (stories), 1909. Of these _Kim_ was notable as far the most successful of Mr Kipling's longer narratives, though it is itself rather in the nature of a string of episodes. But everything he wrote, even to a farcical extravaganza inspired by his enthusiasm for the motor-car, breathed the meteoric energy that was the nature of the man. A vigorous and unconventional poet, a pioneer in the modern phase of literary Imperialism, and one of the rare masters in English prose of the art of the short story, Mr Kipling had already by the opening of the 20th century won the most conspicuous place among the creative literary forces of his day. His position in English literature was recognized in 1907 by the award to him of the Nobel prize.

See Rudyard Kipling's chapter in _My First Book_ (Chatto, 1894); "A Bibliography of Rudyard Kipling," by John Lane, in _Rudyard Kipling: a Criticism_, by Richard de Gallienne; "Mr Kipling's Short Stories" in _Questions at Issue_, by Edmund Gosse (1893); "Mr Kipling's Stories" in _Essays in Little_, by Andrew Lang; "Mr Kipling's Stories," by J. M. Barrie in the _Contemporary Review_ (March 1891); articles in the _Quarterly Review_ (July 1892) and _Edinburgh Review_ (Jan. 1898); and section on Kipling in _Poets of the Younger Generation_, by William Archer (1902). See also for bibliography to 1903 _English Illustrated Magazine_, new series, vol. xxx. pp. 298 and 429-432. (W. P. J.)

KIPPER, properly the name by which the male salmon is known at some period of the breeding season. At the approach of this season the male fish develops a sharp cartilaginous beak, known as the "kip," from which

the name "kipper" is said to be derived. The earliest uses of the word (in Old English *_cypera_* and Middle English *_kypre_*) seem to include salmon of both sexes, and there is no certainty as to the etymology. Skeat derives it from the Old English *_kippan_*, "to spawn." The term has been applied by various writers to salmon both during and after milting; early quotations leave the precise meaning of the word obscure, but generally refer to the unwholesomeness of the fish as food during the whole breeding season. It has been usually accepted, without much direct evidence, that from the practice of rendering the breeding (i.e. "kipper") salmon fit for food by splitting, salting and smoke-drying them, the term "kipper" is also used of other fish, particularly herrings cured in the same way. The "bloaters" as distinct from the "kipper" is a herring cured whole without being split open.

THE BLACK CAT OF KLONDIKE.

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Kaffir, Kangaroo, Klondike*, by Thad. W. H. (Thaddeus William Henry) Leavitt

In the winter of 1896 I was attending the Osgoode Hall Law School, Toronto, and drawing wills, deeds and mortgages for a firm of barristers on a salary of five dollars per week. I was young and ambitious and dreamed that it was only a question of time when I should become, if not a judge, at least a leading barrister. At a conversat, given by the Law Society, I met my fate and fell in love with Edith Hawthaway. The passion was reciprocated and a few weeks later we were engaged. When the marriage would take place was delightfully nebulous as was my legal status. We had decided that it was to be and that was all-sufficient. One caution we exercised and but one, it was, we kept the engagement a secret. Edith's father was a broker living in a fine residence on fashionable St. George Street, and reputed to be in very comfortable circumstances. Possibly he might object to the betrothal of his only child to an impecunious law student, who had only passed his first exam, and was by no means certain of passing the next one. So we drifted pleasantly with the tide and cherished our secret with infinite satisfaction. One Saturday afternoon I received a hurried note from Edith asking me to call that evening. Instinctively I felt that our mutual happiness was threatened. I was busy engrossing a mortgage at the time and unconsciously I made all the sums payable to Edith Hawthaway, instead of Isaac Lazerus.

I found Edith in tears. We must part, she cried, all is over.

No, no, I said, it cannot be.

I was so happy, and now the cruelty of fate.

Calm yourself and tell me all. We shall never part, come what may.

We are ruined, she sobbed. My father, my poor father risked everything in Chicago and he has lost. Home, money, everything must go and yet there will remain a debt of honor for twenty thousand dollars. This money was entrusted to him by a widow, it was her all. The shock was more than he could bear, he has had a paralytic stroke and the doctors say he will never recover. He may live for years but will be helpless. Mother, as you know, is an invalid, and, she paused and wiped away her tears. How can I tell you? but I must, only yesterday Fred Reingold asked me to be his wife. He knows all and yet he declares that if I will consent, the old home shall be saved and the debt of honor paid. What am I to do? In one year we shall be turned into the street. Mother has a few hundred dollars, we can subsist upon it for a year by discharging all the servants and living with the greatest economy. Then will come the poor-house for father and mother, and for me God only knows.

Some way will open, I murmured.

What way?

I was silent.

I have made up my mind, Edith said, shuddering. There is but one way for escape, we must bury our love, I must be sacrificed.

No, I protested. You do not, you cannot love me.

Edith turned deadly pale and gave me one look. The cruel words died on my lips. Then we sat and brooded. Edith sprang to her feet and exclaimed, I have it, the one chance.

There was a ring in her voice from which hope was bred.

Tell me, name it, I cried.

You will have to consent, she said slowly, as if weighing every word.

Then I consent.

It is an inspiration, she continued, I will tell Fred Reingold that I will marry him one year from to-morrow, provided the twenty thousand

dollars is not paid by that time. You will have one year in which to make a fortune.

But will he consent to such terms?

Yes, if he loves me.

My hopes sank to zero, then froze.

I have not finished, Edith said, she had divined my thoughts, they have found great gold fields on the Yukon, it is a frightful country on the confines of Alaska. You must go there and find a fortune and be back in time.

But how? I asked.

That shall be a secret until you come back. I will see Fred Reingold to-morrow and to-morrow night you shall know your fate.

The following evening she met me at the door and smiled. It is all arranged, she said. The year has been granted, you are to go.

When?

To-morrow morning on the first train.

But, --I never finished the sentence.

Every hour means success or failure, Edith exclaimed reproachfully.

How that evening fled away we only realized.

When I kissed her good-bye she slipped three crisp one-hundred-dollar bills into my hand. Then she whispered, remember this is St. Patrick's day, March the 17th, and the time will expire at twelve o'clock at night, one year from to-day. I must give you something to bring you good luck, what shall it be?

That which you love the best, next to me.

She glanced around the room, at her feet on a white rug lay a small black kitten. There he is, she said, pointing to the kitten, my second love.

I picked the kitten up, inspired by a sudden impulse.

He shall keep me company. I put him in my coat pocket and half an hour

later I was packing my scanty wardrobe. Six days later I was standing on the quay at Vancouver, making inquiries for transportation to the Yukon gold fields. The man to whom I addressed the question was a rough, burly fellow, none too clean, with a heavy beard covering his face up to the eyes.

His answer was, What are you going to the Yukon for?

To mine gold.

Ha! ha! ha! Jim, to another man who was loading some packages into a yawl, Jim, come here, do you see this spindle, pointing to me. Here's a new chum who wants to go to the Yukon and hunt for gold. Look at him, see them legs and hands. Ha! ha!

Only another tenderfoot gone mad, was Jim's reply as he walked away.

I'm going to the Yukon, I said decidedly.

Right you are my boy. You may start but you'll never come back. I've seen plenty of new chums on Bendigo and Yackendandah, they always talk big on the go-in, and cry on the come-out. What's that you've got in your pocket?

A kitten.

Is the kitten on the rush too?

He goes with me.

Bless my eyes, Jim, this slim has got a kitten going with him to the Klondike.

No fear of them ever getting there, Jim responded.

Boy, take my advice and go home to your mother, the man said in a kind tone.

To be called a boy brought tears of vexation to my eyes. I turned to walk away.

Hold on, you are determined to go?

Yes.

Have you money to pay for your passage and an outfit?

Certainly.

It will cost a hundred and fifty.

I have it.

Jim, the new chum has the dust, shall we take him? He will bring the party up to an even dozen and reduce the expenses.

You re Captain, do as you please, anyway the tenderfoot and the cat don t weigh more than a puff ball, Jim answered.

My name is Simeon, Simeon of Ballarat and Bendigo and Fiery creek. This way sharp if you mean business. See that schooner over there, we sail at four this afternoon.

For an hour we were busy securing my outfit and provisions. When all were on board we hoisted sail and were off, I had only fifty dollars left and the kitten. The men were all experienced miners, some from Australia, the others from California, Nevada and Colorado. When I took the kitten out of my pocket and fed him there was a roar of laughter and a fusilade of remarks. They named the kitten Klondike and ere we reached Dyea he had become a universal pet and the mascot of the party. It would have made Edith s heart glad to have seen the miners fondling Klondike. At Dyea we unloaded our supplies and hired the Indians to pack them over Chilcoot Pass. At Lake Linderman a boat was built in which we floated down the Yukon, I could only make myself useful as cook, being totally unfitted for the hard work. Simeon counselled that we should not descend to Dawson City, but turn off and ascend a tributary at a point estimated to be from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles from the city. The object aimed at was to discover a new field and locate the best claims. His advice was taken. We made our way up the creek until our progress was stopped by a series of rapids, there we pitched our tents. I was left in charge of the camp while prospecting parties went out in every direction. Gold was found in the beds of most of the streams, but not in paying quantities. Then the boat was hauled up the rapids with a rope, we were to make a further advance into the interior. That night the boat broke loose, was swept over the rapids and totally destroyed. Two of the miners went down to the Yukon to ascertain if they could get some boat which was descending the river to transport our supplies to Dawson City. They failed, but brought back the news of the wonderful strike made on the Eldorado. Instantly all was confusion. The men became mad. The mines were one hundred miles away. Packs were made up the following morning, a cache was built, in which to store the provisions, and in twenty-four hours a start was made. The men each carried one hundred pounds of provisions in addition to a pick and shovel. Simeon assisted to make up my pack of fifty pounds. The heat,

during the middle of the day, was intense, the air filled with insect pests. The route ran over mountains, through bogs, across streams. In places the moss was two feet in depth. With my load I plunged and fell and ran, for the men marched at a rapid pace. Not ten miles had been covered when I fell exhausted. Not even for the coveted fortune for Edith could I have gone another mile. I was at the rear of the line and would have been left unheeded but for the watchful care of Simeon, who came back and sat down by me.

You can never go through, he said, I knew that it was madness for you to try. You have done much better than I thought you would. Miners on a rush would leave their best friends to perish. I have been through it before, I know what it means. If you would save your life go back to the cache. There is plenty of provisions, you cannot starve. Go to work and build a hut, dig a hole into the hill-side so that the back and most of the sides will be of earth, finish it with small logs, put on a roof of poles, cover them with moss, then with a layer of earth, then more moss and more earth, make it thick. About a foot distant from the walls of the hut build another row of logs and fill the space between with moss, taking care to pack it tightly, then plaster the cracks with mud. Be certain and have a big fire-place at the rear, make it of stone and the chimney of green logs standing on end. When you have these things done you will be safe, but not till then. I promise that I will come back for you, but it may not be until Spring. Here is my hand and John Simeon never breaks his word. Cheer up, we will probably have to return for provisions in a few weeks. Then you shall go through, even if I have to carry you on my back.

He gave me a hearty hand-shake, turned and was gone. I sank back on the moss and cried with a bitterness which I shall never feel again. Then a great fear came upon me. For a moment I believe my heart ceased to beat. Could I find my way back? Every other question vanished. I struggled to my feet and turned back with an energy born of despair. Every few minutes I stopped and examined the foot-marks. The sun had gone down but the night only lasts, in that latitude, in summer, for one brief hour. I was without a watch and could only guess the time. At last I could proceed no further. I threw off my pack and released Klondike from the little wicker cage I had made to carry him in, and in ten minutes I was fast asleep. When I awoke the sun was up, but how long I slept I never knew. I built a fire, ate a hearty breakfast and started. In half an hour I came to a point where two trails crossed, which to take I did not know. I went forward on one, then turned back, took the other and again turned back. I was lost. Cold beads of sweat stood out on my body, my brain beat like a trip-hammer. As I stood thus at the parting of the ways my eye caught sight of a fluff of cotton wool on a branch not five yards distant. I had lined Klondike's basket with the material before leaving the camp. Saved by Klondike! I cried. So bewildered was I that

I should have passed the cache had it not have been for the cat. He began to mew and try to get out of his basket. Here we are at last, I cried. For four weeks I labored at the hut, a miner would have built it in four days. After three weeks I began to look for the return of my companions, but at the end of six weeks I abandoned all hopes. The cold gradually increased. I made everything tight and snug, then I determined to prospect the near-by creeks for gold. I found gold on every side but my best work did not exceed five dollars in a day. Klondike was my constant companion, he had grown strong and agile and roamed about the camp, at times going into the forest for hours. The cold came down over the mountains and drove me into the hut. I only ventured out to cut my supply of wood. I fell into a despondent mood, but for Klondike I believe that I should have gone mad. With infinite patience I taught him a variety of tricks and there were times when I talked to him of Edith and the happy days when he had nestled in her arms. In such hours I imagined I saw her spirit looking out of his eyes and bidding me be of good cheer. At night he crept into the fur-lined bag in which I slept and comforted me in the solitude with his purr. In January I noticed that every afternoon he wished to leave the cabin and remain outside for nearly an hour. As this continued day after day my curiosity was at last aroused and I determined to watch him, which I did the following day. Leaving the hut he made his way diagonally up the hill-side and then disappeared. I resolved to ascertain the attraction. I struggled into the snow which was piled twenty feet deep and sank to my waist. Then I took a shovel and commenced to dig. My progress was exceedingly slow as I had to cut the snow down several feet before it would support me. Twenty feet per day was the best progress I could make. Klondike evidently believed that I was constructing the road for his convenience for when he daily returned from his mysterious visit he stopped and rubbed himself against my legs as if to encourage me in my good work. On the fourth day I had reached a point where I could see the hole in the snow in which he disappeared.

It was on the top of a ledge of rock some ten feet wide.

To-morrow, I said, I shall know the reason. That night I constructed a short ladder with which to surmount the difficulty. The following day I placed it against the ledge and climbed up. The crumbling snow, running down the bank, prevented me seeing what was before me. I brushed the snow away and looked in. At my very face was a skeleton hand holding a small black object in its bony fingers. I screamed with terror, the ladder lost its balance, the next instant I was twenty feet below on my back in the snow. I ran to the hut and actually barred the door, so great was my fright. What could it mean? I had read of demons appearing in the guise of black cats, a thousand grotesque fancies danced through my brain. Then I called Klondike, he was at my feet. He could not possibly be in the skeleton hand and also Klondike at the same time. Yet

even that I imagined might be possible. You must bear in mind that for months I had lived isolated from human companionship, that my brain had become warped and my thoughts abnormal. Was the skeleton hand a warning? Should I abandon the quest and leave the mystery unsolved? Perhaps it was a portend of my fate. Thus I reasoned and surmised, conjured and imagined. My one consolation was that Klondike had crept into his accustomed place and was apparently sleeping the sleep of innocence, unmindful of the skeleton hand. When the sun came up over the mountains the next day my courage returned. I determined to probe the affair to the bottom. To prove that there was nothing supernatural about the cat, I took Klondike in my arms and made my way to the top of the ladder. The hand was there and the cat was there. He sprang from me and entered the opening, coming out again with a bone in his mouth, the fore-arm of a man. Only the last resting place of some poor miner who has died in this wilderness, was my comment. Then, for the first, I noticed that the object in the grasp of the skeleton hand was a small book. I reached out and tried to remove it from the bony fingers. They held it in a death grasp and I was compelled to pick up the hand, which I carried to my cabin. I pried open the fingers and opened the book. The fly leaf was closely written over in a language which I was unable to read. The book, printed in a fine, small, black type, was equally unreadable. From the chapters and for other reasons I decided that it was a copy of the New Testament. I carefully wiped it and laid it away on a shelf.

To-morrow, I said, I will close the opening, the stranger's bones shall rest in peace. The next day, provided with pick and shovel, I climbed the ledge and carefully removed the snow. Then I knelt down and looked in, the cavern was some three feet in height and eight in length. The small bones were strewn about, but the trunk remained prone upon the centre of the cavern. Suddenly something soft touched me on the face, I sprang back, lost my balance, and for the second time found myself on my back in the trench below. I scrambled to my feet and ran for the hut. Then I stopped and turned, Klondike was sitting complacently on the top of the ladder. Now I will be a man, I said, and I walked back heartily ashamed of myself. I took my tormentor to the hut, fastened him in and returned. I resolved to replace all of the scattered bones and seal up the mouth of the cave. To do so I was compelled to crawl inside. In my task I chanced to move the trunk, the sun shot a beam of light within and reflected a dull, yellow glitter. There could be no mistake, it was gold. Then I paused, should I take it or bury it with the bones? It had been his in life why not in death? If Simeon did not return I too would be found some day, my bones bleaching beside my handful of yellow dust. No, I would leave it with its rightful owner. Carefully I gathered the bones, they were sacred to the memory of the unknown. Edith's love, hope and avarice all were but memories, as long passed as if ages had gone by. Then it came upon me that a trust had been committed to my charge. The dying man had left a message, a sacred injunction written in God's Book. The handful of gold was to be sent to some loved one. Instantly

all my sympathies were aroused. I had something to live for, to work for I felt like a new man. I went back to the hut and brought with me a small tin dish in which to gather the last grain. I picked up the nuggets one by one. So intent was I that it was not until the pannikin was half full that I noticed that the supply was by no means exhausted. I went for another and larger dish and another and another, and still more remained. Night came on and I was compelled to relinquish my task. The cabin had been transformed into a treasure house. A demon whispered in my ear, You are rich. Edith and love and happiness are before you. Fool, you have but to reach out your hand and take the gold. Dead men tell no tales.

A violent trembling seized upon me. My resolution wavered, then my eye rested upon the little black book and a great calm fell upon me. No, I said, it is not mine, I will not be a thief. From that moment I was firm and I never doubted but that providence would rescue me from the Yukon. When I had removed all the treasure I closed the mouth of the cave, then I fashioned a rude cross and planted it firmly in the ground to mark the burial place. My next step was to make forty small bags out of heavy cloth into which I poured the gold, the bags I buried in the hut beneath my bed. The possession of the treasure brought a new fear, that of robbers, yet so far as I knew, there was not a man within one hundred miles of me. I frequently awoke in the night and listened intently, believing that I heard footsteps. One night I suddenly sprang to my feet, at the very door were snarling and fighting dogs, then followed a thump on the side of the hut.

Hello! Hello! are you there! came in a hoarse voice.

Who are you? I asked.

Open the door, new chum. It was Simeon.

I gave a shout, rushed out and fairly hugged him with joy and Jim too, who was unharnessing the dogs.

And here s Klondike, grown as big as a tiger, Simeon cried, picking up the cat. Have you any grub?

Plenty.

Boil the billy and make tea. Is any of the brandy left?

I never touched it.

The best news yet. Knock the neck off a bottle, Jim, brandy. Jim was in the hut in an instant. After justice had been more than done to the

meal, Simeon after looking around said, Well done for a boy. Had a long wait, eh?

I always thought you would come.

Hear that Jim, no one doubts the old man's word. That's better than gold. I would have been back in a month, but we got word from a party who came down from this section that you had left and that the cache had been robbed. It must have been another camp. Had many visitors looking for food and stealing what you did not give?

I have not seen a man since we parted in the woods.

Good heavens! why hundreds and hundreds have gone down the river and you did not know enough to make for the big stream, get taken on board and find yourself in Dawson City in two days.

No.

I told you Jim, that being a new chum he'd sit down as long as the grub held out.

Did you mine any gold?

A little.

Show it?

I handed him the buckskin bag which held the gold I had mined.

Twenty ounces, enough to take you home.

How did you succeed? I asked.

Struck it rich, took out twenty-five thousand dollars worth, Jim twenty thousand, and the rest of the party about the same and we have only scratched over our claims. The dust is down at the city.

When shall we make a start? I asked.

In the morning.

Then we turned in for sleep.

At an early hour Jim was busy loading the sleds with supplies. I'm blessed if you have eaten as much as a canary bird, he remarked to me. The boys will have to run up and bring down the rest.

I had purposely said nothing of my wonderful experience, waiting until I could tell Simeon privately, which I did showing him the skeleton hand and the black book in confirmation.

I don't know where you picked up these things, he said, but one thing is certain you are off your chump.

But I have the gold.

Where?

Buried there.

Take the pick and dig it up.

What do you say to that, I asked as I pulled out a bag, and that and that and that.

Jim, we are a fine lot of duffers, come in, this new chum and the cat, mind you the cat, have beaten every man on the Bonanza and Eldorado.

Jim came in and stared, he could not speak, then he whispered, How many has he got?

Only forty bags.

But the gold is not mine, I said.

Not yours, then whose is it?

The dead man's.

And you will not keep it?

No, if the book contains a will.

And you are a lawyer's clerk?

I could not keep it, I repeated firmly,

Simeon turned me around and around and then said. I believe you, if you live you will make a man, you have got the timber in you, shake.

The gold was carried out and loaded on a sled while I put Klondike in a bag. We reached Dawson City and after some weeks delay secured a steamer for St. Michael's, from that point we sailed to Vancouver. At the latter

place I ascertained that the value of the find was one hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars. The dust was deposited in the Bank of Montreal. Then Simeon and I went in quest of a man who could read the writing in the black book. At last an officer from a Russian man-of-war was found. He translated the message. Here is the translation:

My name is Vospar Plonvisky, I was born in Warsaw of noble Polish parents. The Russian authorities arrested me as a member of a secret society and banished me to Siberia. There I remained for twenty years. Again and again the black knout (cat in English) cut my flesh to the bone for trying to escape. Finally I made my way to sea in an open boat and reached Alaska. The accursed Russian was there. I was seized on suspicion and sent into the interior to look for mines with several officials. Our voyage was up a great river. One night I stole the boat, which was well supplied with provisions and firearms, and sailed away up the river. After several weeks I came to the rapids, where I abandoned the boat, then I packed my provisions into the interior, keeping to the west. My intention was to make my way to Canada, when I reached a small stream, near this spot I found a small stream the bed of which was yellow with gold. I resolved to gather a vast store, hide it and then proceed on my way. After I had collected the gold I hid it in the cave where my bones rest. Then my last sickness came upon me. I grew weaker day by day. I realize that I am dying, my last act is to write this and creep into the cave I make a solemn vow, it is: If a Russian should find me and touch me or my gold, I swear by the memory of the black knout (cat), that I will return and curse him and his children and his children s children. To the man of any other nation the gold is a free gift.

I sold the gold to the bank and handed a cheque for five thousand dollars to Simeon.

Not a cent, he said, I have enough and to spare.

Then I gave him five hundred to hand to Jim. One week later I was in Toronto. It was Saturday night when I arrived. When the cab drew up at Edith s home I saw that the drawing room was a blaze of light. Then my heart sank, I had not had a word from her since I left on the quest. I felt that she had broken her promise to me and married Fred Reingold. With a trembling hand I rang the bell. I ignored the servant and walked in with Klondike in my arms. The next instant Edith was in my arms. Her first words were:

Did you get any of the letters or telegrams?

Not one.

Did you see the notices in the newspapers?

No, what notices?

Notices for you to come back. Father did not lose his fortune. It was a mistake in the telegram from Chicago, the margin was on the right side and all was explained when the broker wrote. Father nearly recovered and is very well.

What of Fred Reingold? I stammered.

Married six months ago to Bessie Loudon.

I have got the gold, I said.

And we don't want it, Edith answered.

In our library, under a glass case, stands the skeleton hand holding the Greek Testament. Now and then I point out this hand to the new baby whose name is Simeon.

Entries from Project Gutenberg's *Mrs. Loudon's Entertaining Naturalist*, by Jane Loudon

THE KANGAROO. (_Macropus giganteus._)

THIS remarkable animal was first discovered by the celebrated Captain Cook, in New Holland: and as it was the only quadruped discovered on the inland by the first settlers, they attempted to hunt it with greyhounds. The astonishing leaps it took, however, quite puzzled the colonists, who found it extremely difficult to catch. At first it was supposed that there was only one kind of Kangaroo, but now many species have been discovered, some of them not larger than a rat, and others as big as a calf. Kangaroos live in herds; one, older and larger than the rest, appearing to act as a kind of king. The ears of the Kangaroo are large, and in almost constant motion; it has a hare-lip, and a very small head. The fore legs, or rather paws, are short and weak, with five toes, each ending in a strong curved claw. The hind legs, on the contrary, are very large and strong, but the feet have only four toes, and much weaker claws. The tail is very long and tapering; but is so thick and strong near the body, that it forms a kind of third hind leg, and wonderfully assists the animal in supporting itself in its ordinary upright

position. Its leaps are of extraordinary extent, being often from twenty to thirty feet in length, and six or eight feet high. When the animal is attacked, it uses its tail as a powerful instrument of defence, and also scratches violently with its hind feet. It generally sits upright, but brings its fore feet to the ground when it is grazing. It lives entirely on vegetable substances. The most curious part of the Kangaroo is the pouch which the female has in front for carrying her young. It is just below her breast, and the young ones sit there to suck; and even when they are old enough to leave the pouch, take refuge in it whenever they are alarmed.

The Kangaroo is easily tamed, and there are many in a tame state in England. In Australia, Kangaroo beef, as it is called, is eaten, and found very nourishing; but it is hard and coarse. The female has generally two young ones at a time, which do not attain their full growth until they are a year old.

When a large Kangaroo is pursued by dogs, it generally takes refuge in a pond, where, from the great length of its hind legs and tail, it can stand with its body half out of the water, while the dogs are obliged to swim. Thus the Kangaroo has a decided advantage; for, as each dog approaches him, he seizes it with his fore paws, and holds it under water, shaking it furiously till the dog is almost suffocated, and very glad to sneak off as soon as the Kangaroo lets him go.

The female, when pursued and hard-pressed by the dogs, will, while making her bounds, put her fore paws into her pouch, take a young one from it, and throw it as far out of sight as she possibly can. But for this manoeuvre, her own life and that of her young one would be sacrificed; whereas, she frequently contrives to escape, and returns afterwards to seek for her offspring.

THE KESTREL, (*Falco tinnunculus*.)

IS the commonest of all the British Hawks, and may be seen in almost all parts of the country hovering over the fields in search of mice and other small animals. His flight is very peculiar. He advances only for a short distance at a time, and then suspends himself in the air by very short but quick movements of his wings. If no prey make its appearance beneath him, he then goes on a little further, and again remains stationary, but the moment a mouse or other small quadruped stirs amongst the grass, his wings close, and he descends with the greatest velocity. The Kestrel will also feed upon small birds and insects.

The Kestrel is a handsome little Hawk, from twelve to fifteen inches in

length, with a blue beak and yellow cere and feet. Its plumage is reddish brown or fawn colour, elegantly marked with black spots and bars. Its nest is built among rocks, or in the holes and corners of old buildings and church towers, and the female lays four or five eggs, which are reddish white, with brown spots.

THE KITE. (_Falco Milvus_, or _Milvus regalis_.)

THIS bird, though it belongs to the falcon tribe, is called ignoble, because it is never used in hawking. It is easily distinguished from other birds of prey by its forked tail, and the slow and circular eddies it describes in the air whenever it spies from the regions of the clouds a young duck or a chicken which has strayed too far from the brood. When this is the case, the Kite, pouncing on it with the rapidity of a dart, seizes it in its talons, and carries it off to its nest. It is, however, a great coward, and if the hen flies at it, which she always does if she sees it, it will drop the chicken and fly off. It is larger than the common buzzard; and though it weighs somewhat less than three pounds, the extent of its wings is more than five feet. The head and neck are of a pale ash colour, varied with longitudinal lines across the shafts of the feathers; the back is reddish; the lesser rows of the wing feathers are party-coloured, of black, red, and white; the feathers covering the inside of the wings are red, with black spots in the middle. The eyes are large, the legs and feet yellow, the talons black. It is a handsome bird, and seems almost always on the wing. It rests itself on the air, and does not appear to make the smallest effort in flying, but rather to glide along with the gentlest breeze.

THE KIANG. (_Equus Hemionus_.)

THE Kiang, which is also called the Djiggetai, is a kind of wild ass, found in small herds on the great plains of Central Asia. It is a good deal larger than the common ass, and its fur is of a peculiar pale reddish chestnut tint, except on the legs and muzzle, which are nearly white. The ears are not so long as in the ass, and there is a black streak down the middle of the back.

THE APTERYX. (_Apteryx Australis_.)

THIS curious bird, which has the shortest wings of any member of its class, is found only in New Zealand, where it is called _Kivi-Kivi_ by

the natives, in imitation of its cry. It is smaller than any of the species of wingless birds just described, and its legs are short and stout; it has three strong front toes on each foot, and a short hinder toe armed with a very strong claw. The body of the Apteryx is something like that of the cassowary in its form; the neck is rather long, and, like the head, clothed with feathers; but the most singular part of the bird is its bill, which is long, rather slender, and slightly curved, and has the nostrils situated quite at its tip. This curious structure of the bill is intended to enable the bird more readily to obtain the worms and insects upon which it feeds, and which it drags out of their holes in the ground. It runs quickly, but only at night, and when in motion it might easily be mistaken for a small dusky-brown quadruped. The plumage resembles that of the emeu in its texture, and the skins are highly esteemed by the New Zealanders, who use them for making cloaks.

Among the many curious characteristics of this bird is its habit of leaning, when at rest, upon the tip of its long bill. When hunted it scrapes a hole in the sand with its powerful feet, in which it hides; or it runs into some natural cavity, if there is any near, where access is difficult for its pursuers, and often makes a valiant defence.

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KEEP YOUR SHAPE

By ROBERT SHECKLEY

*_Only a race as incredibly elastic as the Grom could have a
single rule of war:_*

* * * * *

Pid the Pilot slowed the ship almost to a standstill, and peered anxiously at the green planet below.

Even without instruments, there was no mistaking it. Third from its

sun, it was the only planet in this system capable of sustaining life. Peacefully it swam beneath its gauze of clouds.

It looked very innocent. And yet, twenty previous Grom expeditions had set out to prepare this planet for invasion--and vanished utterly, without a word.

Pid hesitated only a moment, before starting irrevocably down. There was no point in hovering and worrying. He and his two crewmen were as ready now as they would ever be. Their compact Displacers were stored in body pouches, inactive but ready.

Pid wanted to say something to his crew, but wasn't sure how to put it.

The crew waited. Ilg the Radioman had sent the final message to the Grom planet. Ger the Detector read sixteen dials at once, and reported, "No sign of alien activity." His body surfaces flowed carelessly.

* * * * *

Noticing the flow, Pid knew what to say to his crew. Ever since they had left Grom, shape-discipline had been disgustingly lax. The Invasion Chief had warned him; but still, he had to do something about it. It was his duty, since lower castes such as Radiomen and Detectors were notoriously prone to Shapelessness.

"A lot of hopes are resting on this expedition," he began slowly. "We're a long way from home now."

Ger the Detector nodded. Ilg the Radioman flowed out of his prescribed shape and molded himself comfortably to a wall.

"However," Pid said sternly, "distance is no excuse for promiscuous Shapelessness."

Ilg flowed hastily back into proper Radioman's shape.

"Exotic forms will undoubtedly be called for," Pid went on. "And for that we have a special dispensation. But remember--any shape not assumed strictly in the line of duty is a foul, lawless device of The Shapeless One!"

Ger's body surfaces abruptly stopped flowing.

"That's all," Pid said, and flowed into his controls. The ship started

down, so smoothly co-ordinated that Pid felt a glow of pride.

They were good workers, he decided. He just couldn't expect them to be as shape-conscious as a high-caste Pilot. Even the Invasion Chief had told him that.

"Pid," the Invasion Chief had said at their last interview, "we need this planet desperately."

"Yes, sir," Pid had said, standing at full attention, never quivering from Optimum Pilot's Shape.

"One of you," the Chief said heavily, "must get through and set up a Displacer near an atomic power source. The army will be standing by at this end, ready to step through."

"We'll do it, sir," Pid said.

"This expedition has to succeed," the Chief said, and his features blurred momentarily from sheer fatigue. "In strictest confidence, there's considerable unrest on Grom. The Miner caste is on strike, for instance. They want a new digging shape. Say the old one is inefficient."

[Illustration]

Pid looked properly indignant. The Mining Shape had been set down by the Ancients fifty thousand years ago, together with the rest of the basic shapes. And now these upstarts wanted to change it!

"That's not all," the Chief told him. "We've uncovered a new Cult of Shapelessness. Picked up almost eight thousand Grom, and I don't know how many more we missed."

Pid knew that Shapelessness was a lure of The Shapeless One, the greatest evil that the Grom mind could conceive of. But why, he wondered, did so many Grom fall for His lures?

* * * * *

The Chief guessed his question. "Pid," he said, "I suppose it's difficult for you to understand. Do you enjoy Piloting?"

"Yes, sir," Pid said simply. _Enjoy_ Piloting! It was his entire life! Without a ship, he was nothing.

"Not all Grom feel that way," the Chief said. "I don't understand it

either. All my ancestors have been Invasion Chiefs, back to the beginning of time. So of course I want to be an Invasion Chief. It's only natural, as well as lawful. But the lower castes don't feel that way." The Chief shook his body sadly. "I've told you this for a reason. We Grom need more room. This unrest is caused purely by crowding. All our psychologists say so. Another planet to expand into will cure everything. So we're counting on you, Pid."

"Yes, sir," Pid said, with a glow of pride.

The Chief rose to end the interview. Then he changed his mind and sat down again.

"You'll have to watch your crew," he said. "They're loyal, no doubt, but low-caste. And you know the lower castes."

Pid did indeed.

"Ger, your Detector, is suspected of harboring Alterationist tendencies. He was once fined for assuming a quasi-Hunter shape. Ilg has never had any definite charge brought against him. But I hear that he remains immobile for suspiciously long periods of time. Possibly, he fancies himself a Thinker."

"But, sir," Pid protested. "If they are even slightly tainted with Alterationism or Shapelessness, why send them on this expedition?"

The Chief hesitated before answering. "There are plenty of Grom I could trust," he said slowly. "But those two have certain qualities of resourcefulness and imagination that will be needed on this expedition." He sighed. "I really don't understand why those qualities are usually linked with Shapelessness."

"Yes, sir," Pid said.

"Just watch them."

"Yes, sir," Pid said again, and saluted, realizing that the interview was at an end. In his body pouch he felt the dormant Displacer, ready to transform the enemy's power source into a bridge across space for the Grom hordes.

"Good luck," the chief said. "I'm sure you'll need it."

* * * * *

The ship dropped silently toward the surface of the enemy planet. Ger

the Detector analyzed the clouds below, and fed data into the Camouflage Unit. The Unit went to work. Soon the ship looked, to all outward appearances, like a cirrus formation.

Pid allowed the ship to drift slowly toward the surface of the mystery planet. He was in Optimum Pilot's Shape now, the most efficient of the four shapes allotted to the Pilot caste. Blind, deaf and dumb, an extension of his controls, all his attention was directed toward matching the velocities of the high-flying clouds, staying among them, becoming a part of them.

Ger remained rigidly in one of the two shapes allotted to Detectors. He fed data into the Camouflage Unit, and the descending ship slowly altered into an alto-cumulus.

There was no sign of activity from the enemy planet.

Ilg located an atomic power source, and fed the data to Pid. The Pilot altered course. He had reached the lowest level of clouds, barely a mile above the surface of the planet. Now his ship looked like a fat, fleecy cumulus.

And still there was no sign of alarm. The unknown fate that had overtaken twenty previous expeditions still had not showed itself.

Dusk crept across the face of the planet as Pid maneuvered near the atomic power installation. He avoided the surrounding homes and hovered over a clump of woods.

Darkness fell, and the green planet's lone moon was veiled in clouds.

One cloud floated lower.

And landed.

"Quick, everyone out!" Pid shouted, detaching himself from the ship's controls. He assumed the Pilot's Shape best suited for running, and raced out the hatch. Ger and Ilg hurried after him. They stopped fifty yards from the ship, and waited.

Inside the ship a little-used circuit closed. There was a silent shudder, and the ship began to melt. Plastic dissolved, metal crumpled. Soon the ship was a great pile of junk, and still the process went on. Big fragments broke into smaller fragments, and split, and split again.

Pid felt suddenly helpless, watching his ship scuttle itself. He was

a Pilot, of the Pilot caste. His father had been a Pilot, and his father before him, stretching back to the hazy past when the Grom had first constructed ships. He had spent his entire childhood around ships, his entire manhood flying them.

Now, shipless, he was naked in an alien world.

* * * * *

In a few minutes there was only a mound of dust to show where the ship had been. The night wind scattered it through the forest. And then there was nothing at all.

They waited. Nothing happened. The wind sighed and the trees creaked. Squirrels chirped, and birds stirred in their nests. An acorn fell to the ground.

Pid heaved a sigh of relief and sat down. The twenty-first Grom expedition had landed safely.

There was nothing to be done until morning, so Pid began to make plans. They had landed as close to the atomic power installation as they dared. Now they would have to get closer. Somehow, one of them had to get very near the reactor room, in order to activate the Displacer.

Difficult. But Pid felt certain of success. After all, the Grom were strong on ingenuity.

Strong on ingenuity, he thought bitterly, but terribly short of radioactives. That was another reason why this expedition was so important. There was little radioactive fuel left, on any of the Grom worlds. Ages ago, the Grom had spent their store of radioactives in spreading throughout their neighboring worlds, occupying the ones that they could live on.

Now, colonization barely kept up with the mounting birthrate. New worlds were constantly needed.

This particular world, discovered in a scouting expedition, was needed. It suited the Grom perfectly. But it was too far away. They didn't have enough fuel to mount a conquering space fleet.

Luckily, there was another way. A better way.

Over the centuries, the Grom scientists had developed the Displacer. A triumph of Identity Engineering, the Displacer allowed mass to be

moved instantaneously between any two linked points.

One end was set up at Grom's sole atomic energy plant. The other end had to be placed in proximity to another atomic power source, and activated. Diverted power then flowed through both ends, was modified, and modified again.

Then, through the miracle of Identity Engineering, the Grom could _step_ through from planet to planet; or pour through in a great, overwhelming wave.

It was quite simple.

But twenty expeditions had failed to set up the Earth-end Displacer.

What had happened to them was not known.

For no Grom ship had ever returned to tell.

* * * * *

Before dawn they crept through the woods, taking on the coloration of the plants around them. Their Displacers pulsed feebly, sensing the nearness of atomic energy.

A tiny, four-legged creature darted in front of them. Instantly, Ger grew four legs and a long, streamlined body and gave chase.

"Ger! Come back here!" Pid howled at the Detector, throwing caution to the winds.

Ger overtook the animal and knocked it down. He tried to bite it, but he had neglected to grow teeth. The animal jumped free, and vanished into the underbrush. Ger thrust out a set of teeth and bunched his muscles for another leap.

"_Ger!_"

Reluctantly, the Detector turned away. He loped silently back to Pid.

"I was hungry," he said.

"You were not," Pid said sternly.

"Was," Ger mumbled, writhing with embarrassment.

Pid remembered what the Chief had told him. Ger certainly did have

Hunter tendencies. He would have to watch him more closely.

"We'll have no more of that," Pid said. "Remember--the lure of Exotic Shapes is not sanctioned. Be content with the shape you were born to."

Ger nodded, and melted back into the underbrush. They moved on.

At the extreme edge of the woods they could observe the atomic energy installation. Pid disguised himself as a clump of shrubbery, and Ger formed himself into an old log. Ilg, after a moment's thought, became a young oak.

The installation was in the form of a long, low building, surrounded by a metal fence. There was a gate, and guards in front of it.

The first job, Pid thought, was to get past that gate. He began to consider ways and means.

From the fragmentary reports of the survey parties, Pid knew that, in some ways, this race of Men were like the Grom. They had pets, as the Grom did, and homes and children, and a culture. The inhabitants were skilled mechanically, as were the Grom.

But there were terrific differences, also. The Men were of fixed and immutable form, like stones or trees. And to compensate, their planet boasted a fantastic array of species, types and kinds. This was completely unlike Grom, which had only eight distinct forms of animal life.

And evidently, the Men were skilled at detecting invaders, Pid thought. He wished he knew how the other expeditions had failed. It would make his job much easier.

* * * * *

A Man lurched past them on two incredibly stiff legs. Rigidity was evident in his every move. Without looking, he hurried past.

"I know," Ger said, after the creature had moved away. "I'll disguise myself as a Man, walk through the gate to the reactor room, and activate my Displacer."

"You can't speak their language," Pid pointed out.

"I won't speak at all. I'll ignore them. Look." Quickly Ger shaped himself into a Man.

"That's not bad," Pid said.

Ger tried a few practice steps, copying the bumpy walk of the Man.

"But I'm afraid it won't work," Pid said.

"It's perfectly logical," Ger pointed out.

"I know. Therefore the other expeditions must have tried it. And none of them came back."

There was no arguing that. Ger flowed back into the shape of a log.

"What, then?" he asked.

"Let me think," Pid said.

Another creature lurched past, on four legs instead of two. Pid recognized it as a Dog, a pet of Man. He watched it carefully.

The Dog ambled to the gate, head down, in no particular hurry. It walked through, unchallenged, and lay down in the grass.

"H'm," Pid said.

They watched. One of the Men walked past, and touched the Dog on the head. The Dog stuck out its tongue and rolled over on its side.

"I can do that," Ger said excitedly. He started to flow into the shape of a Dog.

"No, wait," Pid said. "We'll spend the rest of the day thinking it over. This is too important to rush into."

Ger subsided sulkily.

"Come on, let's move back," Pid said. He and Ger started into the woods. Then he remembered Ilg.

"Ilg?" he called softly.

There was no answer.

"Ilg!"

"What? Oh, yes," an oak tree said, and melted into a bush. "Sorry. What were you saying?"

"We're moving back," Pid said. "Were you, by any chance, Thinking?"

"Oh, no," Ilg assured him. "Just resting."

Pid let it go at that. There was too much else to worry about.

* * * * *

They discussed it for the rest of the day, hidden in the deepest part of the woods. The only alternatives seemed to be Man or Dog. A Tree couldn't walk past the gates, since that was not in the nature of trees. Nor could anything else, and escape notice.

Going as a Man seemed too risky. They decided that Ger would sally out in the morning as a Dog.

"Now get some sleep," Pid said.

Obediently his two crewmen flattened out, going immediately Shapeless. But Pid had a more difficult time.

Everything looked too easy. Why wasn't the atomic installation better guarded? Certainly the Men must have learned something from the expeditions they had captured in the past. Or had they killed them without asking any questions?

You couldn't tell what an alien would do.

Was that open gate a trap?

Wearily he flowed into a comfortable position on the lumpy ground. Then he pulled himself together hastily.

He had gone Shapeless!

Comfort was not in the line of duty, he reminded himself, and firmly took a Pilot's Shape.

But a Pilot's Shape wasn't constructed for sleeping on damp, bumpy ground. Pid spent a restless night, thinking of ships, and wishing he were flying one.

He awoke in the morning tired and ill-tempered. He nudged Ger.

"Let's get this over with," he said.

Ger flowed gaily to his feet.

"Come on, Ilg," Pid said angrily, looking around. "Wake up."

There was no reply.

"Ilg!" he called.

Still there was no reply.

"Help me look for him," Pid said to Ger. "He must be around here somewhere."

Together they tested every bush, tree, log and shrub in the vicinity. But none of them was Ilg.

Pid began to feel a cold panic run through him. What could have happened to the Radioman?

"Perhaps he decided to go through the gate on his own," Ger suggested. [original: Ilg suggested (n. of transcriber)]

Pid considered the possibility. It seemed unlikely. Ilg had never shown much initiative. He had always been content to follow orders.

They waited. But midday came, and there was still no sign of Ilg.

"We can't wait any longer," Pid said, and they started through the woods. Pid wondered if Ilg _had_ tried to get through the gates on his own. Those quiet types often concealed a foolhardy streak.

But there was nothing to show that Ilg had been successful. He would have to assume that the Radioman was dead, or captured by the Men.

That left two of them to activate a Displacer.

And he still didn't know what had happened to the other expeditions.

* * * * *

At the edge of the woods, Ger turned himself into a facsimile of a Dog. Pid inspected him carefully.

"A little less tail," he said.

Ger shortened his tail.

"More ears."

Ger lengthened his ears,

"Now even them up."

They became even.

Pid inspected the finished product. As far as he could tell, Ger was perfect, from the tip of his tail to his wet, black nose.

"Good luck," Pid said.

"Thanks." Cautiously Ger moved out of the woods, walking in the lurching style of Dogs and Men. At the gate the guard called to him. Pid held his breath.

Ger walked past the Man, ignoring him. The Man started to walk over. Ger broke into a run.

Pid shaped a pair of strong legs for himself, ready to dash if Ger was caught.

But the guard turned back to his gate. Ger stopped running immediately, and strolled quietly toward the main door of the building.

Pid dissolved his legs with a sigh of relief ... and then tensed again.

The main door was closed!

Pid hoped the Radioman wouldn't try to open it. That was not in the nature of Dogs.

As he watched, another Dog came running toward Ger. Ger backed away from him. The Dog approached and sniffed. Ger sniffed back.

Then both of them ran around the building.

That was clever, Pid thought. There was bound to be a door in the rear.

He glanced up at the afternoon sun. As soon as the Displacer was activated, the Grom armies would begin to pour through. By the time the Men recovered from the shock, a million or more Grom troops would be here, weapons and all. With more following.

The day passed slowly, and nothing happened.

Nervously Pid watched the front of the plant. It shouldn't be taking so long, if Ger were successful.

Late into the night he waited. Men walked in and out of the installation, and Dogs barked around the gates. But Ger did not appear.

Ger had failed. Ilg was gone. Only he was left.

And still he didn't know what had happened.

* * * * *

By morning, Pid was in complete despair. He knew that the twenty-first Grom expedition to this planet was near the point of complete failure. Now it was all up to him.

He saw that workers were arriving in great number, rushing through the gates. He decided to take advantage of the apparent confusion, and started to shape himself into a Man.

A Dog walked past the woods where he was hiding.

"Hello," the Dog said.

It was Ger!

"What happened?" Pid asked, with a sigh of relief. "Why were you so long? Couldn't you get in?"

"I don't know," Ger said, wagging his tail. "I didn't try."

Pid was speechless.

"I went hunting," Ger said complacently. "This form is ideal for Hunting, you know. I went out the rear gate with another Dog."

"But the expedition--your duty--"

"I changed my mind," Ger told him. "You know, Pilot, I never wanted to be a Detector."

"But you were born a Detector!"

"That's true," Ger said. "But it doesn't help. I always wanted to be a

Hunter."

Pid shook his entire body in annoyance. "You can't," he said, very slowly, as one would explain to a Gromling. "The Hunter shape is forbidden to you."

"Not here it isn't," Ger said, still wagging his tail.

"Let's have no more of this," Pid said angrily. "Get into that installation and set up your Displacer. I'll try to overlook this heresy."

"No," Ger said. "I don't want the Grom here. They'd ruin it for the rest of us."

"He's right," a nearby oak tree said.

"Ilg!" Pid gasped. "Where are you?"

* * * * *

Branches stirred. "I'm right here," Ilg said. "I've been Thinking."

"But--your caste--"

"Pilot," Ger said sadly, "why don't you wake up? Most of the people on Grom are miserable. Only custom makes us take the caste-shape of our ancestors."

"Pilot," Ilg said, "all Grom are born Shapeless!"

"And being born Shapeless, all Grom should have Freedom of Shape," Ger said.

"Exactly," Ilg said. "But he'll never understand. Now excuse me. I want to Think." And the oak tree was silent.

Pid laughed humorlessly. "The Men will kill you off," he said. "Just as they killed off all the other expeditions."

"No one from Grom has been killed," Ger told him. "The other expeditions are right here."

"Alive?"

"Certainly. The Men don't even know we exist. That Dog I was Hunting with is a Grom from the twelfth expedition. There are hundreds of us

here, Pilot. We like it."

Pid tried to absorb it all. He had always known that the lower castes were lax in caste-consciousness. But this was preposterous!

This planet's secret menace was--freedom!

"Join us, Pilot," Ger said. "We've got a paradise here. Do you know how many species there are on this planet? An uncountable number! There's a shape to suit every need!"

Pid ignored them. Traitors!

He'd do the job all by himself.

So Men were unaware of the presence of the Grom. Getting near the reactor might not be so difficult after all. The others had failed in their duty because they were of the lower castes, weak and irresponsible. Even the Pilots among them must have been secretly sympathetic to the Cult of Shapelessness the Chief had mentioned, or the alien planet could never have swayed them.

What shape to assume for his attempt?

Pid considered.

A Dog might be best. Evidently Dogs could wander pretty much where they wished. If something went wrong, Pid could change his shape to meet the occasion.

"The Supreme Council will take care of all of you," he snarled, and shaped himself into a small brown Dog. "I'm going to set up the Displacer myself."

He studied himself for a moment, bared his teeth at Ger, and loped toward the gate.

* * * * *

He loped for about ten feet and stopped in utter horror.

The smells rushed at him from all directions. Smells in a profusion and variety he had never dreamed existed. Smells that were harsh, sweet, sharp, heavy, mysterious, overpowering. Smells that terrified. Alien and repulsive and inescapable, the odors of Earth struck him like a blow.

He curled his lips and held his breath. He ran on for a few steps, and had to breathe again. He almost choked.

He tried to remold his Dog-nostrils to be less sensitive. It didn't work. It wouldn't, so long as he kept the Dog-shape. An attempt to modify his metabolism didn't work either.

All this in the space of two or three seconds. He was rooted in his tracks, fighting the smells, wondering what to do.

Then the noises hit him.

They were a constant and staggering roar, through which every tiniest whisper of sound stood out clearly and distinct. Sounds upon sounds--more noise than he had ever heard before at one time in his life. The woods behind him had suddenly become a mad-house.

Utterly confused, he lost control and became Shapeless.

He half-ran, half-flowed into a nearby bush. There he re-Shaped, obliterating the offending Dog ears and nostrils with vicious strokes of his thoughts.

The Dog-shape was out. Absolutely. Such appalling sharpness of senses might be fine for a Hunter such as Ger--he probably gloried in them. But another moment of such impressions would have driven Pid the Pilot mad.

What now? He lay in the bush and thought about it, while gradually his mind threw off the last effects of the dizzying sensory assault.

He looked at the gate. The Men standing there evidently hadn't noticed his fiasco. They were looking in another direction.

... a Man?

Well, it was worth a try.

* * * * *

Studying the Men at the gate, Pid carefully shaped himself into a facsimile--a synthesis, actually, embodying one characteristic of that, another of this.

He emerged from the side of the bush opposite the gate, on his hands and knees. He sniffed the air, noting that the smells the Man-nostrils picked up weren't unpleasant at all. In fact, some of them were

decidedly otherwise. It had just been the acuity of the Dog-nostrils, the number of smells they had detected and the near-brilliance with which they had done so, that had shocked him.

Also, the sounds weren't half so devastating. Only relatively close sounds stood out. All else was an undetailed whispering.

Evidently, Pid thought, it had been a long time since Men had been Hunters.

He tested his legs, standing up and taking a few clumsy steps. _Thud_ of foot on ground. Drag the other leg forward in a heavy arc. _Thud._ Rocking from side to side, he marched back and forth behind the bush. His arms flapped as he sought balance. His head wobbled on its neck, until he remembered to hold it up. Head up, eyes down, he missed seeing a small rock. His heel turned on it. He sat down, hard.

The ankle hurt. Pid curled his Man-lips and crawled back into the bush.

The Man-shape was too unspeakably clumsy. It was offensive to plod one step at a time. Body held rigidly upright. Arms wobbling. There had been a deluge of sense-impressions in the Dog-shape; there was dull, stiff, half-alive inadequacy to the Man-shape.

Besides, it was dangerous, now that Pid thought it over, as well as distasteful. He couldn't control it properly. It wouldn't look right. Someone might question him. There was too much about Men he didn't--couldn't--know. The planting of the Displacer was too important a thing for him to fumble again. Only luck had kept him from being seen during the sensory onslaught.

The Displacer in his body pouch pulsed and tugged, urging him to be on his way toward the distant reactor room.

Grimly, Pid let out the last breath he had taken with his Man-lungs, and dissolved the lungs.

What shape to take?

Again he studied the gate, the Men standing beside it, the building beyond in which was the all-important reactor.

A small shape was needed. A fast one. An unobtrusive one.

He lay and thought.

The bush rustled above him. A small brown shape had fluttered down to light on a twig. It hopped to another twig, twittering. Then it fluttered off in a flash, and was gone.

That, Pid thought, was it.

* * * * *

A Sparrow that was not a Sparrow rose from the bush a few moments later. An observer would have seen it circle the bush, diving, hedgehopping, even looping, as if practicing all maneuvers possible to Sparrows.

Pid tensed his shoulder muscles, inclined his wings. He slipped off to the right, approached the bush at what seemed breakneck speed, though he knew this was only because of his small size. At the last second he lifted his tail. Not quite quickly enough. He swooped up and over the top of the bush, but his legs brushed the top leaves, his beak went down, and he stumbled in air for a few feet back-forward.

He blinked beady eyes as if at a challenge. Back toward the bush at a fine clip, again up and over. This time cleanly.

He chose a tree. Zoomed into its network of branches, wove a web of flight, working his way around and around the trunk, over and under branches that flashed before him, through crotches with no more than a feather's-breath to spare.

At last he rested on a low branch, and found himself chirping in delight.

The tree extruded a feeler from the branch he sat on, and touched his wings and tail.

"Interesting," said the tree. "I'll have to try that shape some time."

Ilg.

"Traitor," hissed Pid, growing a mouth in his chest to hiss it, and then he did something that caused Ilg to exclaim in outrage.

Pid flew out of the woods. Over the underbrush and across the open space toward the gate.

This body would do the trick!

This body would do anything!

He rose, in a matter of a few Sparrow heartbeats, to an altitude of a hundred feet. From here the gate, the Men, the building were small, sharp shapes against a green-brown mat. Pid found that he could see not only with unaccustomed clarity, but with a range of vision that astonished him. To right and to left he could see far into the hazy blue of the sky, and the higher he rose the farther he could see.

He rose higher.

The Displacer pulsed, reminding him of the job he had to do.

* * * * *

He stiffened his wings and glided, regretfully putting aside his desires to experiment with this wonderful shape, at least for the present. After he planted the Displacer, he would go off by himself for a while and do it just a little more--somewhere where Ilg and Ger would not see him--before the Grom Army arrived and the invasion began.

He felt a tiny twinge of guilt, as he circled. It was Evil to want to keep this alien flying shape any longer than was absolutely necessary to the performance of his duty. It was a device of the Shapeless One--

But what had Ilg said? _All Grom are born Shapeless._ It was true. Grom children were amorphous, until old enough to be instructed in the caste-shape of their ancestors.

Maybe it wasn't _too_ great a sin to alter your Shape, then--just once in a long while. After all, one must be fully aware of the nature of Evil in order to meaningfully reject it.

He had fallen lower in circling. The Displacer pulse had strengthened. For some reason it irritated him. He drove higher on strong wings, circled again. Air rushed past him--a smooth, whispering flow, pierced by his beak, streaming invisibly past his sharp eyes, moving along his body in tiny turbulences that moved his feathers against his skin.

It occurred to him--or rather struck him with considerable force--that he was satisfying a longing of his Pilot Caste that went far deeper than Piloting.

He drove powerfully with his wings, felt tonus across his back, shot forward and up. He thought of the controls of his ship. He imagined flowing into them, becoming part of them, as he had so often done--and for the first time in his life the thought failed to excite him.

No machine could compare with this!

What he would give to have wings of his own!

... Get from my sight, Shapeless One!

The Displacer must be planted, activated. All Grom depended on him.

He eyed the building, far below. He would pass over it. The Displacer would tell him which window to enter--which window was so near the reactor that he could do his job before the Men even knew he was about.

He started to drop lower, and the Hawk struck.

* * * * *

It had been above him. His first inkling of danger was the sharp pain of talons in his back, and the stunning blow of a beak across his head.

Dazed, he let his back go Shapeless. His body-substance flowed from the grasp of the talons. He dropped a dozen feet and resumed Sparrow-shape, hearing an astonished squawk from the attacker.

He banked, and looked up. The Hawk was eyeing him.

Talons spread again. The sharp beak gaped. The Hawk swooped.

Pid had to fight as a Bird, naturally. He was four hundred feet above the ground.

So he became an impossibly deadly Bird.

He grew to twice the size of the Hawk. He grew a foot-long beak with a double razor's edge. He grew talons like six inch scimitars. His eyes gleamed a red challenge.

The Hawk broke flight, squalling in alarm. Frantically, tail down and widespread, it thundered its wings and came to a dead stop six feet from Pid.

Looking thoughtfully at Pid, it allowed itself to plummet. It fell a hundred feet, spread its wings, stretched its neck and flew off so hastily that its wings became blurs.

Pid saw no reason to pursue it.

Then, after a moment, he did.

He glided, keeping the Hawk in sight, thoughts racing, feeling the newness, the power, the wonder of Freedom of Shape.

Freedom....

He did not want to give it up.

The bird-shape was wondrous. He would experiment with it. Later, he might tire of it for a time and assume another--a crawling or running shape, or even a swimming one. The possibilities for excitement, for adventure, for fulfilment and simple sensual pleasure were endless!

Freedom of Shape was--obviously, now that you thought on it--the Grom birthright. And the caste-system was artificial--obviously. A device for political and priestly benefit--obviously.

Go away, Shapeless One ... this does not concern you.

He rose to a thousand feet, two thousand, three. The Displacer's pulse grew feebler and finally vanished.

At four thousand feet he released it and watched it spin downward, vanish into a cloud.

Then he set out after the Hawk, which was now only a dot on the horizon. He would find out how the Hawk had broken flight as it had--skidded on air--he wanted to do that too! There were so many things he wanted to learn about flying. In a week, he thought, he should be able to duplicate all the skill that millennia had evolved into Birds. Then his new life would really begin.

He became a torpedo-shape with huge wings, and sped after the Hawk.

PORTRAIT OF KING WILLIAM III

Project Gutenberg's *The \$30,000 Bequest and Other Stories*, by Mark Twain

I never can look at those periodical portraits in THE GALAXY magazine without feeling a wild, tempestuous ambition to be an artist. I have seen thousands and thousands of pictures in my time--acres of them here and leagues of them in the galleries of Europe--but never any that moved me as these portraits do.

There is a portrait of Monsignore Capel in the November number, now COULD anything be sweeter than that? And there was Bismarck's, in the October number; who can look at that without being purer and stronger and nobler for it? And Thurlow and Weed's picture in the September number; I would not have died without seeing that, no, not for anything this world can give. But look back still further and recall my own likeness as printed in the August number; if I had been in my grave a thousand years when that appeared, I would have got up and visited the artist.

I sleep with all these portraits under my pillow every night, so that I can go on studying them as soon as the day dawns in the morning. I know them all as thoroughly as if I had made them myself; I know every line and mark about them. Sometimes when company are present I shuffle the portraits all up together, and then pick them out one by one and call their names, without referring to the printing on the bottom. I seldom make a mistake--never, when I am calm.

I have had the portraits framed for a long time, waiting till my aunt gets everything ready for hanging them up in the parlor. But first one thing and then another interferes, and so the thing is delayed. Once she said they would have more of the peculiar kind of light they needed in the attic. The old simpleton! it is as dark as a tomb up there. But she does not know anything about art, and so she has no reverence for it. When I showed her my "Map of the Fortifications of Paris," she said it was rubbish.

Well, from nursing those portraits so long, I have come at last to have a perfect infatuation for art. I have a teacher now, and my enthusiasm continually and tumultuously grows, as I learn to use with more and more facility the pencil, brush, and graver. I am studying under De Mellville, the house and portrait painter. (His name was Smith when he lived in the West.) He does any kind of artist work a body wants, having a genius that is universal, like Michael Angelo. Resembles that great artist, in fact. The back of his head is like this, and he wears his hat-brim tilted down on his nose to expose it.

I have been studying under De Melville several months now. The first month I painted fences, and gave general satisfaction. The next month I white-washed a barn. The third, I was doing tin roofs; the fourth, common signs; the fifth, statuary to stand before cigar shops. This present month is only the sixth, and I am already in portraits!

The humble offering which accompanies these remarks (see figure)--the portrait of his Majesty William III., King of Prussia--is my fifth attempt in portraits, and my greatest success. It has received unbounded praise from all classes of the community, but that which gratifies me most is the frequent and cordial verdict that it resembles the GALAXY portraits. Those were my first love, my earliest admiration, the original source and incentive of my art-ambition. Whatever I am in Art today, I owe to these portraits. I ask no credit for myself--I deserve none. And I never take any, either. Many a stranger has come to my exhibition (for I have had my portrait of King William on exhibition at one dollar a ticket), and would have gone away blessing ME, if I had let him, but I never did. I always stated where I got the idea.

King William wears large bushy side-whiskers, and some critics have thought that this portrait would be more complete if they were added. But it was not possible. There was not room for side-whiskers and epaulets both, and so I let the whiskers go, and put in the epaulets, for the sake of style. That thing on his hat is an eagle. The Prussian eagle--it is a national emblem. When I say hat I mean helmet; but it seems impossible to make a picture of a helmet that a body can have confidence in.

I wish kind friends everywhere would aid me in my endeavor to attract a little attention to the GALAXY portraits. I feel persuaded it can be accomplished, if the course to be pursued be chosen with judgment. I write for that magazine all the time, and so do many abler men, and if I can get these portraits into universal favor, it is all I ask; the reading-matter will take care of itself.

COMMENDATIONS OF THE PORTRAIT

There is nothing like it in the Vatican. Pius IX.

It has none of that vagueness, that dreamy spirituality about it, which many of the first critics of Arkansas have objected to in the Murillo school of Art. Ruskin.

The expression is very interesting. J.W. Titian.

(Keeps a macaroni store in Venice, at the old family stand.)

It is the neatest thing in still life I have seen for years.

Rosa Bonheur.

The smile may be almost called unique. Bismarck.

I never saw such character portrayed in a picture face before. De
Mellville.

There is a benignant simplicity about the execution of this work which
warms the heart toward it as much, full as much, as it fascinates the
eye. Landseer.

One cannot see it without longing to contemplate the artist.

Frederick William.

Send me the entire edition--together with the plate and the original
portrait--and name your own price. And--would you like to come over
and stay awhile with Napoleon at Wilhelmshe? It shall not cost you a
cent. William III.

THE KITCHEN GODS

By Gulielma Fell Alsop

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Best Short Stories of 1919*, by Various

From The Century

The lilies bloomed that day. Out in the courtyard, in their fantastic green-dragon pots, one by one the tiny, ethereal petals opened. Dong-Yung went rapturously among them, stooping low to inhale their faint fragrance. The square courtyard, guarded on three sides by the wings of the house, facing the windowless blank wall on the fourth, was mottled with sunlight. Just this side of the wall a black shadow, as straight and opaque as the wall itself, banded the court with darkness; but on the hither side, where the lilies bloomed and Dong-Yung moved among them, lay glittering, yellow sunlight. The little box of a house where the gate-keeper lived made a bulge in the uniform blackness of the wall and its shadow. The two tall poles, with the upturned baskets, the devil-catchers, rose like flagstuffs from both sides of the door. A huge china griffon stood at the right of the gate. From beyond the wall came the sounds of early morning—the click of wooden sandals on cobbled streets and the panting cries of the coolies bringing in fresh vegetables or carrying back to the denuded land the refuse of the city. The gate-keeper was awake, brushing out his house with a broom of twigs. He was quite bald, and the top of his head was as tanned and brown as the legs of small summer children.

"Good morning, Honorable One," he called. "It is a good omen. The lilies have opened."

An amah, blue-trousered, blue-jacketed, blue-aproned, cluttered across the courtyard with two pails of steaming water.[Pg 4]

"Good morning, Honorable One. The water for the great wife is hot and heavy." She dropped her buckets, the water splashing over in runnels and puddles at her feet, and stooped to smell the lilies. "It is an auspicious day."

From the casement-window in the right balcony a voice called:

"Thou dunce! Here I am waiting already half the day. Quicker! quicker!"

It sounded elderly and querulous, a voice accustomed to be obeyed and to dominate. The great wife's face appeared a moment at the casement. Her eyes swept over the courtyard scene—over the blooming lilies, and Dong-Yung standing among them.

"Behold the small wife, cursed of the gods!" she cried in her high, shrill voice. "Not even a girl can she bear her master. May she eat bitterness all her days!"

The amah shouldered the steaming buckets and splashed across the bare boards of the ancestral hall beyond.

"The great wife is angry," murmured the gate-keeper. "Oh, Honorable One, shall I admit the flower-girl? She has fresh orchids."

Dong-Yung nodded. The flower-girl came slowly in under the guarded gateway. She was a country child, with brown cheeks and merry eyes. Her shallow basket was steadied by a ribbon over one shoulder, and caught between an arm and a swaying hip. In the flat, round basket, on green little leaves, lay the wired perfumed orchids.

"How many? It is an auspicious day. See, the lilies have bloomed. One for the hair and two for the buttonholes. They smell sweet as the breath of heaven itself."

Dong-Yung smiled as the flower-girl stuck one of the fragrant, fragile, green-striped orchids in her hair, and hung two others, caught on delicate loops of wire, on the jade studs of her jacket, buttoned on the right shoulder.

"Ah, you are beautiful-come-death!" said the flower-girl. "Great happiness be thine!"

"Even a small wife can be happy at times." Dong-Yung took out a little woven purse, and paid over two coppers apiece to the flower-girl.

At the gate the girl and the gate-keeper fell a-talking.[Pg 5]

"Is the morning rice ready?" called a man's voice from the room behind.

Dong-Yung turned quickly. Her whole face changed. It had been smiling and pleased before at the sight of the faint, white lily-petals and the sunlight on her feet and the fragrance of the orchids in her hair; but now it was lit with an inner radiance.

"My beloved Master!" Dong-Yung made a little instinctive gesture toward the approaching man, which in a second was caught and curbed by Chinese etiquette. Dressed, as she was, in pale-gray satin trousers, loose, and banded at the knee with wide blue stripes, and with a soft jacket to match, she was as beautiful in the eyes of the approaching man as the newly opened lilies. What he was in her eyes it would be hard for any modern woman to grasp: that rapture of adoration, that bliss of worship, has lingered only in rare hearts and rarer spots on the earth's surface.

Foh-Kyung came out slowly through the ancestral hall. The sunlight edged it like a bright border. The doors were wide open, and Dong-Yung saw the decorous rows of square chairs and square tables set rhythmically along the walls, and the covered dais at the head for the guest of honor. Long crimson scrolls, sprawled with gold ideographs, hung from ceiling to floor. A rosewood cabinet, filled with vases, peach bloom, imperial yellow, and turquoise blue, gleamed like a lighted lamp in the shadowy morning light of the room.

Foh-Kyung stooped to smell the lilies.

"They perfume the very air we breathe. Little Jewel, I love our old Chinese ways. I love the custom of the lily-planting and the day the lilies bloom. I love to think the gods smell them in heaven, and are gracious to mortals for their fragrance's sake."

"I am so happy!" Dong-Yung said, poking the toe of her slipper in and out the sunlight. She looked up at the man before her, and saw he was tall and slim and as subtle-featured as the cross-legged bronze

Buddha himself. His long, thin hands were hid, crossed and slipped along the wrists within the loose apricot satin sleeves of his brocaded garment. His feet, in their black satin slippers[Pg 6] and tight-fitting white muslin socks, were austere and aristocratic. Dong-Yung, when he was absent, loved best to think of him thus, with his hands hidden and his eyes smiling.

"The willow-leaves will bud soon," answered Dong-Yung, glancing over her shoulder at the tapering, yellowing twigs of the ancient tree.

"And the beech-blossoms," continued Foh-Kyung. "'The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof.'"

"The foreign devil's wisdom," answered Dong-Yung.

"It is greater than ours, Dong-Yung; greater and lovelier. To-day, to-day, I will go to their hall of ceremonial worship and say to their holy priest that I think and believe the Jesus way."

"Oh, most-beloved Master, is it also permitted to women, to a small wife, to believe the Jesus way?"

"I will believe for thee, too, little Lotus Flower in the Pond."

"Tell me, O Teacher of Knowledge tell me that in my heart and in my mind I may follow a little way whither thou goest in thy heart and in thy mind!"

Foh-Kyung moved out of the shadow of the ancestral hall and stood in the warm sunlight beside Dong-Yung, his small wife. His hands were still withheld and hidden, clasping his wrists within the wide, loose apricot sleeves of his gown, but his eyes looked as if they touched her. Dong-Yung hid her happiness even as the flowers hide theirs, within silent, incurving petals.

"The water is cold as the chill of death. Go, bring me hot water water hot enough to scald an egg."

Foh-Kyung and Dong-Yung turned to the casement in the upper right-hand wing and listened apprehensively. The quick chatter of angry voices rushed out into the sunlight.

"The honorable great wife is very cross this morning." Dong-Yung shivered and turned back to the lilies. "To-day perhaps she will beat me again. Would that at least I had borne my lord a young prince for a son; then perhaps "

"Go not near her, little Jewel. Stay in thine own rooms. Nay, I have sons a-plenty. Do not regret the[Pg 7] childlessness. I would not have your body go down one foot into the grave for a child. I love thee for thyself."

"Now my lord speaks truly, as do the foreign devils to the shameless, open-faced women. I like the ways of the outside kingdom well. Tell me more of them, my Master."

Foh-Kyung moved his hands as if he would have withdrawn them from his apricot-colored sleeves. Dong-Yung saw the withheld motion, and swayed nearer. For a moment Dong-Yung saw the look in his eyes that engulfed her in happiness; then it was gone, and he looked away past her, across the opening lily-buds and the black rampart of the wall, at something distant, yet precious. Foh-Kyung

moved closer. His face changed. His eyes held that hidden rapture that only Dong-Yung and the foreign-born priest had seen.

"Little Jewel, wilt thou go with me to the priest of the foreign-born faith? Come!" He withdrew his hand from his sleeve and touched Dong-Yung on the shoulder. "Come, we will go hand in hand, thou and I, even as the men and women of the Jesus thinking; not as Chinese, I before, and thou six paces behind. Their God loves men and women alike."

"Is it permitted to a small wife to worship the foreign-born God?" Dong-Yung lifted her eyes to the face of Foh-Kyung. "Teach me, O my Lord Master! My understanding is but young and fearful "

Foh-Kyung moved into the sunlight beside her.

"Their God loves all the world. Their God is different, little Flower, from the painted images, full of blessings, not curses. He loves even little girl babies that mothers would throw away. Truly his heart is still more loving than the heart of a mother."

"And yet I am fearful " Dong-Yung looked back into the shadows of the guest-hall, where the ancestral tablets glowed upon the wall, and crimson tapers stood ready before them. "Our gods I have touched and handled."

"Nay, in the Jesus way there is no fear left." Foh-Kyung's voice dropped lower. Its sound filled Dong-Yung with longing. "When the wind screams in the chimneys at night, it is but the wind, not evil spirits.[Pg 8] When the summer breeze blows in at the open door, we need not bar it. It is but the summer breeze from the rice-fields, uninhabited by witch-ghosts. When we eat our morning rice, we are compelled to make no offering to the kitchen gods in the stove corner. They cannot curse our food. Ah, in the Jesus way there is no more fear!"

Dong-Yung drew away from her lord and master and looked at him anxiously. He was not seeing her at all. His eyes looked beyond, across the fragile lily-petals, through the solid black wall, at a vision he saw in the world. Dong-Yung bent her head to sniff the familiar sweet springtime orchid hanging from the jade stud on her shoulder.

"Your words are words of good hearing, O beloved Teacher. Nevertheless, let me follow six paces behind. I am not worthy to touch your hand. Six paces behind, when the sun shines in your face, my feet walk in the shadow of your garments."

Foh-Kyung gathered his gaze back from his visions and looked at his small wife, standing in a pool of sunshine before him. Overhead the lazy crows flew by, winging out from their city roosts to the rice-fields for the day's food.

"Tea-boiled eggs!" cried a vender from beyond the wall. A man stopped at the gate, put down his shoulder-tray of food, and bargained with the ancient, mahogany-scalped gate-keeper. Faint odors of food frying in oil stole out from the depths of the house behind him. And Dong-Yung, very quiet and passive in the pose of her body, gazed up at Foh-Kyung with those strange, secretive, ardent eyes. All around him was China, its very essence and sound and smell. Dong-Yung was a part of it all; nay, she was even the very heart of it, swaying there in the yellow light among the lily-petals.

"Precious Jewel! Yet it is sweeter to walk side by side, our feet stepping out into the sunlight together, and our shadows mingling behind. I want you beside me."

The last words rang with sudden warmth. Dong-Yung trembled and crimsoned. It was not seemly that a man speak to a woman thus, even though that man was a [Pg 9]husband and the woman his wife, not even though the words were said in an open court, where the eyes of the great wife might spy and listen. And yet Dong-Yung thrilled to those words.

An amah called, "The morning rice is ready."

Dong-Yung hurried into the open room, where the light was still faint, filtering in through a high-silled window and the door. A round, brown table stood in the center of the room. In the corner of the room behind stood the crescentic, white plaster stove, with its dull wooden kettle-lids and its crackling straw. Two cooks, country women, sat in the hidden corner behind the stove, and poked in the great bales of straw and gossiped. Their voices and the answers of the serving amah filled the kitchen with noise. In their decorous niche at the upper right hand of the stove sat the two kitchen gods, small ancient idols, with hidden hands and crossed feet, gazing out upon a continually hungry world. Since time was they had sat there, ensconced at the very root of life, seemingly placid and unseeing and unhearing, yet venomously watching to be placated with food. Opposite the stove, on the white wall, hung a row of brass hooks, from which dangled porcelain spoons with pierced handles. On a serving-table stood the piled bowls for the day, blue-and-white rice patterns, of a thin, translucent ware, showing the delicate light through the rice seeds; red-and-green dragoned bowls for the puddings; and tiny saucer-like platters for the vegetables. The tea-cups, saucered and lidded, but unhandled, stood in a row before the polished brass hot-water kettle.

The whole room was full of a stirring, wakening life, of the crackling straw fire, of the steaming rice, all white and separate-kerneled in its great, shallow, black iron kettles, lidded with those heavy hand-made wooden lids, while the boiling tea water hissed, and spat out a snake of white steam.

With that curious democracy of China, where high and low alike are friendly, Dong-Yung hurried into her beloved kitchen.

"Has the master come?" asked the serving maid.

"Coming, coming," Dong-Yung answered. "I myself[Pg 10] will take in his morning rice, after I have offered the morning oblations to the gods."

Dong-Yung selected two of the daintiest blue-and-white rice-pattern bowls. The cook lifted off the wooden lid of the rice-kettle, and Dong-Yung scooped up a dipperful of the snow-white kernels. On the tiny shelf before each god, the father and mother god of the household, Dong-Yung placed her offering. She stood off a moment, surveying them in pleased satisfaction the round, blue bowls, with the faint tracery of light; the complacent gods above, red and green and crimson, so age-long, comfortably ensconced in their warm stove corner. She made swift obeisance with her hands and body before those ancient idols. A slant of sunshine swept in from the high windows and fell over her in a shaft of light. The thoughts of her heart were all warm and mixed and confused. She was happy. She loved her kitchen, her gods, all the familiar ways of Chinese life. She loved her silken, satin clothes,

perfumed and embroidered and orchid-crowned, yet most of all she loved her lord and master. Perhaps it was this love for him that made all the rest of life so precious, that made each bowl of white rice an oblation, each daily act a glorification. So she flung out her arms and bent her head before the kitchen gods, the symbol of her ancient happiness.

"Dong-Yung, I do not wish you to do this any more."

Dong-Yung turned, her obeisance half arrested in mid-air. Foh-Kyung stood in the doorway.

"My lord," stammered Dong-Yung, "I did not understand your meaning."

"I know that, little Flower in my House. The new meaning is hard to understand. I, too, am but a blind child unused to the touch of the road. But the kitchen gods matter no more; we pray to a spirit."

Foh-Kyung, in his long apricot-colored garment, crossed the threshold of the kitchen, crossed the shadow and sunlight that striped the bare board floor, and stood before the kitchen gods. His eyes were on a level with theirs, strange, painted wooden eyes that stared forth inscrutably into the eating centuries. Dong-Yung stood half bowed, breathless with a quick, cold fear. The cook, one hand holding a shiny brown dipper, the other a porcelain dish, stood motionless at the wooden table under the window. From behind the stove peeped the frightened face of one of the fire-tenders. The whole room was turned to stone, motionless, expectant, awaiting the releasing moment of arousal all, that is, but the creeping sunshine, sliding nearer and nearer the crossed feet of the kitchen gods; and the hissing steam fire, warming, coddling the hearts of the gods. Sun at their feet, fire at their hearts, food before them, and mortals turned to stone!

Foh-Kyung laughed softly, standing there, eye-level with the kitchen gods. He stretched out his two hands, and caught a god in each. A shudder ran through the motionless room.

"It is wickedness!" The porcelain dish fell from the hand of the cook, and a thousand rice-kernels, like scattered pearls, ran over the floor.

"A blasphemer," the fire-tender whispered, peering around the stove with terrified eyes. "This household will bite off great bitterness."

Foh-Kyung walked around the corner of the stove. The fire sparked and hissed. The sunshine filled the empty niche. Not since the building of the house and the planting of the tall black cypress trees around it, a hundred years ago, had the sunlight touched the wall behind the kitchen gods.

Dong-Yung sprang into life. She caught Foh-Kyung's sleeve.

"O my Lord and Master, I pray you, do not utterly cast them away into the burning, fiery furnace! I fear some evil will befall us."

Foh-Kyung, a green-and-gold god in each hand, stopped and turned. His eyes smiled at Dong-Yung. She was so little and so precious and so afraid! Dong-Yung saw the look of relenting. She held his sleeve the tighter.

"Light of my Eyes, do good deeds to me. My faith is but a little faith. How could it be great unto thy great faith? Be gentle with my kitchen gods. Do not utterly destroy them. I will hide them."

Foh-Kyung smiled yet more, and gave the plaster gods into her hands as one would give a toy to a child.[Pg 12]

"They are thine. Do with them as thou wilt, but no more set them up in this stove corner and offer them morning rice. They are but painted, plastered gods. I worship the spirit above."

Foh-Kyung sat down at the men's table in the men's room beyond. An amah brought him rice and tea. Other men of the household there was none, and he ate his meal alone. From the women's room across the court came a shrill round of voices. The voice of the great wife was loudest and shrillest. The voices of the children, his sons and daughters, rose and fell with clear childish insistence among the older voices. The amah's voice laughed with an equal gaiety.

Dong-Yung hid away the plastered green-and-gold gods. Her heart was filled with a delicious fear. Her lord was even master of the gods. He picked them up in his two hands, he carried them about as carelessly as a man carries a boy child astride his shoulder; he would even have cast them into the fire! Truly, she shivered with delight. Nevertheless, she was glad she had hidden them safely away. In the corner of the kitchen stood a box of white pigskin with beaten brass clasps made like the outspread wings of a butterfly. Underneath the piles of satin she had hidden them, and the key to the butterfly clasps was safe in her belt-jacket.

Dong-Yung stood in the kitchen door and watched Foh-Kyung.

"Does my lord wish for anything?"

Foh-Kyung turned, and saw her standing there in the doorway. Behind her were the white stove and the sun-filled, empty niche. The light flooded through the doorway. Foh-Kyung set down his rice-bowl from his left hand and his ivory chop-sticks from his right. He stood before her.

"Truly, Dong-Yung, I want thee. Do not go away and leave me. Do not cross to the eating-room of the women and children. Eat with me."

"It has not been heard of in the Middle Kingdom for a woman to eat with a man."

"Nevertheless, it shall be. Come!"

Dong-Yung entered slowly. The light in this dim room[Pg 13] was all gathered upon the person of Foh-Kyung, in the gleaming patterned roses of his gown, in his deep amethyst ring, in his eyes. Dong-Yung came because of his eyes. She crossed the room slowly, swaying with that peculiar grace of small-footed women, till she stood at the table beside Foh-Kyung. She was now even more afraid than when he would have cast the kitchen gods into the fire. They were but gods, kitchen gods, that he was about to break; this was the primeval bondage of the land, ancient custom.

"Give me thy hand and look up with thine eyes and thy heart."

Dong-Yung touched his hand. Foh-Kyung looked up as if he saw into the ether beyond, and there saw a spirit vision of ineffable radiance. But Dong-Yung watched him. She saw him transfigured with an inner light. His eyes moved in prayer. The exaltation spread out from him to her, it tingled through their finger-tips, it covered her from head to foot.

Foh-Kyung dropped her hand and moved. Dong-Yung leaned nearer.

"I, too, would believe the Jesus way."

In the peculiar quiet of mid-afternoon, when the shadows begin to creep down from the eaves of the pagodas and zigzag across the rice-fields to bed, Foh-Kyung and Dong-Yung arrived at the camp-ground of the foreigners. The lazy native streets were still dull with the end of labor. At the gate of the camp-ground the rickshaw coolies tipped down the bamboo shafts, to the ground. Dong-Yung stepped out quickly, and looked at her lord and master. He smiled.

"Nay, I do not fear," Dong-Yung answered, with her eyes on his face. "Yet this place is strange, and lays a coldness around my heart."

"Regard not their awkward ways," said Foh-Kyung as he turned in at the gate; "in their hearts they have the secret of life."

The gate-keeper bowed, and slipped the coin, warm from Foh-Kyung's hand, into his ready pocket.

"Walk beside me, little Wife of my Heart." Foh-Kyung stopped in the wide graveled road and waited for [Pg 14] Dong-Yung. Standing there in the sunlight, more vivid yet than the light itself, in his imperial yellow robes, he was the end of life, nay, life itself, to Dong-Yung. "We go to the house of the foreign priest to seek until we find the foreign God. Let us go side by side."

Dong-Yung, stepping with slow, small-footed grace, walked beside him.

"My understanding is as the understanding of a little child, beloved Teacher; but my heart lies like a shell in thy hand, its words but as the echo of thine. My honor is great that thou do not forget me in the magnitude of the search."

Dong-Yung's pleated satin skirts swayed to and fro against the imperial yellow of Foh-Kyung's robe. Her face colored like a pale spring blossom, looked strangely ethereal above her brocade jacket. Her heart still beat thickly, half with fear and half with the secret rapture of their quest and her lord's desire for her.

Foh-Kyung took a silken and ivory fan from an inner pocket and spread it in the air. Dong-Yung knew the fan well. It came from a famous jeweler's on Nanking Road, and had been designed by an old court poet of long ago. The tiny ivory spokes were fretted like ivy-twigs in the North, but on the leaves of silk was painted a love-story of the South. There was a tea-house, with a maiden playing a lute, and the words of the song, fantastic black ideographs, floated off to the ears of her lover. Foh-Kyung spread out its leaves in the sun, and looked at it and smiled.

"Never is the heart of man satisfied," he said, "alone. Neither when the willow fuzz flies in the spring,

or when the midnight snow silvers the palms. Least of all is it satisfied when it seeks the presence of God above. I want thee beside me."

Dong-Yung hid her delight. Already for the third time he said those words those words that changed all the world from one of a loving following-after to a marvelous oneness.

So they stepped across the lawn together. It was to Dong-Yung as if she stepped into an unknown land. She walked on flat green grass. Flowers in stiff and ordered[Pg 15] rows went sedately round and round beneath a lurid red brick wall. A strange, square-cornered, flat-topped house squatted in the midst of the flat green grass. On the lawn at one side was a white-covered table, with a man and a woman sitting beside it. The four corners of the table-cloth dripped downward to the flat green grass. It was all very strange and ugly. Perhaps it was a garden, but no one would have guessed it. Dong-Yung longed to put each flower plant in a dragon bowl by itself and place it where the sun caught its petals one by one as the hours flew by. She longed for a narrow, tile-edged path to guide her feet through all that flat green expanse. A little shiver ran over her. She looked back, down the wide graveled way, through the gate, where the gate-keeper sat, tipped back against the wall on his stool, to the shop of the money-changer's opposite. A boy leaned half across the polished wood counter and shook his fist in the face of the money-changer. "Thou thief!" he cried. "Give me my two cash!" Dong-Yung was reassured. Around her lay all the dear familiar things; at her side walked her lord and master. And he had said they were seeking a new freedom, a God of love. Her thoughts stirred at her heart and caught her breath away.

The foreigners rose to greet them. Dong-Yung touched the hand of an alien man. She did not like it at all. The foreign-born woman made her sit down beside her, and offered her bitter, strong tea in delicate, lidless cups, with handles bent like a twisted flower-branch.

"I have been meaning to call for a long time, Mrs. Li," said the foreign-born woman.

"The great wife will receive thee with much honor," Dong-Yung answered.

"I am so glad you came with your husband."

"Yes," Dong-Yung answered, with a little smile. "The customs of the foreign born are pleasant to our eyes."

"I am glad you like them," said the foreign-born woman. "I couldn't bear not to go everywhere with my husband."

Dong-Yung liked her suddenly on account of the look that sprang up a moment in her eyes and vanished again. She looked across at the priest, her husband, a man in[Pg 16] black, with thin lips and seeing eyes. The eyes of the foreign woman, looking at the priest, her husband, showed how much she loved him. "She loves him even as a small wife loves," Dong-Yung thought to herself. Dong-Yung watched the two men, the one in imperial yellow, the one in black, sitting beside each other and talking. Dong-Yung knew they were talking of the search. The foreign-born woman was speaking to her again.

"The doctor told me I would die if I came to China; but John felt he had a call. I would not stand in his

way."

The woman's face was illumined.

"And now you are very happy?" Dong-Yung announced.

"And now I am very happy; just as you will be very happy."

"I am always happy since my lord took me for his small wife." Dong-Yung matched her happiness with the happiness of the foreign-born woman, proudly, with assurance. In her heart she knew no woman, born to eat bitterness, had ever been so happy as she in all the worlds beneath the heavens. She looked around her, beyond the failure of the foreign woman's garden, at the piled, peaked roofs of China looking over the wall. The fragrance of a blossoming plum-tree stole across from a Chinese courtyard, and a peach-branch waved pink in the air. A wonder of contentment filled Dong-Yung.

All the while Foh-Kyung was talking. Dong-Yung turned back from all the greenness around her to listen. He sat very still, with his hands hid in his sleeves. The wave-ridged hem of his robe blue and green and purple and red and yellow was spread out decorously above his feet. Dong-Yung looked and looked at him, so still and motionless and so gorgeously arrayed. She looked from his feet, long, slim, in black satin slippers, and close-fitting white muslin socks, to the feet of the foreign priest. His feet were huge, ugly black things. From his feet Dong-Yung's eyes crept up to his face, over his priestly black clothes, rimmed with stiff white at wrist and throat. Yes, his face was even as the face of a priest, of one who serves between the gods and men, a face of seeing eyes and a rigid mouth. Dong-Yung shuddered.[Pg 17]

"And so we have come, even as the foreign-born God tells us, a man and his wife, to believe the Jesus way."

Foh-Kyung spoke in a low voice, but his face smiled. Dong-Yung smiled, too, at his open, triumphant declarations. She said over his words to herself, under her breath, so that she would remember them surely when she wanted to call them back to whisper to her heart in the dark of some night. "We two, a man and his wife" only dimly, with the heart of a little child, did Dong-Yung understand and follow Foh-Kyung; but the throb of her heart answered the hidden light in his eyes.

The foreign-born priest stood up. The same light shone in his eyes. It was a rapture, an exaltation. Suddenly an unheard-of-thing happened. The outside kingdom woman put her arms around Dong-Yung! Dong-Yung was terrified. She was held tight against the other woman's shoulder. The foreign-born woman used a strange perfume. Dong-Yung only half heard her whispered words.

"We are like that, too. We could not be separated. Oh, you will be happy!"

Dong-Yung thought of the other woman. "In her heart she is humble and seemly. It is only her speech and her ways that are unfitting."

"We are going into the chapel a moment," said the priest. "Will you come, too?"

Dong-Yung looked at Foh-Kyung, a swift upward glance, like the sudden sweep of wings. She read his

answer in his eyes. He wanted her to come. Not even in the temple of the foreign-born God did he wish to be without her.

A coolie called the foreign-born woman away.

The priest, in his tight trousers, and jacket, black and covered with a multitude of round flat buttons, stood up, and led the way into the house and down a long corridor to a closed door at the end. Dong-Yung hurried behind the two men. At the door the priest stood aside and held it open for her to pass in first. She hesitated. Foh-Kyung nodded.

"Do not think fearful things, little Princess," he whispered. "Enter, and be not afraid. There is no fear in the worship of Jesus." [Pg 18]

So Dong-Yung crossed the threshold first. Something caught her breath away, just as the chanting of the dragon priests always did. She took a few steps forward and stood behind a low-backed bench. Before her, the light streamed into the little chapel through one luminous window of colored glass above the altar. It lay all over the gray-tiled floor in roses and sunflowers of pink and gold. A deep purple stripe fell across the head of the black-robed priest. Dong-Yung was glad of that. It made his robe less hideous, and she could not understand how one could serve a god unless in beautiful robes. On the altar beneath the window of colored flowers were two tall silver candlesticks, with smooth white tapers. A wide-mouthed vase filled with Chinese lilies stood between them. The whole chapel was faintly fragrant with their incense. So even the foreign-born worshipers lit candles, and offered the scent of the lilies to their spirit God. Truly, all the gods of all the earth and in the sky are lovers of lit candles and flowers. Also, one prays to all gods.

The place was very quiet and peaceful, mottled with the gorgeous, flowerlike splashes of color. The waiting candles, the echoes of many prayers, the blossoms of worship filled the tiny chapel. Dong-Yung liked it, despite herself, despite the strangeness of the imageless altar, despite the clothes of the priest. She stood quite still behind the bench flooded and filled with an all-pervading sense of happiness.

Foh-Kyung and the black-robed priest walked past her, down the little aisle, to a shiny brass railing that went like a fence round before the altar. The foreign-born priest laid one hand on the railing as if to kneel down, but Foh-Kyung turned and beckoned with his chin to Dong-Yung to come. She obeyed at once. She was surprisingly unafraid. Her feet walked through the patterns of color, which slid over her head and hands, gold from the gold of a cross and purple from the robe of a king. As if stepping through a rainbow, she came slowly down the aisle to the waiting men, and in her heart and in her eyes lay the light of all love and trust.

Foh-Kyung caught her hand.

"See, I take her hand," he said to the priest, "even as [Pg 19] you would take the hand of your wife, proud and unashamed in the presence of your God. Even as your love is, so shall ours be. Where the thoughts of my heart lead, the heart of my small wife follows. Give us your blessing."

Foh-Kyung drew Dong-Yung to her knees beside him. His face was hidden, after the manner of the foreign worshipers; but hers was uplifted, her eyes gazing at the glass with the colors of many flowers

and the shapes of men and angels. She was happier than she had ever been – happier even than when she had first worshiped the ancestral tablets with her lord and master, happier even than at the feast of the dead, when they laid their food offerings on the shaven grave-mounds. She felt closer to Foh-Kyung than in all her life before.

She waited. The silence grew and grew till in the heart of it something ominous took the place of its all-pervading peace. Foh-Kyung lifted his face from his hands and rose to his feet. Dong-Yung turned, still kneeling, to scan his eyes. The black-robed priest stood off and looked at them with horror. Surely it was horror! Never had Dong-Yung really liked him. Slowly she rose, and stood beside and a little behind Foh-Kyung. He had not blessed them. Faintly, from beyond the walls of the Christian chapel came the beating of drums. Devil-drums they were. Dong-Yung half smiled at the long-known familiar sound.

"Your small wife?" said the priest. "Have you another wife?"

"Assuredly," Foh-Kyung answered. "All men have a great wife first; but this, my small wife, is the wife of my heart. Together we have come to seek and find the Jesus way."

The priest wiped his hand across his face. Dong-Yung saw that it was wet with tiny round balls of sweat. His mouth had suddenly become one thin red line, but in his eyes lay pain.

"Impossible," he said. His voice was quite different now, and sounded like bits of metal falling on stone. "No man can enter the church while living in sin with a woman other than his lawful wife. If your desire is real, put her away." [Pg 20]

With instant response, Foh-Kyung made a stately bow.

"Alas! I have made a grievous mistake. The responsibility will be on my body. I thought all were welcome. We go. Later on, perhaps, we may meet again."

The priest spoke hurriedly.

"I do not understand your meaning. Is this belief of such light weight that you will toss it away for a sinful woman? Put her away, and come and believe."

But Foh-Kyung did not hear his words. As he turned away, Dong-Yung followed close behind her lord and master, only half comprehending, yet filled with a great fear. They went out again into the sunshine, out across the flat green grass, under the iron gateway, back into the Land of the Flowery Kingdom. Foh-Kyung did not speak until he put Dong-Yung in the rickshaw.

"Little Wife of my Heart," he said, "stop at the jeweler's and buy thee new ear-rings, these ear-rings of the sky-blue stone and sea-tears, and have thy hair dressed and thy gowns perfumed, and place the two red circles on the smile of thy cheeks. To-night we will feast. Hast thou forgotten to-night is the Feast of the Lanterns, when all good Buddhists rejoice?"

He stood beside her rickshaw, in his imperial yellow garment hemmed with the rainbow waves of the sea, and smiled down into her eyes.

"But the spirit God of love, the foreign-born spirit God?" said Dong-Yung. "Shall we feast to him, too?"

"Nay, it is not fitting to feast to two gods at once," said Foh-Kyung. "Do as I have said."

He left her. Dong-Yung, riding through the sun-splashed afternoon, buying colored jewels and flowery perfume and making herself beautiful, yet felt uneasy. She had not quite understood. A dim knowledge advanced toward her like a wall of fog. She pressed her two hands against it and held it off held it off by sheer mental refusal to understand. In the courtyard at home the children were playing with their lighted animals, drawing their gaudy paper ducks, luminous with candle-light, to and fro on little standards set on four wheels. At the gate hung a tall red-and-white lantern, and over the roof floated a string of candle-lit balloons. In the ancestral[Pg 21] hall the great wife had lit the red candles, speared on their slender spikes, before the tablets. In the kitchen the cooks and amahs were busy with the feast-cooking. Candles were stuck everywhere on the tables and benches. They threw little pools of light on the floor before the stove and looked at the empty niche. In the night it was merely a black hole in the stove filled with formless shadow. She wished

"Dong-Yung, Flower in the House, where hast thou hidden the kitchen gods? Put them in their place." Foh-Kyung, still in imperial yellow, stood like a sun in the doorway.

Dong-Yung turned.

"But "

"Put them back, little Jewel in the Hair. It is not permitted to worship the spirit God. There are bars and gates. The spirit of man must turn back in the searching, turn back to the images of plaster and paint."

Dong-Yung let the wall of fog slide over her. She dropped her resistance. She knew.

"Nay, not the spirit of man. It is but natural that the great God does not wish the importunings of a small wife. Worship thou alone the great God, and the shadow of that worship will fall on my heart."

"Nay, I cannot worship alone. My worship is not acceptable in the sight of the foreign God. My ways are not his ways."

Foh-Kyung's face was unlined and calm, yet Dong-Yung felt the hidden agony of his soul, flung back from its quest upon gods of plaster and paint.

"But I know the thoughts of thy heart, O Lord and Master, white and fragrant as the lily-buds that opened to-day. Has thy wish changed?"

"Nay, my wish is even the same, but it is not permitted to a man of two wives to be a follower of the spirit God."

Dong-Yung had known it all along. This knowledge came with no surprise. It was she who kept him

from the path of his desire!

"Put back the kitchen gods," said Foh-Kyung. "We will live and believe and die even as our fathers have done. The gate to the God of love is closed." [Pg 22]

The feast was served. In the sky one moon blotted out a world of stars. Foh-Kyung sat alone, smoking. Laughter and talk filled the women's wing. The amahs and coolies were resting outside. A thin reed of music crept in and out among the laughter and talk, from the reed flute of the cook. The kitchen was quite empty. One candle on the table sent up a long smoky tongue of flame. The fire still smoldered in the corner. A little wind shook the cypress-branches without, and carried the scent of the opened lilies into the room.

Dong-Yung, still arrayed for feasting, went to the pigskin trunk in the corner, fitted the key from her belt into the carved brass wings of the butterfly, and lifted out the kitchen gods. One in each hand, she held them, green and gold. She put them back in their niche, and lifted up a bowl of rice to their feet, and beat her head on the ground before them.

"Forgive me, O my kitchen gods, forgive my injurious hands and heart; but the love of my master is even greater than my fear of thee. Thou and I, we bar the gates of heaven from him."

When she had finished, she tiptoed around the room, touching the chairs and tables with caressing fingers. She stole out into the courtyard, and bent to inhale the lily fragrance, sweeter by night than by day. "An auspicious day," the gate-keeper had said that morning. Foh-Kyung had stood beside her, with his feet in the sunshine; she remembered the light in his eyes. She bent her head till the fingers of the lily-petals touched her cheek. She crept back through the house, and looked at Foh-Kyung smoking. His eyes were dull, even as are the eyes of sightless bronze Buddhas. No, she would never risk going in to speak to him. If she heard the sound of his voice, if he called her "little Flower of the House," she would never have the strength to go. So she stood in the doorway and looked at him much as one looks at a sun, till wherever else one looks, one sees the same sun against the sky.

In the formless shadow she made a great obeisance, spreading out her arms and pressing the palms of her hands against the floor.

"O my Lord and Master," she said, with her lips against [Pg 23] the boards of the floor, softly, so that none might hear her "O my Lord and Master, I go. Even a small wife may unbar the gates of heaven."

First, before she went, she cast the two kitchen gods, green and gold, of ancient plaster, into the embers of the fire. There in the morning the cook-rice amahs found the onyx stones that had been their eyes. The house was still unlocked, the gate-keeper at the feast. Like a shadow she moved along the wall and through the gate. The smell of the lilies blew past her. Drums and chants echoed up the road, and the sounds of manifold feastings. She crept away down by the wall, where the moon laid a strip of blackness, crept away to unbar the gates of heaven for her lord and master. [Pg 24]

THE KING OF HUAI NAN

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Chinese Fairy Book*, by Various

The King of Huai Nan was a learned man of the Han dynasty. Since he was of the blood royal the emperor had given him a kingdom in fee. He cultivated the society of scholars, could interpret signs and foretell the future. Together with his scholars he had compiled the book which bears his name.

One day eight aged men came to see him. They all had white beards and white hair. The gate-keeper announced them to the King. The King wished to try them, so he sent back the gate-keeper to put difficulties in the way of their entrance. The latter said to them: "Our King is striving to learn the art of immortal life. You gentlemen are old and feeble. How can you be of aid to him? It is unnecessary for you to pay him a visit."

The eight old men smiled and said: "Oh, and are we too old to suit you? Well, then we will make ourselves young!" And before they had finished speaking they had turned themselves into boys of fourteen and fifteen, with hair-knots as black as silk and faces like peach-blossoms. The gate-keeper was frightened, and at once informed the King of what had happened. When the King heard it, he did not even take time to slip into his shoes, but hurried out barefoot to receive them. He led them into his palace, had rugs of brocade spread for them, and beds of ivory set up, fragrant herbs burned and tables of gold and precious stones set in front of them. Then he bowed before them as pupils do before a teacher, and told them how glad he was that they had come.

The eight boys changed into old men again and said: "Do you wish to go to school to us, O King? Each one of us is master of a particular art. One of us can call up wind and rain, cause clouds and mists to gather, rivers to flow and mountains to heave themselves up, if he wills it so. The second can cause high mountains to split asunder and check great streams in their course. He can tame tigers and panthers and soothe serpents and dragons. Spirits and gods do his bidding. The third can send out doubles, transform himself into other shapes, make himself invisible, cause whole armies to disappear, and turn day into night. The fourth can walk through the air and clouds, can stroll on the surface of the waves, pass through walls and rocks and cover a thousand miles in a single breath. The fifth can enter fire without burning, and water without drowning. The winter frost cannot chill him, nor the summer heat burn him. The sixth can create and transform

living creatures if he feel inclined. He can form birds and beasts, grasses and trees. He can transplace houses and castles. The seventh can bake lime so that it turns to gold, and cook lead so that it turns to silver; he can mingle water and stone so that the bubbles effervesce and turn into pearls. The eighth can ride on dragons and cranes to the eight poles of the world, converse with the immortals, and stand in the presence of the Great Pure One."

The King kept them beside him from morning to night, entertained them and had them show him what they could do. And, true enough, they could do everything just as they had said. And now the King began to distil the elixir of life with their aid. He had finished, but not yet imbibed it when a misfortune overtook his family. His son had been playing with a courtier and the latter had heedlessly wounded him. Fearing that the prince might punish him, he joined other discontented persons and excited a revolt. And the emperor, when he heard of it, sent one of his captains to judge between the King and the rebels.

The eight aged men spoke: "It is now time to go. This misfortune has been sent you from heaven, O King! Had it not befallen you, you would not have been able to resolve to leave the splendors and glories of this world!"

They led him on to a mountain. There they offered sacrifices to heaven, and buried gold in the earth. Then they ascended into the skies in bright daylight. The footprints of the eight aged men and of the king were imprinted in the rock of the mountain, and may be seen there to this very day. Before they had left the castle, however, they had set what was left of the elixir of life out in the courtyard. Hens and hounds picked and licked it up, and all flew up into the skies. In Huai Nan to this very day the crowing of cocks and the barking of hounds may be heard up in the skies, and it is said that these are the creatures who followed the King at the time.

One of the King's servants, however, followed him to an island in the sea, whence he sent him back. He told that the King himself had not yet ascended to the skies, but had only become immortal and was wandering about the world. When the emperor heard of the matter he regretted greatly that he had sent soldiers into the King's land and thus driven him out. He called in magicians to aid him, in hope of meeting the eight old men himself. Yet, for all that he spent great sums, he was not successful. The magicians only cheated him.

Note: The King of Huai Nan was named Liu An. He belonged to the Han dynasty. He dabbled largely in magic, and drew to his court many magicians whose labors are collected in the philosophical work which bears his

name. Liu An lived at the time of the Emperor Wu (see No. 34). The latter having no heirs, Liu An entered into a conspiracy which, however, was discovered. As a consequence he killed himself, 122 B.C. Our fairy-tale presents these events in their legendary transformation.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF A NATION--KOREA

Project Gutenberg's *Birdseye Views of Far Lands*, by James T. Nichols

The Palestine of eastern Asia is Korea. While called the "Land of the Morning Calm," it has been the battleground of the eastern world for centuries. Japan on the east has looked upon Korea as a "sword pointed at her heart." China on the south has always felt that Korea practically belonged to her, while the Great Bear on the north has looked longingly for ages toward this coveted land. The same can be said of Manchuria as well.

Until recent years the world knew but little of this country. It was really a "Hermit Nation." The people lived in walled cities and allowed no outside people to come in. Less than a half century ago signboards could be seen along the highways upon which was written: "If you meet a foreigner, kill him; he who has friendly relations with him is a traitor to his country." It is said that they actually kept the country along the sea shore barren and unattractive while in the interior the people lived on the fat of the land. The mountain peaks were great beacon towers lighted up every night to signal to the capital that no danger threatened and all was well along the borders.

In area, Korea is about as large as Minnesota. The population is more than fifteen millions. Except in the northern part, which is as cold as Minnesota, the climate is delightful. Nearly everything that will grow in Japan will grow in Korea. The surface is largely mountains and plains. In the mines are gold, copper, iron and coal, as well as other minerals. The silk industry is becoming one of great value and although every mountain forest has been cleared, some paper is made.

Perhaps in no other country in the world has such an effort been made to keep men and women apart as in this strange land. In Seoul, the capital city, they used to toll a bell at eight in the evening which meant that men must go indoors and let women on the streets. Blind men, officials, and certain others were exempt. Any man with a doctor's prescription was

allowed on the streets, but so many of these were forged that much trouble resulted. At midnight the bell tolled again and after that hour men could circulate on the streets freely without danger of arrest.

The people in Korea nearly all dress in white no matter what their work may be. Men and women dress much alike. A curious custom among married women is the wearing of waists that expose the entire naked breasts. This is all but beautiful and as some one says, gives the appearance of a shocking show window. The theory is, so they say, that to cover the breasts is to poison the milk. No man really amounts to much in Korea until after he is married, but that is largely true in our country. There, however, silence is the wife's first duty. Marriage customs are much like those in Japan where parents make the matches. It is said that often the husband never hears the voice of his wife until after marriage and even then she keeps silent for as long as a month.

The Korean people have some happy times together in spite of some of these strange customs. One of their national festival days is called "Swing day." Swings are prepared nearly everywhere and people drop their work and swing. The Koreans are different from any other people in the far east and when they play they play with all their might. Men and boys love to hunt the swimming holes along the streams and they seem to enjoy this sport as do our own men and boys in America.

While Korea has been a battleground for ages yet it was opened up to modern civilization by Japan something like America, through Commodore Perry, opened up Japan. Later on Korea paid tribute to China. The great crisis came in 1894 when the battle royal was waged between Japan and China for this land. On September 15th of that year a great battle occurred on land and two days later, in the mouth of the Yala River occurred what is said to be the first great naval battle of history in which modern warships were used. In this battle the Chinese fleet went to the bottom of the sea and soon Port Arthur was besieged and taken and the Japanese army started across the country with the cry, "On to Peking." This opened the eyes of the Chinese and Korea was surrendered and was practically annexed by Japan and its name changed to Chosen. Since that time Korean civilization has gone forward by leaps and bounds and is fast becoming a country that has to be reckoned with. The story of Japan's dealings with Korea during these years contains some mighty dark spots. These things have aroused the indignation of the whole civilized world and the end is not yet.

To plant the seed of Christianity on Korean soil has required a great effort and the story of the transformation of this nation that has occurred within the past forty years is as thrilling as can be found in the history of modern missions. It was the pleasure of the writer to travel to the far east with one who has been on the field in Korea for

twenty-five years. Thirteen of these years were spent in the city of Pyeng Yang which became the scene of one of the greatest revivals in all the history of the Christian church.

At the time that Mr. and Mrs. Swallen, who were sent as missionaries by the Presbyterian church (Mrs. Swallen was my traveling companion), to Pyeng Yang, it was said to be the most wicked city in Korea. So frightful were the conditions that boys in their play would often drag the corpse of a person who had died during the night through the streets the next day, unmolested. It is almost impossible to believe the story of things that occurred almost daily in this city.

The first building of the mission was but eight feet square, not much larger than a storebox. As at that time men and women were always separate in public gatherings, the men met at one hour and the women at another. Soon the building was doubled in size. When the Swallen's took charge the mission was called the Central church. Then came the great revival wave and the church grew to a great congregation. A new building seating between five and six hundred was erected and before it was finished it was too small. About one hundred members then withdrew to form another congregation in another part of the city. A little later another hundred started still another congregation.

As the Central church building was even yet far too small they erected a great building that will seat two thousand. The interest was so great that other congregations had to be formed and at the time Mrs. Swallen told me this wonderful story, out from this little store-box mission seven great congregations had been formed in different parts of the city. Besides this the movement spread to the country and nearly thirty congregations had grown from this central mission.

Then came the great revival of 1910 which attracted so much attention. These people started the cry, "A million converts in one year." The work was systematized. Bible classes were formed and every Christian became a real missionary. Volunteers were called for, who could give one or more days to the work. Nearly everyone volunteered and during the first three months it was estimated that seventy-five thousand days of personal work was promised. Great earnestness and enthusiasm were manifest everywhere.

The pastor of this Central church and one of his elders formed the habit of going to the church every morning at dawn for prayer. This soon became known and others wished to join them. One Sunday morning the pastor announced that all who wished to do so might join them the following morning and the bell would be rung at four thirty. At one a. m. the people began gathering and at two o'clock more than one hundred were present. For four mornings these meetings were kept up and between six and seven hundred were present each morning. On the fourth morning

the pastor asked how many would give one or more days of service and every hand went up, more than three thousand days work being promised.

The secret of this mighty revival seems to have been caused by the study of the Bible and prayer. Everyone carried a New Testament. Bible training classes were formed and sometimes two thousand men actually gathered to study the Bible. In the churches in Korea, even yet men and women sit apart from each other. A partition divides the building but both men and women can see the minister. Men keep their hats on in church, but all, both men and women, take off their shoes before entering. To see these shoes, or clogs, is quite a sight. They are placed in racks made for that purpose, each having their own particular place in the rack.

As might be expected trouble over shoes is not unheard of. Some of the women who are not over scrupulous sometimes take the best pair of shoes. In fact this custom became so universal that the women were taught to make and carry with them to church a small muslin bag. On reaching the church the women now take off their shoes, place them in the bag, and take them into the building with them. All, both men and women, sit on the floor. In some of the churches now small mats are piled high at the door and each takes one of these to sit on. One remarkable feature of these Korean churches is that each church is self-supporting from the beginning. Instead of leaning upon others they are taught to depend upon themselves.

The World's Sunday School Convention was recently held in Tokyo. A significant thing about the invitation cabled to this country for this convention was the fact that it was signed by Japan's leading captain of industry and the Mayor of Tokyo as well. A Business Man's Sunday School Party had toured both Japan and Korea before this, however. In almost every one of the forty cities visited this party was met by governors, mayors, chambers of commerce, boards of education, railroad officials, as well as Christian workers and the friendly attitude of Japan toward America was manifest in every possible way, at the very time too when the California legislature was stirring up so much trouble between the two nations.

But the greatest demonstration of all on this entire trip was that made in Seoul, Korea. The day was perfect. The great throng marched to the parade grounds, a Sunday school banner leading the way. Only members of Sunday schools and officials were admitted and fourteen thousand seven hundred Sunday school workers, by actual count, went into the grounds. It is said that the Japanese officials who for the first time witnessed an array of the Sunday school forces of Seoul looked troubled. It was in the month of May and the bushes of the old palace yard were abloom in white and red. As the great multitude sang the Christian hymns in the

Korean language the very buildings almost trembled.

A LEGEND OF KNOCKMANY

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Celtic Folk and Fairy Tales*, by Various

What Irish man, woman, or child has not heard of our renowned Hibernian Hercules, the great and glorious Fin M'Coul? Not one, from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, nor from that back again to Cape Clear. And, by the way, speaking of the Giant's Causeway brings me at once to the beginning of my story. Well, it so happened that Fin and his men were all working at the Causeway, in order to make a bridge across to Scotland; when Fin, who was very fond of his wife Oonagh, took it into his head that he would go home and see how the poor woman got on in his absence. So, accordingly, he pulled up a fir tree, and, after lopping off the roots and branches, made a walking-stick of it, and set out on his way to Oonagh.

Oonagh, or rather Fin, lived at this time on the very tiptop of Knockmany Hill, which faces a cousin of its own called Cullamore, that rises up, half-hill, half-mountain, on the opposite side.

There was at that time another giant, named Cuhullin--some say he was Irish, and some say he was Scotch--but whether Scotch or Irish, sorrow doubt of it but he was a targer. No other giant of the day could stand before him; and such was his strength, that, when well-vexed, he could give a stamp that shook the country about him. The fame and name of him went far and near, and nothing in the shape of a man, it was said, had any chance with him in a fight. By one blow of his fists he flattened a thunderbolt and kept it in his pocket, in the shape of a pancake, to show to all his enemies when they were about to fight him. Undoubtedly he had given every giant in Ireland a considerable beating, barring Fin M'Coul himself; and he swore that he would never rest, night or day, winter or summer, till he would serve Fin with the same sauce, if he could catch him. However, the short and long of it was, with reverence be it spoken, that Fin heard Cuhullin was coming to the Causeway to have a trial of strength with him; and he was seized with a very warm and sudden fit of affection for his wife, poor woman, leading a very lonely, uncomfortable life of it in his absence. He accordingly pulled up the fir tree, as I said before, and having snedded it into a walking-stick, set out on his travels to see his darling Oonagh on the top of Knockmany, by the way.

In truth, the people wondered very much why it was that Fin selected such a windy spot for his dwelling-house, and they even went so far as to tell him as much.

"What can you mane, Mr. M'Coul," said they, "by pitching your tent upon the top of Knockmany, where you never are without a breeze, day or night winter or summer, and where you're often forced to take your nightcap without either going to bed or turning up your little finger; ay, an' where, besides this, there's the sorrow's own want of water?"

"Why," said Fin, "ever since I was the height of a round tower, I was known to be fond of having a good prospect of my own; and where the dickens, neighbours, could I find a better spot for a good prospect than the top of Knockmany? As for water, I am sinking a pump, and, plase goodness, as soon as the Causeway's made, I intend to finish it."

Now, this was more of Fin's philosophy; for the real state of the case was, that he pitched upon the top of Knockmany in order that he might be able to see Cuhullin coming towards the house. All we have to say is, that if he wanted a spot from which to keep a sharp look-out--and, between ourselves, he did want it grievously--barring Slieve Croob, or Slieve Donard, or its own cousin, Cullamore, he could not find a neater or more convenient situation for it in the sweet and sagacious province of Ulster.

"God save all here!" said Fin, good-humouredly, on putting his honest face into his own door.

"Musha, Fin, avick, an' you're welcome home to your own Oonagh, you darlin' bully." Here followed a smack that is said to have made the waters of the lake at the bottom of the hill curl, as it were, with kindness and sympathy.

Fin spent two or three happy days with Oonagh, and felt himself very comfortable, considering the dread he had of Cuhullin. This, however, grew upon him so much that his wife could not but perceive something lay on his mind which he kept altogether to himself. Let a woman alone, in the meantime, for ferreting or wheedling a secret out of her good man, when she wishes. Fin was a proof of this.

"It's this Cuhullin," said he, "that's troubling me. When the fellow gets angry, and begins to stamp, he'll shake you a whole townland; and it's well known that he can stop a thunderbolt, for he always carries one about him in the shape of a pancake, to show to any one that might misdoubt it."

As he spoke, he clapped his thumb in his mouth, which he always did when he wanted to prophesy, or to know anything that happened in his absence; and the wife asked him what he did it for.

"He's coming," said Fin; "I see him below Dungannon."

"Thank goodness, dear! an' who is it, avick? Glory be to God!"

"That baste, Cuhullin," replied Fin; "and how to manage I don't know. If I run away, I am disgraced; and I know that sooner or later I must meet him, for my thumb tells me so."

"When will he be here?" said she.

"To-morrow, about two o'clock," replied Fin, with a groan.

"Well, my bully, don't be cast down," said Oonagh; "depend on me, and maybe I'll bring you better out of this scrape than ever you could bring yourself, by your rule o' thumb."

She then made a high smoke on the top of the hill after which she put her finger in her mouth, and gave three whistles, and by that Cuhullin knew he was invited to Cullamore--for this was the way that the Irish long ago gave a sign to all strangers and travellers, to let them know they were welcome to come and take share of whatever was going.

In the meantime, Fin was very melancholy, and did not know what to do, or how to act at all. Cuhullin was an ugly customer to meet with; and, the idea of the "cake" aforesaid flattened the very heart within him. What chance could he have, strong and brave though he was, with a man who could, when put in a passion, walk the country into earthquakes and knock thunderbolts into pancakes? Fin knew not on what hand to turn him. Right or left--backward or forward--where to go he could form no guess whatsoever.

"Oonagh," said he, "can you do nothing for me? Where's all your invention? Am I to be skivered like a rabbit before your eyes, and to have my name disgraced for ever in the sight of all my tribe, and me the best man among them? How am I to fight this man-mountain--this huge cross between an earthquake and a thunderbolt?--with a pancake in his pocket that was once----"

"Be easy, Fin," replied Oonagh; "troth, I'm ashamed of you. Keep your toe in your pump, will you? Talking of pancakes, maybe, we'll give him as good as any he brings with him--thunderbolt or otherwise. If I don't treat him to as smart feeding as he's got this many a day, never trust Oonagh again. Leave him to me, and do just as I bid you."

This relieved Fin very much; for, after all, he had great confidence in his wife, knowing, as he did, that she had got him out of many a quandary before. Oonagh then drew the nine woollen threads of different colours, which she always did to find out the best way of succeeding in anything of importance she went about. She then platted them into three plats with three colours in each, putting one on her right arm, one round her heart, and the third round her right ankle, for then she knew that nothing could fail with her that she undertook.

Having everything now prepared, she sent round to the neighbours and borrowed one-and-twenty iron griddles, which she took and kneaded into the hearts of one-and-twenty cakes of bread, and these she baked on the fire in the usual way, setting them aside in the cupboard according as they were done. She then put down a large pot of new milk, which she made into curds and whey. Having done all this, she sat down quite contented, waiting for his arrival on the next day about two o'clock, that being the hour at which he was expected--for Fin knew as much by the sucking of his thumb. Now this was a curious property that Fin's thumb had. In this very thing, moreover, he was very much resembled by his great foe, Cuhullin; for it was well known that the huge strength he possessed all lay in the middle finger of his right hand, and that, if he happened by any mischance to lose it, he was no more, for all his bulk, than a common man.

At length, the next day, Cuhullin was seen coming across the valley, and Oonagh knew that it was time to commence operations. She immediately brought the cradle, and made Fin to lie down in it, and cover himself up with the clothes.

"You must pass for your own child," said she; "so just lie there snug, and say nothing, but be guided by me."

About two o'clock, as he had been expected, Cuhullin came in. "God save all here!" said he; "is this where the great Fin M'Coul lives?"

"Indeed it is, honest man," replied Oonagh; "God save you kindly--won't you be sitting?"

"Thank you ma'am," says he, sitting down; "you're Mrs. M'Coul, I suppose?"

"I am," said she; "and I have no reason, I hope, to be ashamed of my husband."

"No," said the other, "he has the name of being the strongest and bravest man in Ireland; but for all that, there's a man not far from

you that's very desirous of taking a shake with him. Is he at home?"

"Why, then, no," she replied; "and if ever a man left his house in a fury he did. It appears that some one told him of a big basthoon of a giant called Cuhullin being down at the Causeway to look for him, and so he set out there to try if he could catch him. Troth, I hope, for the poor giant's sake, he won't meet with him, for if he does, Fin will make paste of him at once."

"Well," said the other, "I am Cuhullin, and I have been seeking him these twelve months, but he always kept clear of me; and I will never rest night or day till I lay my hands on him."

At this Oonagh set up a loud laugh, of great contempt, by-the-way, and looked at him as if he was only a mere handful of a man.

"Did you ever see Fin?" said she, changing her manner all at once.

"How could I," said he; "he always took care to keep his distance."

"I thought so," she replied; "I judged as much; and if you take my advice, you poor-looking creature, you'll pray night and day that you may never see him, for I tell you it will be a black day for you when you do. But, in the meantime, you perceive that the wind's on the door, and as Fin himself is from home, maybe you'd be civil enough to turn the house, for it's always what Fin does when he's here."

This was a startler even to Cuhullin; but he got up, however, and after pulling the middle finger of his right hand until it cracked three times, he went outside, and getting his arms about the house, turned it as she had wished. When Fin saw this, he felt the sweat of fear oozing out through every pore of his skin; but Oonagh, depending upon her woman's wit, felt not a whit daunted.

"Arrah, then," said she, "as you are so civil, maybe you'd do another obliging turn for us, as Fin's not here to do it himself. You see, after this long stretch of dry weather we've had, we feel very badly off for want of water. Now, Fin says there's a fine spring-well somewhere under the rocks behind the hill here below, and it was his intention to pull them asunder; but having heard of you, he left the place in such a fury, that he never thought of it. Now, if you try to find it, troth, I'd feel it a kindness."

She then brought Cuhullin down to see the place, which was then all one solid rock; and, after looking at it for some time, he cracked his right middle finger nine times, and, stooping down, tore a cleft about four hundred feet deep, and a quarter of a mile in length, which has

since been christened by the name of Lumford's Glen.

"You'll now come in," said she, "and eat a bit of such humble fare as we can give you. Fin, even although he and you are enemies, would scorn not to treat you kindly in his own house; and, indeed, if I didn't do it even in his absence, he would not be pleased with me."

She accordingly brought him in, and placing half-a-dozen of the cakes we spoke of before him, together with a can or two of butter, a side of boiled bacon, and a stack of cabbage, she desired him to help himself--for this, be it known, was long before the invention of potatoes. Cuhullin put one of the cakes in his mouth to take a huge whack out of it, when he made a thundering noise, something between a growl and a yell. "Blood and fury," he shouted; "how is this? Here are two of my teeth out! What kind of bread is this you gave me."

"What's the matter?" said Oonagh coolly.

"Matter!" shouted the other again; "why here are the two best teeth in my head gone."

"Why," said she, "that's Fin's bread--the only bread he ever eats when at home; but, indeed, I forgot to tell you that nobody can eat it but himself, and that child in the cradle there. I thought, however, that as you were reported to be rather a stout little fellow of your size, you might be able to manage it, and I did not wish to affront a man that thinks himself able to fight Fin. Here's another cake--maybe it's not so hard as that."

Cuhullin at the moment was not only hungry, but ravenous, so he accordingly made a fresh set at the second cake, and immediately another yell was heard twice as loud as the first. "Thunder and gibbets!" he roared, "take your bread out of this, or I will not have a tooth in my head; there's another pair of them gone!"

"Well, honest man," replied Oonagh, "if you're not able to eat the bread, say so quietly, and don't be wakening the child in the cradle there. There now, he's awake upon me."

Fin now gave a skirl that startled the giant, as coming from such a youngster as he was supposed to be. "Mother," said he, "I'm hungry--get me something to eat." Oonagh went over, and putting into his hand a cake that had no griddle in it, Fin, whose appetite in the meantime had been sharpened by seeing eating going forward, soon swallowed it. Cuhullin was thunderstruck, and secretly thanked his stars that he had the good fortune to miss meeting Fin, for, as he said to himself, "I'd have no chance with a man who could eat such

bread as that, which even his son that's but in his cradle can munch before my eyes."

"I'd like to take a glimpse at the lad in the cradle," said he to Oonagh; "for I can tell you that the infant who can manage that nutriment is no joke to look at, or to feed of a scarce summer."

[Illustration:]

"With all the veins of my heart," replied Oonagh; "get up, acushla, and show this decent little man something that won't be unworthy of your father, Fin M'Coul."

Fin, who was dressed for the occasion as much like a boy as possible, got up, and bringing Cuhullin out, "Are you strong?" said he.

"Thunder an' ounds!" exclaimed the other, "what a voice in so small a chap!"

"Are you strong?" said Fin again; "are you able to squeeze water out of that white stone?" he asked putting one into Cuhullin's hand. The latter squeezed and squeezed the stone, but in vain.

"Ah! you're a poor creature!" said Fin. "You a giant! Give me the stone here, and when I'll show what Fin's little son can do, you may then judge of what my daddy himself is."

Fin then took the stone, and exchanging it for the curds, he squeezed the latter until the whey, as clear as water, oozed out in a little shower from his hand.

"I'll now go in," said he "to my cradle; for I scorn to lose my time with any one that's not able to eat my daddy's bread, or squeeze water out of a stone. Bedad, you had better be off out of this before he comes back; for if he catches you, it's in flummery he'd have you in two minutes."

Cuhullin, seeing what he had seen, was of the same opinion himself; his knees knocked together with the terror of Fin's return, and he accordingly hastened to bid Oonagh farewell, and to assure her, that from that day out, he never wished to hear of, much less to see, her husband. "I admit fairly that I'm not a match for him," said he, "strong as I am; tell him I will avoid him as I would the plague, and that I will make myself scarce in this part of the country while I live."

Fin, in the meantime, had gone into the cradle, where he lay very

quietly, his heart at his mouth with delight that Cuhullin was about to take his departure, without discovering the tricks that had been played off on him.

"It's well for you," said Oonagh, "that he doesn't happen to be here, for it's nothing but hawk's meat he'd make of you."

"I know that," said Cuhullin; "divil a thing else he'd make of me; but before I go, will you let me feel what kind of teeth Fin's lad has got that can eat griddle-bread like that?"

"With all pleasure in life," said she; "only as they're far back in his head, you must put your finger a good way in."

Cuhullin was surprised to find such a powerful set of grinders in one so young; but he was still much more so on finding, when he took his hand from Fin's mouth, that he had left the very finger upon which his whole strength depended, behind him. He gave one loud groan, and fell down at once with terror and weakness. This was all Fin wanted, who now knew that his most powerful and bitterest enemy was at his mercy. He started out of the cradle, and in a few minutes the great Cuhullin, that was for such a length of time the terror of him and all his followers, lay a corpse before him. Thus did Fin, through the wit and invention of Oonagh, his wife, succeed in overcoming his enemy by cunning, which he never could have done by force.

HOW KILHUGH RODE TO ARTHUR'S HALL

By James Baldwin

Project Gutenberg's Story Hour Readings: Seventh Year, by E.C. Hartwell

This is a British legend of the days "when good King Arthur ruled the land." In his castle at Caerleon, according to legend, Arthur had gathered the most famous of his knights about the Round Table; and thither every aspiring knight journeyed in quest of adventure.

Prince Kilhugh blushed. The love of Olwen, the daughter of Thistlehair, filled his heart, although he had not heard her name before. His face flushed with happiness, and his eyes shone with joy.

"What is the matter, my son?" asked his father. "Why
are you so gay and glad?" 5

"Father," answered Kilhugh, "my stepmother says
that no one but Olwen shall be my wife."

"Well," quoth the king, "I doubt not there will be
trouble enough before that saying comes true. But do 10
not fear, my son. Thou art first cousin to King Arthur.
Who but he should cut thy hair and be thy lord? Go to
him, and crave this of him as a boon."

To Arthur's Hall, therefore, Prince Kilhugh made ready
to go; and his father chose fifty of his bravest knights 15
to go with him, that he might present himself to King
Arthur in a befitting manner.

* * * * *

So gayly the youth rode forth upon a steed of dappled
gray, four summers old, with shell-shaped hoofs and well-knit
limbs. His saddle was of burnished gold, his bridle 20
of shining gold chains. His saddle cloth was of purple
silk, with four golden apples embroidered in the four
corners.

The war horn slung over his shoulder was of ivory; the
sword that hung by his side had a golden hilt and a two-edged 5
blade inlaid with a cross of gold that glittered like
the lightning of heaven. His shoes, from the knee to the
tip of the toe, were embossed with gold worth three hundred
cattle; and his stirrups also were of gold.

In his hand he held two spears, with shafts of silver and 10
heads of tempered steel, and of an edge so sharp as to wound
the wind and cause the blood to flow. Two white-breasted
greyhounds bounded before his steed. Broad collars
set with rubies were on their necks; and to and fro they 15
sprang, like two sea swallows sporting around him. The
blades of reed grass bent not beneath him, so light was
his courser's tread, as he journeyed toward the gate of
Arthur's palace.

* * * * *

The Wide White Hall of Arthur had been built by Rearfort, 20

the architect. Eight and forty were the rafters of its roof. It would hold all Arthur's companions and his nobles, his warriors, his retainers, and his guests.

While Kilhugh was riding thither, the tables were set for the evening meal. The king, with his knights, his friends, and his attendants, were in their places around the board. And the gate of the outer court was locked. 25

As the prince rode on, he beheld from afar the walls and towers of Arthur's Hall. When he drew rein within the shadow of the vast portal, he saw that the door was closed and barred, and an armed warrior, stalwart and strong, was standing before it. 30

"O chieftain," he said, "is it King Arthur's custom to have a gatekeeper stationed here?"

"It is," replied the warrior sternly; "and if thou dost not hold thy peace, scant shall be thy welcome. I am Arthur's porter every New Year's Day, and that is why I am here now." 5

"And who is the porter at other times?" asked Prince Kilhugh.

"At other times the gate is guarded by four lusty chieftains who serve under me," answered the Dusky Hero with the Mighty Grasp. "The names of the first two are Blandmien and Speedguest. The third is Grumgruff, a man who never did anyone a favor in his life. The fourth is Rumbleroll, who goes on his head to save his feet. He neither holds it up to the sky like a man, nor stretches it out toward the ground like a brute; but he goes tumbling about the floor, like nothing but a rolling stone." 10 15

"Unbar the door and let me in," commanded Kilhugh.

"Nay, that I will not," answered the Dusky Hero with the Mighty Grasp. 20

"And why not?" cried the prince.

"The knife is in the meat and the drink is in the horn, and there is revelry in Arthur's Hall; and no man may enter in save the son of a king from a friendly land. But never shall it be said that a wayfarer was turned harshly 25

away from Arthur's door. Food enough for thee and thy
fifty men shall be prepared; collops shall be cooked and
peppered for all. In the stables there is fodder for thy
horses and food in plenty for thy dogs. And thou shalt
fare as well in the guest chamber as in the hall; only be
content, and disturb not the king and his knights at the
table." 30

"Nay, I will have nothing of all this," said young Kilhugh.
"If thou wilt open the door, well and good. But
if not, I will bring dishonor upon Arthur and shame upon
thee. Here, on the spot where I stand, I will shout thrice
and make the welkin ring. Sounds more deadly than 5
those three shouts have never been heard in this land.
They shall resound from Land's End to Cold Blast Ridge
in Ireland, and turn the hearts of youths and maidens
cold as stone. Matrons shall grow wan and weakly and
many a mother's child shall die of fright--so dreadful 10
will be my voice."

The Dusky Hero with the Mighty Grasp stood firm,
although his heart misgave him. "No clamor that thou
canst make," said he, "will ever admit thee here against
King Arthur's wishes. However, I will go and tell him 15
thou art here."

Well might he be perturbed by Kilhugh's threat. For
he remembered what had once happened in the days of
King Lud, when all Britain had been shaken by a fearful
shriek. At the sound of it, men had grown pale and feeble, 20
women listless and sad, and youths and maidens forlorn
and weebegone. Beasts deserted their young ones, birds
left their nestlings, trees cast off their fruit, the earth
yielded no harvest.

* * * * *

Pondering upon these things, the Dusky Hero with the 25
Mighty Grasp strode into the hall. King Arthur saw him
and called out, "Hast thou come with tidings from the
door?"

The Dusky Hero bowed, and answered in stately phrase,
becoming a knight of the Table Round: 30

"Half of my life is past, noble king, and half of thine.
I have been with thee in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, and in

the Island of Corsica. I was thy companion when thou
didst spread the terror of the sword from Scandinavia to
Spain. I fought by thy side in the Battle of Shades, when
we brought away twelve hostages from the Dim Land under 5
the Sea. I have been in Jerusalem and in Castle Covert-and-Clearing,
built all of dead men's bones. I have been
in Turning Castle, and in the Castle of Riches; and there
thou knowest we saw nine kings of nations, all comely men
of noble mien. Yet, I protest and declare that I never 10
before saw a youth so handsome and dignified as that one
who is now sitting astride his horse and waiting outside
the door of this hall."

Then cried the king, "Thou didst walk hither to tell me
of him; now hie thee back to him, running at full speed. 15
Invite him to come in; and let every man who sees the light,
and every man who blinks the eye, stand ready to do him
honor."

* * * * *

The Dusky Hero with the Mighty Grasp returned to
the great door. He drew back bolt and bar, and set it 20
wide open before the prince and his train. The men at
arms dismounted at the horse block in the courtyard, but
Kilhugh still sat upon his steed and rode into the Hall.

"Hail to thee, King Arthur!" he cried. "I greet thee
and thy guests and thy companions and thy warriors. 25
My greeting is to the lowest as well as to the highest of all
that have a seat within this Hall. May thy name, King
Arthur, and thy fame and thy renown be forever held in
glorious memory throughout the length and the breadth
of this land!" 30

"Hail to thee, noble youth!" returned Arthur. "Thou
art right welcome. Here is a place for thee between two of
my knights. Sit down, and my minstrels will play for thee."

But Kilhugh made answer: "I have not come hither,
sire, to eat and drink, but to crave of thee a boon. If thou
wilt grant it me, I will do thee such service as thou mayest 5
command; and I will carry the praise of thy bounty and
thy power into every land. But if thou dost refuse, I will
spread ill reports of thee to the four quarters of the world."

Then King Arthur was greatly pleased, and he said:

"Ask thy boon, young chieftain. Thou shalt have whatever
thy tongue may name, as far as the wind dries and the
rain moistens and the sun revolves and the sea encircles
and the earth extends. Thou shalt have anything that is
mine, except my ship that bears me over the sea, and
the mantle in which I can walk unseen, and my good sword,
and my keen lance, and my shield, and my gleaming dagger,
and Guinevere my wife. Ask what thou wilt."

10

15

"My request is, that thou wilt cut my hair," answered
Kilhugh.

"Thy request is granted," quoth the king.

20

Then Arthur called for a golden comb and a pair of
scissors with silver loops. And he combed the hair of the
prince, as he sat upon his steed, and cut it front and back.

"Now tell me thy name," he said.

"My name is Kilhugh," replied the prince. "My father
is Prince Kilith, and my mother was a sister of the fair
Ygerne."

25

"Then we are cousins," cried Arthur, "and I give thee
leave to ask another boon. Ask what thou wilt."

"Promise me, for the honor of thy kingdom, to grant
my boon," said Kilhugh.

30

"I promise."

"Then do I crave of thee to obtain for me Olwen, the
daughter of Thistlehair, chief of the Giants, to be my wife. . . .
For the sake of the daughters of the Island of the
Mighty, I crave thy help to seek this maiden. For the
sake of Guinevere and of her sister; for the sake of Lynette
of the Magic Ring; for the sake of Cordelia the daughter
of King Lear, the loveliest maiden in this island; and for
the sake of Iseult la Belle, and of Elaine, and of Angarad
of the Golden Hand--for the sake of these and many
others, I crave thy help."

5

10

Then said Arthur, "O prince and cousin, I have never
heard of this maiden, Olwen; I have never heard of her
kindred. But I will send messengers to seek her; only
grant them time to find her and return."

"To-day is New Year's Day," answered the prince.
"I give them from this hour till the last day of the year."

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And having said these words, he dismounted from his steed and went and sat by King Arthur's side in the midst of the heroes of the Table Round.

--_Fifty Famous Rides and Riders._

1. This is a capital story in its representation of the knight in olden days. Do you think Kilhugh would be an agreeable fellow to have in your class? Give reasons for your answer.
2. What other legends of Arthur do you know?
3. The Arthurian tales have long furnished English writers with themes for stories and songs. Tennyson's _Idylls of the King_, for example, is a group of narrative poems describing the adventures of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table.